

The Writings of George G. Gowen

Edited by David and John Fuehring

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Volume 2

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April 20, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Whitney Proves a Good Sport
Protects Railways, Not the Public

A Good Loser.

One of my worst nightmares, along with that of falling off a tall building and trying to get home from town without any clothes, is that of being sent to the penitentiary. Upon a number of instances have I been through the Nebraska institution as a visitor, and each time my mind has been horrified by the thoughts of it for months afterwards. In spite of that it has always been a secret desire that I might be employed for a while in a penitentiary, and that too is a strange phenomenon.

But should the worst come to worst, which pray to the heavens it never does, I hope I can be a sport like Whitney has been. One cannot read of his conviction and his actions but what one likes the fellow a little better even if he did steal a million.

He confessed readily. He did not go to long expensive trials nor attempt suicide. He did the deed and he would take his medicine. He wouldn't allow his folks to weep at the trial and he seemed to agree with the judge who reprimanded him that he was a disgrace. He waved his shackled hand to the camera man when he was taken off and asked that he have no privileges the worst dregs of society do not have. His wife and two daughters are selling the furniture to turn the money to the creditors, have rented a small apartment, and the girls have found jobs. They will start over again when he gets out. We all love a good loser.

It reminds me of a man I once saw in a court room who had confessed to thievery. He was reprimanded by the court for his actions, but he faced the judge with a brave countenance answering simply, "I can take it." He did take it, he went to the penitentiary, got out and has been a fine citizen ever since.

We Feel Sorry.

The trucking regulations meted out by the railroad commission are more or less of a mystery to all of us. The railroad commission was established originally to keep the railroads and other public utilities from overcharging the public for services and goods the public could not do without to save the people. The commission now seems to have taken a new role in that it is trying to force the rates up, on the public to save the railroads.

We all have sympathy for the railroads if they cannot profit and we would miss the taxes they pay into our treasury should they tear up their tracks and move away. But all indications are that the railroads are doomed, and especially for short hauls, just like the horse and buggy is doomed. We all feel sorry for the horseman too or the hog man who cannot make his business pay. The railroad commission should step in and tell me I cannot sell my horse for less than a hundred dollars. The decline in the horse business effects many men, to say nothing of the horse sale barn where men have invested many thousands of dollars, similar to railroad investments.

We sympathize too with the railroad worker who is forced out of work because the truck and bus and aeroplane/*sic*/ have taken their business, but if one stops to think, this new system of transportation is taking many more men to operate than the railroads ever did. Where one crew might handle a hundred cars on the railroad, it takes two men now to handle a single truck load of freight.

That Good Feeling.

When a friend has done something or said something that hurts deep down in our inwards and spoils our appetite for a day or so, it helps quite little to have him feel sorry and apologize for it.

But the best feeling that can ever come over a person is to have one of your closest friends do something, or at least you think he has done something, that hurts terribly, and makes tears come to the wife's eyes, and then the next day you find it is all a mistake and he has not done it at all. That beats the first instance, for production of fine feelings, all to hollar.

Obstructing the Traffic.

Rev. Birmingham started up town the other day with his car and fell in behind a traveling man also coming into town, but the latter was driving so slow he was obstructing the traffic. Well, there isn't any penalty for driving slow.

If a person wants to drive like hell through North Loup he wants to be a lady and preferably a nurse. Two of that profession went thundering through main street so fast the other day that even Jim couldn't catch them. He had to phone on ahead and Geo. Round waved them down as they entered Ord.

They were brought back and haled before Judge Barber who immediately proceeded to administer the fine antidote. But the nurses had no money to pay a fine or pretended they didn't, and they were in a borrowed car. The regular thing to have done would be to toss them in the calaboose and let them lay out the fine. That's what would have happened without a doubt had they been men. But ladies are different. After long and heavy procrastination Justice Barber changed the potion, sentencing the ladies with the Dutch Uncle treatment and let them go on rejoicing.

Hear the pitter patter on the window pane!
 What's the use of our complaining,
 When it's raining, raining, raining.
 All join in on the chorus.

April 27, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Nurses Paid.
 No More Narrow Escapes Wanted.
 Cochran for Vern R.

A Correction.

I seem to have been mistaken last week about the two nurses, who drove through the street with their toes pushed to the footboard, when I said that Judge Barber acquitted them with the Dutch Uncle pill. He levied a fine on them and they said they would send the money. They said they were going to a rush confinement case in Burwell when Geo. Round finally stopped them, his own car registering 75 miles an hour at the time. On the way back they claimed they were going to another rush confinement case down to Hastings.

George R. says they must pay that fine as they promised or he will make a trip after them and then there will be more costs to pay or more days on the rock pile for the ladies.

A Close Call.

And that all reminds me of a little experience I had the other day in Ord. I went east across the highway and by Anderson's garage, and in crossing the highway, I remembered afterward, I did not come to a dead stop. No one was in sight and I hesitated, looked twice and moved on. I was looking for a party and stopped at the wrong house. On my way back to the street, after getting my directions, one of the Ord police drove up. He was sitting in the car with another man and they were looking at my car and me.

My heart began to sink and go through all sorts of maneuvers. I tried to think what I had done. I knew I had not sped—my car will not speed even if I wanted to. My brakes are none too good, but how did he know? Then I remembered crossing the highway, without coming to a dead stop. I thought of how the fellows would pan me when they heard of my arrest and how I had written about the law enforcement of Jim and Chancy and how it had amused us all. Now it was my turn. I kept walking however as if nothing had happened. If he should change his mind I was not going to remind him of it.

They kept watching me still, and looking at my number. I noticed they were parked on the wrong side of the street and decided to mention it to the judge. Mr. Policeman was moving now, picking up something, his book perhaps or his gun. But I did not hesitate yet.

I heaved a sigh and decided to take my medicine. I had the money. I had just sold two cases of eggs and had not bought the groceries that the wife had sent for. I felt for my pocketbook. Yes there it was. I, too, thought how I would try to talk John Ward out of putting it in the paper. He is a good friend of mine.

I kept moving on toward my car however, eyeing the said policeman, but still trying to act as if nothing had happened. I had a notion to nod at him but I didn't dare. He was watching me closely and as I started to get into my car he started to get out, a package in his hand, but he did not wave or whistle so I started my engine, put the car in gear. He was walking now, around his car, I was driving off and he went into the house where I had just inquired the way.

I told last week of instances that are productive of fine feelings within one's internal workings, and I will say that this last instance ranks well up toward the top.

I still have my money from the eggs that the city of Ord might just as well have had, and I have my self respect and I'll bet in the great hereafter I stop at the stop signs. I don't care for those fine feelings. It might not turn out so well next time.

Short Shavings.

I was at Greeley the other day and wanted to inquire about a seed and feed loan and I concluded they loaned their money, if they did at all, by wait. You wait for hours to make your application, then wait for the money, then, in all probability, next fall, they will have to wait for their money to be paid back.

Bert Brown and his wife who are making a long visit with their children in Washington are having many interesting things happen, I'll warrant. They have six grandchildren, all little boys, and all between the ages of two and five.

Someone said Rev. Hill reminded them, in the pulpit, of a king. Rev. Hill did not think that such a hot compliment. If they had only said he reminded them of a dictator, he might have been more pleased.

Mrs. Eva Johnson had over fifty music pupils last year from this little town and territory, and that is not so bad.

Scotia has a fine school, the population of it being just about the same and sometimes a few more than the population of the town, which is around five hundred.

At the cheese factory meeting I made the remark that my chickens would not drink whey. Annuel Frazer and Art Stillman laughed and said their chickens drank a pail full every day and liked it. The conclusion was that the drinks in Greeley county have long had the reputation of being more potent than mere whey and my chickens' training and bringing up were wrong.

Politics.

George Mayo stopped and had a visit with Governor Cochran the other day and George reports that the Governor is very much delighted that Vern Robbins is running for the unicameral and hopes he is elected.

May 4, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Depleting Crops Quotas Damned
Much Talk About Our School System

Soil Conservation.

There was a good deal of wailing on the streets Friday over the Soil Conservation contracts prepared by the committee and by Henry and many of the men were refusing to sign. There seems to be a little different plan now than the men thought a month ago, or at least the men seem to think there is.

One man was having to put in sixty acres of sorghums, another fifty or let his land lie idle. One was going to have to plow up some fine small grain. One man was so disgusted over the small amount of corn he was allowed to raise that he said, "they must think I expect to go fishing this summer."

One man who had a fine farm rented of an insurance company was in a quandary over plowing up his small grain and only having fifty-five acres of his half section into corn, and letting part of his fine land lie idle. The same insurance company had another hill farm near that they could not rent at all. So this farmer rented this hill farm and by letting all but ten acres of it lie idle, as would have happened if it was not rented, he is able to farm all his good ground that he wants to corn and draw the payments on both places.

One man argued and wondered what good it would do him if the price of corn did go to sixty-five cents next fall, if he was not allowed to raise only half that he should raise. To an outsider, it seems that so many men are backing out of signing their contracts, that the whole of the purpose of the program will be ruined.

Schools Lam Basted.*[sic]*

Many people are wondering the good accomplished at the track meets held in different towns in the county, outside of drawing people into town to do trading. It is a question to many just what good it is to any for the children to put on a contest to see which one knows the most about history or who can cypher the most accurately, or run the fastest.

At any event, the children in town got a holiday out of the affair, and the city teachers, who are paid to teach the city children, put in a hard day on the country kids. The country kids get hauled to town and back and lose a day's training that their teacher might have given them.

The eighth grade examinations too seem like, to a lot of people, about so much bunk. Examinations, anyway are about so much bunk, and are used only because no better way yet has been found to find out how much the kids know. But the eighth grade examinations seem to many foolish because the questions are easy and it is very unusual that a child does not pass. When they don't usually it is because the child is so frustrated that he forgets a question or two.

What makes it more ridiculous is the fact that all the children do not have to take them. For some mysterious reason, the eighth graders in the Scotia school do not have to take them while in the

North Loup school they do. Kids from the country have to take pilgrimages to the city and under the guidance of seniors who will spell words and answer questions for the said eighth graders, go through the throes of mental torture.

Then another ridiculous feature of it is the fact that many have the idea that because the child has passed the examination along in March or April, that child knows all there is to know and can either quit school for the remainder of the term or loaf and read story books and make themselves a general nuisance in the school room.

I knew of a girl a few years ago who failed by one point of passing her arithmetic. For three months she was of the mind not to ever go to school again. Finally because she did not have anything else to do she took the eighth grade over and finally went on to high school and graduated and now is one of the finest citizens one could ask for. She was tremendously mortified for all the remainder of her school, when the others of her class went on ahead, but she is not mortified now for few if any of them amount to more than she.

She told me the reason of her failure. In the first place, she said, arithmetic was not easy for her. That examination came last in the day. She was nearly exhausted from the effort on the other exams, and when she came to the arithmetic, black spots were dancing before her eyes, and her head was aching terrifically. When she got home she found, in her distraction, she had passed up two problems altogether.

Grades in school are so much bunk too, and are instituted because it is the easiest way we have to educate children in the wholesale method. Many smart educators claim that each student should be in a class by itself. Lloyd Van Horn has a boy who learns so easily the teachers have to continually hold him back. On the other hand a child might be in the same grade, a little slow to learn, but in the end, with training suited to his character, in all likelihood, will be just as valuable a citizen.

Retracting.

Another point along the same thought and too, not the same, is the fact that there are not nearly so many school children now as ten years ago and especially twenty years ago. In a few years, it will no doubt be possible for the North Loup school and others perhaps if they are not consolidated, to rent out half their building for offices and just use the other half for school. Twenty years ago there were many more in high school than today. The grades have noticed a bigger drop and this is because the slump in child raising started with a vengeance less than twelve years ago. Everywhere, all over the land the decline in the number of children born is noted and in place of expanding our schools, in many places they are retracting. We hope we shall *[the rest is missing]*.

May 11, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Come Back Home, Friends; It Rains
North Loup Dogs Closely Watched

It's A Rainin'.

For my friends like Morris Rendell and the Collins' in Missouri, my brother, sister and mother in California, Browns, Allen Tappan and Ed Jeffries in Washington and Oregon, Hish's and Lloyd Wheeler in Illinois, and the many others who have left principally because it seemed like it never rained in this country, I will say that now they might come back and see an old time wet spring. It has been many years since we have had as much rain in April and May as we have had so far. I just

came from the garden where I was surveying the fruit. The tomatoes stood in water, I sank into the mud six inches, and the rain was still pouring down.

A new spirit prevails among us all. Last week when the rain was pouring steadily I had a sick horse. I called Dr. McGinnis and apologized when I spoke saying, "This is a heck of a day to have a sick horse."

"No," Dr. corrected. "No. I'd say this is a fine day."

It had been many years since the small grain has looked so fine as it does this spring. The wheat and rye are a foot high and many are worrying that it is so luxuriant that it will surely lodge. The alfalfa is nearly knee high and has another three weeks to grow. There has been pasture three weeks. More than this the water in the new ditch is ready to be poured on the land in the valley.

There is some difference in opinion as to how deep the sub-soil has been soaked. In the fields, naturally, it is wet further down and in Mira Valley, where they had one good rain the rest of us did not get, the men there claim it is wet down four or more feet. However, some of the men in this vicinity have been planting trees and fence posts, and in most places find dry dirt at about the bottom of the post hole. Our soil has been frightfully dry for a long time and it takes more than one gentle rain to restore the moisture.

Real Service.

To illustrate the service rendered by some of the Ord business men I guess I better mention an incident that happened to me last week.

About three weeks ago my wife asked me to stop at a man's house in Ord by the name of Austin and buy a package of sewing machine needles. She has a peculiar breed of a machine and has been unable to buy needles at the store that will work.

I stopped at his house and Mrs. Austin said he was out of town but would be back in a week or so. She took my name and address and said she would have him mail me a package.

Something went askew, for we did not get the needles. Then one day it turned out he came home, a little unexpected and his wife had gone to Burwell. Mr. Austin saw my name on a slip, and it being a rainy day and he having no other work, he thought he would drive to N. L. and see what I wanted. When he got to N. L. he found I lived four miles in the country. It was raining and very muddy, but he had come this far so he proceeded the last four miles in the mud, very nearly getting stuck several times.

I told him when he stopped that all I wanted was a package of needles. He was nearly exhausted from the drive and sat down on the porch a minute. I felt a little guilty so I let him tinker the machine and helped him come a little nearer getting pay for his trip.

It Must Be True.

A young man by the name of George Chipp斯 drove into Sheldon's Filling Station last week with a sweet, young lady friend. He did not order gasoline for a minute but fumbled about in the cubby-hole of the dash board and extracted a piece of paper and showed it to Irvy. "This is what I have been doing today," he said.

Irvy glanced over the paper. It was a wedding certificate. George seemed quite elated over it and Irvy looked at the girl and she too seemed to acquiesce, so Irvy came suddenly to the conclusion that there was no hoax to the deal and they were actually coming home from that one great occasion.

He's Getting Hell Now.

The notice in the Quiz of Mayor Cummins in regard to the severity in the method he intends to enforce the dog license law, draws a little smile from many who happen to know how difficult it is to enforce such things in small towns. On the other hand perhaps it does not draw a smile from the man who has the job as dog catcher.

Of course dogs must be killed, but Glen Johnson and Jim Coleman seem to have the dog business pretty well worked out. They keep the dogs closely watched up, and only dogs with no owners, and dogs that are vicious or harmful are the ones killed. But they are not getting into trouble with the little boys in town by killing their pet.

Another point that draws comment is the fact that the licenses to sell liquor are limited in number. Why is it necessary to limit the number of liquor sellers so they would be profitable any more than to limit the number of licenses issued to truckers, or sale barns, or doctors, or farmers? The same point has been brought up in N. L. If it is a good thing to sell the stuff, why limit the sale to one man, any more than to limit the number of groceries in town. One grocery could do fine here. Three or four are too many.

May 18, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Quick Learning No Success Guarantee

Jensen Big Farmer

Mexicans Coming

It Takes Luck Too.

The North Loup Loyalist gives a list of the graduating class and as customary, the two brightest pupils are named, and then the list is continued on in their rank to the lowest. It is a fine boost for those bright students, but not so hot for those at the end. It is true that we cannot all be first and perhaps it is an honor, in a way that these children are able to graduate at all from the courses offered.

But, pupils who trail, according to the list, toward the foot of the class, have heart. Those at the head of the class learn easier and have an advantage, without doubt. But if they do not continue their work, and succeed more than the average in later life, they will be bigger failures, without doubt.

Bear in mind that it takes more than the ease of learning to succeed. Of course that helps, but the woods are full of successful men and women who were in the lower brackets of learning. Hoover never graduated from high school and flunked in English in college. Edison was kicked out of school and one teacher said he never would amount to anything. I have heard the valedictorians of our little school named off several times, and it is a question if they have succeeded, in the end, as well by hard work and the sooner adjustments are made and worry is stopped the happier all hands are.

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After being away from Ord for 20 years I am not surprised that Harvey Mann would say that he hardly knew the place. And I was gratified when he told me that he thought Ord was the finest and prettiest town that he had been in and he has traveled much. And how well I remember the old days, more than 40 years ago, when I went "braking" with John Ratcliff and Levi Hamilton between Ord and Grand Island. I had just come from Michigan and had not as yet landed a job and I had quite an idea of becoming a railroad man. Harvey was baggage and express man we (jokingly called him the baggage smasher) in those days. He came in for a visit the other day while renewing old acquaintances in Ord. He is 80 years old and looks to be 60 and is feeling fine. I hope he will come again. Of course he didn't find a great many of those with whom he used to play chess. He came to Ord seven or eight years before I did but I have stayed 23 years longer so we are more than even and I hope he comes visiting again.

-0-

There is nothing dearer to the heart of a little boy or girl than their pet dog and it is a cruel father who will not see to it that the pet is provided with a metal tag such as the city requires. Kerry says Buck has a new locket. Folks, get your child's pet a locket. It will be cheaper than the tears of

anguish the children will shed if, some day, the dog comes up missing. Well toward a hundred people in Ord have already bought the locket and the time or dead line, is past. No use to take chances. The law can't personally know all the dogs in town and the orders are to get all that do not have a tag. It is unfair for one to pay and the neighbor not to do so.

May 25, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Raising Cane 'Cain?" to Help the Nation
Will Soil Program Fail This Year?

A New Program.

I heard a person suggest the other day, that the government, in that they are in the pump priming business again and seem to be determined to put money out in trillions, institute a car conservation program along with the soil conservation scheme.

Conservation is hardly the right word so perhaps a Car Replacement program would be better. The law seems to require now that all cars, not relatively new, without windshield wipers and other nick-nacks/*sic*] be put into discard, so a program of that nature would be very welcome.

It might be run along the same line as the agriculture program. Money might be put out to every car owner to buy a new car with, and the stipulation might be something to the effect that he could or couldn't (it wouldn't matter which) drive his car over so many trillion miles.

Now a program of this sort has many advantages even over the Soil Conservation program. In place of raising cane as the farmers are resenting so much about in that they cannot understand what good so much cane raising will do for anyone, if we took our new financed car out and raised Cain all over the country, the raisers would at least be having some fun out of it, besides helping the gasoline industry.

It would put thousands, no trillions, of old cars in the junk heaps to be made into ammunition for the Japs and Spaniards, and would put trillions of men at work building new roads, cars and pumping (already primed) gasoline into the cars. It would put trillions of dollars out into the country so people could start earning and start paying taxes so as to balance the budget for this program, that some say will take a trillion years to pay. It would come as near an equal distribution of the treasury as any method yet devised.

There is only one objection to this program that I have heard voiced. If everyone took advantage of this program, it is wondered who is going to have time to stay at home and work with all the cane there is to be raised.

The Coming Word.

I presume you wonder why I use the word trillion. A circus man in town the other day posting bills explained it to me. He said we used to talk in millions and billions but Franklin Roosevelt has started us to using trillions. That is the coming word.

He said, "I voted for him once — maybe the other man wouldn't have done any better, but he at least wouldn't have piled up debts for our grandchildren to pay. If I had a chance I'd vote for the other fellow now to start paying off."

Looks Like the End.

And looking at the Agriculture Soil Conservation program in a more serious light, the whole thing appears like it is going to be a complete failure in this section of the state at least.

The corn acreage has been so drastically cut down by the committee, it seems like, most of the men are not signing up. Almost every other man you meet says he just can't do it. One man on a quarter was allotted only fifteen acres of corn and fifty of cane. All such men are not signing besides many others where the ratio is not so bad.

It is all too deep for me to understand very thoroughly, but the idea is that already there are big hold-over stocks of corn in eastern sections. If 1938 is a good corn year, and everyone raises the limit his farm can raise, without question there will be a surplus next fall and a Hoover price of ten to twenty cents. Five hundred bushels of fifty cent corn is as good as a thousand of twenty-five cent corn as far as sales purposes are concerned.

The whole purpose of the farm program is to cut production and raise prices. "Soil Conservation," is just a blind or an excuse for the program. There is no crop in this country so hard on the land as cane and alfalfa, for land that is not sub-irrigated, is almost ruinous.

With five out of ten of the men you meet proclaiming they are not complying this year, it looks like, if this section is an example of the whole country, the Agriculture program is singing its swan song.

Short Shavings.

In digging a grave at Scotia recently, the diggers found dry dirt, so the story goes, at a depth of about five feet. They deduced that ward [?sic] the bottom of the grave, they found the moisture coming up at about five [?six] feet. They deducted that another six inches movement from both directions would put the water together.

An anonymous fan letter from Arcadia asked me to tell something of the Credit Association here at N. L. I will try and do that some of these weeks. Our town is full of co-operatives. A co-operative store, cheese factory, ice packing plant, elevator, Building and Loan, bank and a telephone company that was originally co-operative. Some of these institutions have drifted more to corporations than co-operatives. The B. & L. and the Credit Association are the truest co-operatives.

This Quiz reader seemed to be quite enthusiastic over the paper. He (or she) concluded by saying, "I can think of but one thing finer for every family in Valley County and that would be a pair of twins that would vote straight Democratic when they grow up."

I usually pay little attention to anonymous letters. Usually the sender does not sign his name because he is ashamed of what he writes. That could not have been the case here. It was a very nice card.

June 1, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The North Loup Cooperative Credit Association.

One man said to me in regard to North Loup, that if we did not get a bank down there the town will dry up and blow away. After our bank had failed and we were without one, the North Loup business men began to feel that was about true. There was no place to cash checks and it was a nuisance to go

touring off to neighboring towns every day to do the banking. Merchants carried big rolls of money to cash checks, but this was dangerous and unsatisfactory.

Because no individual seemed to want to start a bank was the reason the Go-operative Credit Association was started. It is not altogether a new idea. In factories and packing plants and places where many men work, there has been similar cooperative organizations for years. Recently, to help such communities as this, without banking facilities, the law has been extended and in the last few years many co-operative credit associations have been established.

This credit association at North Loup does practically everything a bank does. It takes your money for deposit and allows you to write checks. It loans money to members who have proper security, write drafts on other banks, rediscount your notes with city banks if the collateral is satisfactory, clerk sales, writes insurance and gives advice.

There are a few features that are slightly different. To deposit money, you must take a tenth of the deposit to buy stock in the association. Then when your deposit is withdrawn, you can, with a different check, withdraw your stock. To borrow money you must also buy stock in the association. This way, the capital stock of the association is always one-tenth of the deposits.

In place of the president or secretary loaning you the money, there is a loan committee of three men who make the loans. All the secretary does is to take your application and make out the proper papers as the loan committee approves the loans. Loans over five hundred dollars must be approved by the board of directors.

Besides the loan committee, there is also a board of five directors, out of which the secretary is elected. These fellows are supposed to meet every month and chew the fat over salaries, collections, overdrafts, rents and borrowers for the secretary to put the thumb screws on. They are supposed to manage the association.

Besides these two groups there is another committee empowered to audit the association four times a year. This committee is supposed to delve into every act and loan of the others and stir up a stink if anything has gone askew. They even have the power to close the association pronto, but this committee is not as important as it sounds for they are not expert auditors and the association is examined regularly by the banking department the same as other institutions.

There is one feature that seems to be the biggest barrier of any for co-operative credit associations and that is that there is no guarantee connected with the deposits such as all other banks now have. It is urged however that this does not matter. The present guarantee law, so the Co-op C. men argue, is no different or better than the old state guarantee law and if put to a test, it would fail similarly. More than that it costs money that the Co-op does not have to pay. It is a good advertising scheme however.

Another trouble is that occasionally there are institutions who will not take checks written on co-op associations. Most insurance companies will not take them. However, mail order houses and firms on both ends of the continent cash them continually without the slightest difficulty just as bank checks are cashed.

One more trouble with such an association is that none of the officers are supposed to borrow from the institution. This would be fine if there were not eleven officers and these are apt to be men who are worth something and might be very good men to loan money to. This difficulty has been remedied to some extent by loaning to the officer's wife.

This institution in North Loup has turned out to be one of the largest co-operatives in the state. Many of them are very small, operated frequently by a lady or an insurance man or as some side issue. Compared with most banks this institution is small, but still it serves an important need in this community. However should anyone want to start a bank here, it is generally understood that this cooperative would gladly cease in favor of the bank.

No one as yet has drawn any salary except the secretary. The loan committee has met once every week since the institution started and many times between on special cases. They have never drawn a cent. The board of directors are supposed to meet every month, and the auditing committee four

times a year. A few such meetings are fine but to keep it up week after week forever with no pay might get old, and especially should the sailing ever get tough.

The officers of the organization are elected at an annual meeting held at the beginning of each year, where statements are read, business is discussed. The officers are elected for only one year and that is another feature that is not so good. Should a clique of people get their heads together it might be very possible to oust every officer of the association at one meeting. As with all public or semi-public organizations there is bound to be politics played, and every depositor makes this co-op C. A. his own responsibility. More than that money institutions are always subject to criticism. There has been no friction displayed at any of the annual meetings yet. Should friction ever develop, it is a question whether the results would show up in withdrawals of accounts or at the votes at the annual meetings.

The institution is kept going only for the interest of the town. A few wealthy men have deposited, in fact there are many depositors, but most of these have done so on account of loyalty to the town or for the convenience. It is hard sledding for a new institution to pick up the best borrowers and *[the rest is missing]*.

June 8, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Human Skeleton Found by Farmer
Another Threat to Dairy Industry

Man in a Tub.

It was really quite remarkable about Albert Combs throwing out the human skeleton last week while he was listing. He and Will Steffins gathered the fellow up in a tub and brought him down town and showed it to quite a number. It was in good state of preservation considering everything. The back of the skull was round and quite firm. Many of the other bones were easily identified by Albert who seems to know more about anatomy than most of us.

Albert deduced it was an Indian grave. It was on top of a hill where the land had been farmed for many years, but Albert concluded the winds (not rains) of the last few years had blown the soil away until this year when he was farming he finally came to the fellow.

If it was an Indian grave it is no less than sixty-six years old, for there have been no Indians here to speak of since the settlers first came in 1872. More than that, in our soil, which has many periods when there is moisture, bones and articles that decay, are not apt to last such long lengths of time. It is all quite remarkable that the bones are preserved as well as they are and that they can be identified at all as human bones.

Penneycress.

For the dairyman, who is already faced with the fiercest kind of competition, his new trouble of penneycress tainting the milk, is of a very serious concern.

The last few years of drouth has killed much of the original prairie grass and over great areas the land has come up to penneycress. The cows like this weed apparently but it taints the milk something terrible. As yet the creamery men have found nothing to put into the butter that will counteract the taint. They have cut the price of tainted or weedy cream from 21 to 16 cents. The taste and smell of milk from cows that have been eating this weed is sickening at the best.

It is advocated that the farmers mow their pastures, and keep the cows shut up a few hours before milking and other schemes that are nearly impossible. If this weed keeps growing and the cows keep eating it, that alone may mean the doom to the dairy industry for Nebraska. Already the merchants of North Loup and Scotia, right in the heart of the farming and dairy industry, sell four pounds of oleo to one of butter and sell a good bit to farmers. This spring's experience of tainted milk is just a nother boost to the oleo product. Many farmers have been selling their milk and cream this spring and then buying oleo for their own use.

Here are a few questions for the boys with their products who are learning to be farmers, and things we all want to know.

If a seven hole plate in the corn planter will plant eight acres how many acres will an eight hole plate plant?

If the old Farmall tractor will pull a 14 inch gang plow easily in second gear, can you plow more or less in the hills—that is rolling lands?

If you have one peg to hang the harness on, how should it be hung up?

Were the horses used in our grandfather's day, those tough little horses like the movies are made of, were they better than ours of today? Most boys think so.

Chicken Column.

Wet the mash for your chickens. It does not blow away so badly and they eat more of it. It is the same with chickens as with people. We don't like to eat powder. We like potatoes juiced up with gravy, and corn starch pudding wouldn't be very dry.

If the hens scratch the straw from the nests, use old gunny bags for the litter.

Short Shavings.

Have you noticed the birds are back again in greater numbers than for many years. The drouth drove them away, but they come again with the rains.

Have you noticed too that the Russian thistles are not doing so well this year? There are some but nothing like the last few years. They are a drouth plant. The biggest thistles we ever saw grew in 1934.

My foot bridge washed out the other day by the water from the rain at Sumter. The last time it washed out Jim Brannon helped me put it back in place, and that must have been in '33, for he left in '35 for Idaho, and we know it did not rain in '34 enough to wash it out.

If you have a quart of water and a quart of wine, and pour a pint of the wine into the water and then from this three pints pour back one pint of the mixture, in the original wine container, which will there be the most of, water or wine? Wild discussions have been held over this. You tell.

Talking in regard to some people quarreling Art Hutchins said, "It's not worth it. Life is too short to spoil it that way."

Someone else said, "No. You mean life is too long. Why make it worse than it is already?" Which man was right?

Someone said in regard to long prayers at church, "One should not listen to them. It is not polite to listen in when two people are talking." I was glad to hear that. I feel better now.

June 15, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Why Not Stop All Selling to Japan?
Spring Flowers, Blondes, Politics

Wholesale Crime.

A friend of mine mailed me a picture of the proposed new landscaping for our Nebraska capitol building. Without a doubt this building is one of the few great buildings on the earth. The thought occurred to me, what a fine target it would make for the Japs to drop their bombs on after they get China blown to bits, and by the looks of the papers, that is not very far from the case right now.

It is beyond any question that the conquering of China is only a beginning of Japan's hopes and aspirations. First Korea, then Manchuria, now China. It is disputed which country is next on the list for her to conquer, but Russia probably. I guess all of us have some pet grievance, usually something that we cannot help or have no control over. We worry about it in our work and wake in the night with that on our minds. The onslaught or debauch of the Japs in China, seems to be my worry the last few months.

I am delighted over any little victory the Chinks may have. I am saddened at their losses. It seems like a hopeless fight for China against such a machine of destruction like the Japs have. Still in the S. E. P. was an article that maintained China could win if the Japs would give them time. It all is a disgrace upon civilization.

On this side of the world, we would put men in the gaol if they shot their game like the Japs are treating the China men and women. We would think it an outrage should a man kill his livestock that way. In our packing houses the animals must be killed instantly. And still we sit over here and do nothing but read the papers and just hope the outrages upon human beings on the other side of the earth will cease. Here we go into spasms nearly, over a single kidnapping or raping of a girl, while in China we happily stand by and see the Japs rape and kill and destroy a whole nation.

We not only do that but we sell and allow our men to sell all manner of equipment to carry on that butchering. Mr. Ickes holds up for months the selling of helium to the Germans who are not in war at all, but we are and have been selling old iron to the Japs to carry on this war for several years. Of course it is not the government that is actually doing the selling, but it all comes from here just the same.

We talk about embargoes and boycotts, but it is only talk. Little do we care about the Chinamen. Their business is not our business. If they are driven into virtual slavery it is not our affair as long as we can get a few cents for some old iron that will blow a few more of them into eternity.

No, we aren't our brother's keeper. We would not, nor would the other nations of the earth, necessarily, have to take up arms to stop this slaughter of the Chinese. There are other schemes that are equally effective, but we are too busy, and happy, and too anxious for the profits to concern ourselves over such little troubles as the Chinese are having with the Japs blowing their cities to smithereens. We will just save our worries until they get to us. Let tomorrow take care of itself.

A Happier Theme.

It has been years since the flower gardens have been as beautiful as they are this year. There is something about the ground this year that is different. The weeds are springing up again like old,

little trees are sprouting everywhere, gardens grow without half trying, and everyone will give you plants, gladly too, if you just want them.

They will give you hints too on garden culture, and it all comes with a smile and profound interest. You can hardly find a woman at home any more whose hands are not dirty from digging and transplanting. The hoe is rusty and the shovel needs a bell on it.

Mrs. Art Hutchins who is a garden fan told this of her four-o'clocks. She had read that one could take up the roots in the fall like carrots and put them in the cellar and plant them again in the spring. She took up some roots last fall and put them carelessly in her cellar.

This spring she found them. They looked pretty bad but as an experiment she picked out a few of the best roots and set them out throwing the others down. To her surprise, a few days later she found those she set out growing and then she noticed those she threw away had little sprouts on them too. She grabbed up the discarded roots and planted them also. She said it is almost beyond belief how fast they all grew and now she has four-o'clocks over a foot high.

Mrs. Allberry told me too, how [*the rest is missing*].

June 22, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

One Good Way to Avoid Trouble.
Had a Camera Not Tommy-Gun

Want Me to Give 'em Hell

Very frequently I am approached by people who have some bit of news that I may use in this column and also more frequently some person has some trouble that is grieving his soul that he would like to have exposed. After several years of writing this bunk I have learned to keep away from some of the backfire. Vern Robbins told me of an old friend of mine who had his feelings hurt lately over something I wrote politically, and as soon as I can, I must see the fellow and try to make up.

There were a number of people who tore their hair and wanted me to do the same over the watermelon shooting case. I did not. I am in enough trouble as it is. Politics are ever a case to expose. The county board needs panning bad enough, perhaps, but I am a good friend of many of them and I don't like enemies. I try not to take sides for any candidate, such as Ed Lee and Jake Barber. In a case like Vern Robbins, where he is our only man up now for the place, I feel free to boom him, and then I wonder, when I do, if perhaps my booming might not do him more harm than good. I am not conceited enough to think what I write here carries much weight.

About the most common complaint to me is that of the relief that has been passed about so freely the last few years. This is another subject I have tried to avoid. In the first place, I myself may be on dole sometime. You can't tell.

Second, in almost every case that I know of the details where people are getting relief, it seems to me those folks would have gone hungry without it. There are some, perhaps, on WPA, who should not be there, but I do not know the details of it. The fact of the matter is, it seems to me, that in every case where I know all the facts, those people have not had half enough.

There are bound to be errors and graft in such wholesale aid, but like it was in Greeley county, many of these grafters were weeded out eventually. The mere disgrace of a person being on relief when he does not need it will drive most of them off when times get better. And if there is a locality

in the land that would be any more needful of aid than this the last year, we all have sympathy for them.

Story With a Moral.

Out living on the fringe of Davis Creek and Mira Valley is a little boy who likes to go over to his grandfather's place on his pony. There are many reasons why he likes to go there but one of these is the fact that in his uncle's room this small lad can find the nicest detective story magazines, with the most exciting stories one could imagine. This lad devours a few of these stories each trip, along with cookies his grandmother has stored away for little boys and girls.

The other day after his usual feast of literature and cookies and he had started home on his horse, just ahead he noticed a man standing outside his car and he was holding something close in front of him. The little boy felt sure that this stranger was holding nothing [*missing text*] gun. The boy kicked his pony in the ribs and went flying by thirty miles an hour or more to get away from this highwayman who might be robbing a bank.

It was only a few minutes after that Rev. Birmingham came driving in to the yard of the boy's folks for a call. He had his camera with him and had stopped in the canyon to shoot a scene or two.

Moral: Ministers should be more careful about shooting pictures around where there are little boys who read detective stories.

Short Shavings.

There have been a few people irrigating down this way the last week. One or more has poured water on alfalfa ground that has been cut. It looks like the ditch might be a reality yet and the joke of it all to me is that one of the parties that irrigated last week, all along has claimed it would never work, and it wouldn't pay and we're better off without the ditch. It reminds one of the story of the early railroad engine that the hill billies swore would never run, but after it did run, the fellows claimed they'd never get it stopped.

Down this way there are a few of us who make money by going to church. By hauling our own milk to town we get the five cents a pound that the trucker otherwise gets. So by taking the milk along as we go to church we sometimes make enough to partly offset the dollar or two we toss in the platter. It is all perfectly orthodox for we do not collect the pay from the cheese factory until the next day.

I like to get letters from Joe Knezacek. I do not suppose his penmanship would suit Palmer and he would get a low grade from that point, but he grades high with me. He writes about half between printing and writing and it looks more like a scroll than anything else. There is a friendliness to the whole page of his epistles even if the message is of little importance. Perhaps the friendliness of the man is carried on into his handwriting. Some would say so.

This is a hard country in which to live with drouths and grasshoppers and democrats, and relief and kidnappings and bugs that eat up our gardens and high priced gasoline and speeding cars.

But even at that I guess I'll stick. In Spain they are enlisting sixteen year old boys and old men who are not afraid to die, to fight on one side for a man who wants to be a dictator and the other for rich men who want to keep their estates. Or in China, where they fight among themselves until the third party comes in and whips them both and destroys them all. Or in Germany where you dare not speak your thoughts, or in England (good old England, our mother country) where every person must keep on hand a gas mask, or Mexico, with internal discontent or France, sitting between two dictators.

Yes, I guess I'll just stick, and go to the polls and vote and then let the fellow have it that wins.

June 29, 1938?

[no date on clipping]

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Politics,
Still Going,
Universal Interest,
Proof Enough.

Politics

Politics is becoming more interesting each day. To be a member of the unicameral seems to be the prize package. For some reason Howard county people are determined to have the representative for they have put up seven men, or to be exact seven men from that county have put themselves up. It may turn out a little like the Chinese. They fought among themselves until they lost their strength and an outsider comes in and whips them all, or tries to.

Here in Valley county we hoped we could keep a single candidate and not split our own vote, but now the last minutes, Chas. Sternecker files. Many wonder if it is because he really thinks he can be elected, or if it is to beat Vern Charles, himself is good enough, but two good men against each other might spoil it for both.

To be a county supervisor too, seems to be a coveted office. Just why, we hardly know unless it is the glory that goes with the position. It is a part time job that a retired man might like, bringing him in a few shekels, but for a busy person, it would be a nuisance. Still there are many candidates.

To be sheriff, seems to be the ambition of many. In the old prohibition days, it was freely talked that the sheriffs got many bribes to wink at certain boot leggers and hence his office was very lucrative. I could hardly believe that of any sheriff I knew, but it was commonly thought, especially in cities and as a result, it was an office much sought after. We do not lack for candidates in Valley county, but it is the general opinion that the present officer cannot be beaten.

The story comes to me in a round about way, and quite direct too, that the reason the Valley county papers made the rule that cash in advance had to be paid for political advertising, was a certain man two years ago advertised quite freely, but after he was beaten by the voters, he refused to pay for his picture in the paper. Now this is interesting, is it not? I hardly dare to tell in this column who the name is but if you are really avid to know, just slip a five dollar bill in a letter and mail it to me asking the details, and I shall warrant you will get my prompt and immediate attention.

Yes politics are (or is it "is") a peculiar thing. We can hardly tell why some men are elected and others fail, even after it is all over. Sometimes excellent men are beaten for office, and it is no disgrace for the candidate running against him is just a little more excellent, or has a little better stand-in with the voters.

About the surest man to get elected to an office, and especially the lesser offices, is the new man in the community. If he is pleasant to meet that helps and more he has only a few enemies such as an older man of the community is bound to have if he has ever done anything. Whenever men do anything they make enemies and if for no other reason, because of jealousy. Many people are unconsciously jealous of anyone who is in anyway successful.

A man with a farm of two or three quarters, or even less, is at a loss to know even where to start killing the pests. On the average farm a person could spend his entire time sprinkling poison. It is like trying to dip the ocean dry. The hoppers are like flies. They are in the pastures, on the grain, in the roads, everywhere.

Some claim that grasshoppers do not thrive so well in wet weather. No one is sure of that however. The hoppers seem to move with the wind. Traveling men said they were thick in the western part of the state last week and Thursday night about eleven o'clock, they invaded North Loup. These hoppers were big fellows with long wings. They have eaten the gardens some and done small damage, but yet not very seriously have they eaten the bigger crops.

Short Shavings.

Ed Post owed me seven dollars and the other day I met him on the street and he proceeded to pay me. He took out his purse and from it extracted seven one dollar bills, each folded separately into a small package a little larger than a postage stamp. When I got the six all unfolded, the bills wrinkled up like nigger's wool, and I asked Ed what's the idea in folding your money that way. I needed a flat iron to straighten it out.

Ed didn't worry much about the money after I got it. He said once he earned his money flat and he paid to a merchant two twenty dollar bills that were stuck together when he intended to pay only one. When he got home he discovered the shortage. He went back to the merchant but he would not return the bill, saying he had no record and did not know if Ed was truthful or not. He didn't know Ed like the rest of us.

Nevertheless that taught Ed a lesson. Since then he folds each bill separately and then he makes no mistakes when he counts them out. He lets the other fellow worry about the wrinkles.

July 13, 1938?

[no date on clipping]

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Most Important Crop

Politics

For Ripley

Chapter I Our Most Important Crop.

Raising children is probably the most important job in the world today. Here in America the big ambition of every parent and every leader, is that the child will grow to be a self-supporting person, to be decent and to be law abiding. We hope too that the child eventually will do a little better, that our child might become a leader of some endeavor, but if our child accomplishes those first three requirements, any of us will be very happy.

In Germany, Italy, Japan and other countries, numbers of children are what count most, that is, numbers to swell greater armies, not quality so much as quantity. Here we have grown into a different conception of raising children. It is quality of the children that count most with us, not quantity.

Most people want two or three children. If children behave, I never knew a person to have too many. If the child does not behave, if he is constantly in jail or trouble or drunk, one is too many. Folks with no children have less to look forward to, and very frequently make more ado over others

children than the folks themselves. For people who seem to have little hopes for accomplishing greatness or riches themselves, (and that includes the most of us) children are their salvation and they keep the spirit up. Our hopes shift from our own well being to that of the children. We, with children that behave, are the happiest on earth, and all we ask is that these children be self-supporting, decent and law abiding.

Frequently the person that knows the most about raising children, or at least the person that talks the most, is the person who never raised any. To the parents who have raised a large family, this person is a joke. The person who has only raised one, is perhaps only a part joke, for he has a few rules worked out and he thinks at least, he is pretty good authority on all things that turn up involving children.

People who have raised large families will tell us that there are no rules that will work invariably with all children. With the first child we find schemes that make him mind pretty well. With the second, that same scheme does not work at all. The second child takes a different approach. With the third child we are still making rules, changing methods with each arrival and by the time the fourth or fifth has come along we give up and say nothing to others on how it should be done.

And still we find great differences in families. Here is a family of children, all grown, all self-supporting, decent and law abiding, and everyone a pride to their parents, who would give their entire fortune or cut off their ears if it would only help those kids. And in the same neighborhood is another family who are all constantly in trouble (in jail perhaps) dead-beats, drunks and worse.

We say it was born in that family to be good, in the other to not be good. That is an easy way to dodge the responsibility. Surely heredity has something to do with it, but in homes like Father Flanagan's, they welcome the unruly boy. The bad boy is very apt to have a screw loose somewhere, and they try to find the screw. They have remarkable success with even the worst of them. They know the bad boy can be saved to be a help to society if they get at him right. They know he may need different treatment than the others, but they know it is worth it if they make the grade and succeed.

I heard the father of six children say not long ago, "I cannot tell you how to raise children. I deserve no credit for mine were of such little trouble that I have had no experience. I do not know what I would do if I had one like Johnnie Doe."

I wondered since hearing him say that if the reason he had such little trouble with his children was not because of his fine management of them. I wondered if perhaps he did not know the secret of making those children admire him and mind him. I wondered if he had had Johnnie Doe from a baby, (the lad who was sent to jail at fifteen) or Johnnie had been mixed in the hospital and raised along with this man's own, if Johnnie might not have turned out differently.

It is not the attempt here to criticize folks who have failed with their children. It is seldom that we see a parent who does not think at the nonce they are doing the best possible. It will be the attempt to seek out from those who have succeeded the methods they have used. Our children are the most important crop in the world today whether we raise them for peace or for war purposes. Perhaps a few minutes a day now, when my children are little, a few more minutes study of the problem, will reap me many more years contentment later when I grow old, and when the children grow up. That is about all the hopes many of us have any more in this complicated world anyway, is our children.

Politics.

I was in North Loup and Ord all day yesterday and today, and both towns were seething (that's a good word) with politicians. I shook every hand I could find and begged everyone for cigar, but nary a one did I get. Now I really don't smoke only on two occasions. That is wedding cigars and political cigars. Things look pretty tough for me this year now that June is over.

"Jake" Jacobs, of St. Paul, who is running for the unicameral, was in town yesterday putting up his pictures. He met Vern Robbins, also a candidate for the same office and they talked a while. Then Vern walked around the street and introduced Jake to the rest of us.

They joked some, Vern saying we'd not have any "Jakes" in Lincoln and Jacob said that the Robins are going south this fall, and then we all might get frosted in August.

Nevertheless, we had a good time, Jacobs being a good joker, and when he left he told Vern to come to St. Paul and he would introduce Vern around his street. He also invited Vern to put up his picture in his cafe and oil station.

I told Jacobs that he had real competition down his way, did he not and he said, "No. Not down there. I think the competition is worse up in this country."

This just goes to show what a fine bunch of sports we Americans are. Had that incident occurred in Mexico, or Spain, or China (before the war) these two men would have had an alley fight or worse. Then after election there would be more fights.

And I'll warrant, that which ever man gets beat, and surely one will in the end, they will still be smiling when it is over and joking each other. Not such a bad country we live in after all.

For Ripley.

Fred Coe tells me that Louie Florian, living northeast of Ord, as I understand, raked and stacked a whole field of hay, and he never mowed it. The hail mowed it.

July 20, 1938?

[no date on clipping]

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Easier to Talk About Than to Do
Heroism Must Be Its Own Reward

Chapter II The Secret of Good Children.

The first essential of child raising is that the children should be made to mind their parents willingly and promptly.

Once when I was a small boy I brought home a pup. My father said to me sternly, "You may keep that dog if you can make him mind, if you can teach him to come when you call him and go when you send him. If you cannot teach him that he'll have to be shot."

Now we can hardly shoot the boy if he deliberately goes swimming when we send him after the cows, or turns and goes off when we ask him to help us load a pig that's about to get away, but it is true we might almost feel like it.

Everyone in this land of the free, must mind someone. If you have a job you must mind your boss. You must mind the peace officers and if you don't you'll be put in jail and if you don't mind the jailers there you'll eventually be shot, like the dog.

A farmer, perhaps one of the most independent of all men, must mind the banker, for there are few of them indeed who do not borrow once in a while. The banker is not exempt, for he must worry of and mind the depositors and directors. The austere and independent district judges have to obey in a sense the supreme court justices as well as the peace officers and they themselves must walk the straight and narrow or the voters will boost them out at election time. The President must obey the laws of the land, and must be brought to task every four years with the voters as judges. The members of the Supreme Court, appointed for life, are about the freest from discipline, but think of the kowtowing they had to do before getting their job.

In child raising, there are rank exceptions to all rules always. We can all see examples of a child who was never made to mind by his parents, and he turned out to be a fine citizen. Then we see

another who has been in jail and in all sorts of trouble, that apparently had the best of training. But these are exceptions. The big average for fine men and women are of those children that were trained from childhood to mind and obey others.

Even regardless of the fact of how the child is going to turn out in the end, and with the belief that this theory is all bosh, that the child should do his own thinking, and not be mere rubber stamps or animals, regardless of that fact, the child that minds his parents is a much more pleasant child to live with than one yelling and tearing and going his own way unthoughtful of any comfort of others.

Yes, children should be made to mind, and this training should not be delayed until the child is half grown. We will find that parents who have well behaved children usually start early on the discipline problem. Teachers of the smaller grades will verify this theory and we all have heard them say time and again that almost invariably children who give them trouble in the primary classes and then on through the grades are those children who have not been properly disciplined at home.

All right, that seems to be settled. The child should be made to mind from the cradle, and that minding should continue, in this land of the free, throughout his life and to the grave. Beyond the grave, we will not promise, but still Saint Peter is there and the other fellow too.

Our little study of child raising has been simple so far, first that children are our best crop and that they must mind, but I can see already that we are approaching deep water. The question now is how to do this trick of making the child mind. It is easy to say but not so easy to do. We'll need more thought on that angle of the question—the how to do it. Should we begin by whipping the child? Should we beg him, plead with him, lecture him, scold him, hire him or penalize him? We must make him mind. If we don't the police officer will sure enough take a hand someday with much more unsympathetic methods than we use. Everyone must mind someone.

It Happens in Fiction.

Wayne Manchester swam forth the other day and pulled two lads out of Davie Jones' Locker, that they might stay on earth with us a little longer.

It happened a bunch of little boys went swimming, as little boys are apt to do in the summer and early spring, and it also happened that Wayne was the only one in the bunch who could swim, so as a result, he took the title of self-appointed life guard and acted accordingly. The boys hiked about the river until they found a nice deep hole, the shallower water being very unsatisfactory in the wetting process.

One lad had cramps while in the hole but he was saved easily. The second lad did not drag out so easily for he had swallowed so much water that he was vomiting profusely when Wayne got to the rescue and proceeded to pull him to terra firma.

Now Wayne did not feel particularly heroic over the incident. But more than likely he had been reading Alger books or other such fiction where the saver of the drowning man is awarded with the daughter's hand, or given a fine job as partner or foreman in a prosperous factory.

Wayne was not especially desirous of such rewards. He did, however slip around the next day to the boy that was the nearest eternity and asked him if he might ride his bicycle to Scotia that afternoon, but the lad who was lucky to be alive, had already forgotten the incident of the day before, and politely but firmly refused the vehicle.

Wayne was very much put out by then, for his trip to Scotia was of great importance, as most boys trips are, so he turned on his ungrateful friend and said without mincing matters, "The next time we go swimming you can just go to hell and drown." Really, Wayne had that a little twisted. He should have had the boy drown first.

Wayne is a fine little fellow, and no doubt by now has learned his lesson. He has learned, like most of us older folks, that rewards for bravery and saving our friends from death happen all right, all right. Yes, they happen, in fiction and story books, but not in real life. All the time we must be on guard to save our fellowmen from death and accident with never a thought from anyone of reward. The reward will come sometime when we least expect it, from someone we least expect, when that someone swims forth and saves our lives from the whirling pool.

July 27, 1938?

[no date on clipping]

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Wait Until You Get Them Raised
Sleeping Sickness Can Be Cured

The First Fan Letter.

The first comment on my new series came from my mother in Long Beach. Letters from Dad or Mom are always the best, even if we do not like them sometimes. We know they are always from the heart, and those two folks are about the only ones on earth who are interested in us other than their own interests indirectly. Here it is:

"I think you better let the child raising job out, until you have yours raised, and you will never be through that until you lose your mind or are in your grave. You might be like Mrs. _____ who gave a lecture on the subject when her adopted daughter was about 13 years old and at 15 she ran off and married a drunken good-for-nothing."

"I heard a lecture by a young woman with two (10 and 12) year old boys and everyone said it would be better for her to wait and see how her own boys came out. It is a ticklish job, raising children."

I had thought of this idea myself and put off writing this up for a long time, finally deciding to only give the experiences that I quizzed from others. I may write the next chapter next week, and then I may not.

In another part of her letter she writes, "Sunday Clifford took us for a trip to Montravia to an airport and while on the trip we visited a lion farm. There were 208 lions of all ages and kinds. This man started in 1918 with three lions and they have all come from those except three males he has bought.

"The worst ones he sells to zoos. He keeps quite a lot for moving pictures and sells to circuses too. The tamest are worth as much as \$10,000.00 and others not more than \$500.00. They are in great cages as large as Davis' house (10 rooms 2 stories) but not quite so high perhaps."

Another Worry.

The horse disease that has come like a plague among us the last two years is of a very serious concern and about puts a kibosh on another one of our crops, that is the horse raising industry.

As Dr. McGinnis said, there are a lot of things about the disease we do know and there are a lot we do not, but we are sure the sickness is not catching and transferable from one animal to another. In the same herd some horses will get it and others not.

We are quite sure it is some mosquito or fly that infects the horse and should the insect infect one horse, it is not likely it will infect another. It is a well established fact that only the female mosquito bites, and she only bites once. She fills up with blood once, goes lays her eggs and dies, so it is not likely she would transfer the disease from a sick horse to a well one. This idea has been proven with tick fever in the south and malaria.

"We do not know", the doctor continued, "if a horse has had the disease and recovered, whether that horse is immune or not, but we are quite sure that that horse will be free from it for twelve months at least."

Some horses die very quickly some linger. They do not actually go to sleep, that is all of them don't, but they lose their pep in a hurry and appear asleep. The veterinarians feel they can materially help the horse if they can be called in the early stages, and while the horse will still stand, but if it goes down, unable to arise they feel usually it is hopeless.

The disease is not really new but has only been serious the last two years. In 1912 there was an epidemic of what the vets think was the same thing. Usually it has been of such little concern that the disease was not given much attention.

It might be added here, that in the case of cane poisoning, that is so fatal to cattle and stock that get out in the sorgums/*sic*], if the vet is called and can get to the animal when there is still a spark of life left in the beast it can be saved. The treatment is almost certain and miraculous and will bring a cow back to life quickly, even after she had completely passed out.

Politics.

M. H. Tielmann was around to see me the other day, he said, renewing his old friends. For a number of years he was the commissioner from this corner of the county, taking his precincts from deep red to a well balanced black account. We have only three commissioners in this county, each man having his own district to account for. His friends have filed a petition for him to run again after four years of vacation.

The story goes that four years ago he was urged to run for the legislature and did. After he had filed for that office, those same urgers put up Doyle and beat Tielmann, but they beat him in two ways. They beat him for the legislature and also got him out of the way in the court house in Greeley. He once studied engineering, in Denmark and at road work he is very good.

There is wide speculation as to how well Chas. Sternecker will run. Some of his enemies claim he will not poll a hundred votes but a very astute politician in Ord told me the other day that we will all be surprised when the count is made and he will get more than we think. No one predicts he will win however. He is making a campaign, it is said, walking from house to house, sleeping wherever night overtakes him and trying to see everyone, telling them he is the "Fighting Dutchman," and out to scrap those hornswagglers in Lincoln who are stealing our money.

August 3, 1938?

[no date on clipping]

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Much Talk About the Grasshoppers
No. Loup Telephone Numbers Needed

For Those Away. We All Know.

About the most common topic of conversation these days outside the weather, is that of grasshoppers. The town people, with a small garden, are even more excited and concerned over the beasts than the farmers.

In many ways, the darned hoppers are a menace, although the talk of them and the fear of them is far greater than the damage they have yet performed. Most everyone thinks they have thinned down in numbers the last week or so, although in spots, there are plenty yet.

As with other forms of livestock, the hoppers have their preference as to what they eat. They seem to be very fond of rye. One man said that was fortunate, for nothing else liked rye. The hoppers will leave wheat and eat the rye in the fall and in the spring the same with the grain. They like oats better than barley and that is one reason the yields of barley was greater in most instances than the oat yield.

About the greatest damage the hoppers do is that of eating new seeding alfalfa. There has been a number of pieces of alfalfa sown this last season, and in every instance there was a good stand come up, but I have not known of a piece but what the grasshoppers killed. This is a very serious affair to us people, for alfalfa has been one of our best crops the last forty years.

Although small patches of corn have been eaten, like sweet corn in the gardens, generally speaking the hoppers have not damaged the corn. It is possible that sweet corn is relished more than field corn. Some fellows were saying that the hoppers are very fond of sudan grass. It is a shame the stuff does not kill the hoppers like it does the cows.

There is a great variance of opinion about the spreading of poison. Some say they find thou sands of dead hoppers and others say their hoppers will not eat the poison. I don't blame them. I wouldn't eat it either if I could help it.

Also, some places the hoppers are thicker than others. There is a difference in the species besides, some large with wings, some small, and of a great assortment of colors.

They are a wise looking beast and act wisely too. Gus Wetzel's keep their vegetable cellar locked and the other day Mrs. W. found a giant hopper trying to pick the lock. One becomes thoroughly disgusted at them hopping in his face, every which way and in his ire tries to step on a few as he paces along. But this can't be done. At least very often. Just as the foot is to flatten down on Mr. Grasshopper to send him into grasshopper eternity, hop he goes, and your step has been wasted effort. I don't blame him for that either. Chickens do very well on hoppers as a dessert. People who have many chickens have no hoppers where the chickens run. Many people are nowadays herding their chickens into their gardens. That all seems strange for in days gone by we all went to great exercise to shoo the chickens out of the garden. Times do change.

Many people argue on that score that we should do everything we can to encourage the bird population such as pheasants, quails and the like. In place of that, they say with the open seasons for hunting pheasants, we are doing all we can to discourage the bird population. If we could only get our sportsmen in the notion of hunting crows, grasshoppers, gophers and such as they are in hunting pheasants and ducks—but it isn't the game the fellows are after that causes men to get up at three o'clock in the morning and tramp through the weeds and snow and brambles, it is the sport of it all.

Bargains.

While I was helping Claud Thomas fix a hay rack the other day a black-haired man drove a fine car into the yard. On the car was a Texas license, he wore leather boots inside his trousers and a blue serge shirt. He was not a bad appearing man, a little dark perhaps, and he inquired about the road through the hills.

After getting his information he asked casually if Claud would be interested in buying oriental rugs. Twenty-five dollar rugs he would sell for five dollars and two hundred dollar fur coats for twenty-five dollars.

Claud did not even look at his goods and the man drove on. I told my wife of it all when I got home and she said immediately that probably either they were stolen goods (he was a fence) or they were smuggled goods. Perhaps the stuff had been smuggled in at the gulf somewhere and he was disposing of it. She knew because she had been reading an article or two of it in the magazines lately, how there are men about doing just such.

We're Still Here.

In Ord the other day I heard much consternation from several Ord men about the fact that the Ord telephone directory does not contain the North Loup numbers. In each case these men had to send to North Loup to get a directory such as they needed which contained both Ord and North Loup numbers. One man even proclaimed, "It's a hell of a note."

I presume the telephone people had come to the conclusion that North Loup had just dropped out of existence. Well, it will have to be admitted it is dropping, the out-of-town bakeries having whipped out one more business last week, but we are still making a gallant effort, we that are left at least.

Now there is Vern Robbins left yet, the biggest horse buyer in the land and sure enough going to be one of the two high for the unicameral. His number should be in the Ord directory. Then there's Jake Barber on the county board and the two Eds who are trying to get his job. Everyone should have their numbers handy for we might want to get aid from one of them. Then there's Roy Hudson who is president of the irrigation board. We might want to file a complaint and I am sure he would be glad to hear it.

Then there is the editor of this column. His number should by all means be included, so people can call up and give him dope for the next issue, and call up and give him compliments and encouragements; but by no means should his number be included that the people might call up and give him hell. His wife and neighbors can take care of that without benefit of the telephone.

August 10, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Too Many Cooks Spoil the Broth--As Applied to Our Primary Election

It Takes Smarter Men Than I.

For folks with no more brains than I have, this present primary system of nomination is the bunk. The old contention system may have been full of faults, but the system we now have is a long ways from Utopia too.

Usually my wife and I read over the sample ballots in the paper and decide for whom to vote. If there is any dispute we compromise and vote her way. But in nine cases out of ten we have no choice and know no way to decide. For example, for lieutenant governor there are seven names on the R. ticket and thirteen on the D. ticket and there is only one name I ever heard of before. Anyone with the filing fee can get his name on the ballot and if other people's knowledge is as mine, he might get elected.

Robt. Ross, a man 70 years old, a WPA worker, an ex-livery man (that is no disgrace either) and an eccentric, has run for some prominent office for years, name appearing no differently on the ballot than the smartest man of the state, and should this prominent man have a jaw-breaker name that sounded like Italian or Bohemian, Mr. Ross, more than likely would defeat him. Such an incidence would not occur with the convention system.

And speaking of names, the primary system is weak at that point. Years ago there was a man by the name of Marsh from Richardson county who held a state office. The name was good and he ran for office repeatedly and was elected repeatedly. After he was seventy and in his dotage, he ran for state auditor and was elected.

Several other men by the name of Marsh have run on the strength of the name, (this man's nephew for one) and got elected when frequently there were no qualifications at all. The name Taylor is a good one in Nebraska too, and so is Swanson. The Grocer Norris incident would not have occurred had it not been for our primary system. For the County Clerk and Clerk of the D. C., no republican in Valley county dared to enter the fight. As it is there is no candidate to oppose the incumbent. Not that the incumbents are not fine men, but it spoils the spirit of democracy, and under the convention

system, two good men would have been on the R. ballot. When I say good ones, I mean that, for the R. would have made it a point to put up a man with chance of winning.

Usually speaking the man now days who can spend the most money advertising gets the job. Sometimes this advertising takes the form of singing crooning songs over the radio, or the use of calliopes to draw the crowd, or telling fool stories, or slander of the opposing candidate like Senator Bilbo. It is not a matter of the smartest man getting elected but frequently the man with the most ballyhoo.

Should I vote in Valley county there would be 84 names to choose from. The first man on the list I cared or knew a bit about voting for was our friend Crawford Mortensen. Then I had a choice for supervisor and I always liked Geo. Rounds. There was one more name I did not like so I must vote for one of the others to help defeat the bad one. Of course I'd vote for Vern Robbins and Zanger is a friend of mine. Well, that's the end. It is not worth the trouble to go to the polls. Five names that I knew out of 84. Chas. King was on the street the other day and he said his niece lived near Chicago and in a recent election there a thousand names were on the ballot to select from. I'll defy anyone to pick the best men from such a list.

The men who devised this primary system of voting no doubt thought they were doing a fine deed. And no doubt did not anticipate all these troubles. More, the men in office now are elected under this system and do not get very excited to change. But for fellows like I, who only make politics a side line, a subject to write in the paper about, the whole thing is the bunk.

Short Shavings.

The Japs are funny people. For some reason, suddenly they are more than anxious to keep out of war, that is out of war with Russia, and to arbitrate. It might be a good idea for them, on the same line of reasoning, to arbitrate with China.

Also the paper said a day or so ago that the Japs were concerned for fear Russia would send booming/*sic*/ planes over and drop a few blow-up pills on Tokio/*sic*. That would be too bad, wouldn't it?

There was a man in town the other day, when the wind was blowing hot and hard, crossing the street from the Lumber yard toward the grocery store, apparently coming from the tourist camp, and he was whistling in loud tones, Yankee Doodle. He could be heard all over the street.

I said to Irvy Sheldon, "It is self evident that that fellow is not a farmer in these parts."

"Or an oil station operator either," Irvy added.

All you folks who feel you have some talent, musical or otherwise, should remember that at the Pop Corn Days the big wigs plan a Major Bowes Amateur hour with out Major Bowes, of course, and there is going to be a prize or two to sweeten the affair up with.

"Stonewall" Jackson, who lives south of town on Will McDermott's place wanted to move to another house. His rent was paid but Bill had been nice to Stonewall and he couldn't bare the thoughts of moving away and leaving Bill without a tenant.

So Stonewall scurried around and found Ciochons would take the place, and that they were good pay, and thereby getting a renter for Bill, he is now planning to move.

I met P. N. (Pinochle) Moody in Scotia the other day. He lives far up north of Horace and jokes but never smiles and one is a good guesser to know the spirit of which he talks. It is said that they keep only one Republican in Greeley county and keep him for seed. "Pinochle" is that one. He was in a dilemma that day. He wanted to vote for Teilman, but would have to call for a democratic ballot to do it. I'll admit he was in a spot.

August 17, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

We Should Always Vote.
A Government Job.
Short Shavings.

We Should Always Vote.

There is one reason why a person should always go and vote and this reason seems to many people, paramount over all others. That is, that the vote of some candidate might be so near a tie that the one vote would change the result and that voter would be responsible for the defeat. Otherwise from this, frequently everyone would be as well off if one person stayed at home, or after he was tired from threshing or housecleaning.

Such was the case last week with Ed Lee and Jake Barber, candidates for county supervisor. At last report, Jake was two ahead. If one is running for office and must be beaten, it is better that he be beaten by enough votes so that he feels he could not have won regardless and that really the best man came out ahead.

But in such close contests, there is always the feeling with the loser that had he tried just a little harder, or if a certain man had not failed him by not coming to the polls, he might have been elected. In fact all his friends think so too, and weep with him. Ed Lee says he had a number of friends who would have voted for him had they not been busy. Also had he gone after a few with his car, he would have been elected, but that, so he understood, was illegal, and he would not do it, so consequently lost. Jake might have said the same.

On the other hand, a man like Jake, who wins by only two - votes, is not sure of his ground and has the feeling, although he is actually ahead, he may not have even half the people for him.

The campaign of these two men has been very fine. To my knowledge neither man has said a word against the other man. Each man has been anxious to be nominated and has canvassed the entire district. Jake can be pleased that he was liked well enough to come out even two votes ahead of as fine a man as Ed Lee. Ed does not need feel ashamed, for he came within three votes of winning from one of our best men, one well known and already in office.

Could it Be? A N. L. Man?

There has been much speculation as to why Vern Robbins did not carry his own county. It is too bad, for if he had done as well in Valley county as Doyle did in Greeley or Frost in Howard, he would have been in the lead, and Valley county would have had a chance to be represented in the legislature Valley county can not expect much attention from a representative from Greeley or St. Paul.

The common talk down here is that the reason Ord did not support him is because he is a North Loup man. If that is the reason, heaven help him and next time let's nominate an Ord man. N. L. will rally round the flag, just see if they don't. They'll forget.

Some people thought Vern did not come out strong enough on the promises for bigger and better pensions. All he said was that he felt the relief needed changing and he would do his best to change it for better. An organization in G. I. sent him a questionnaire to sign and in that Vern would not promise big pensions, they said they would black ball him.

Some people thought perhaps Vern was a little too well known. Horse buyers, especially when horses are cheap, are not always popular. But others thought people would surely see that he would not be trading horses in Lincoln, that he would be trading to get us roads and keep our taxes down, and do a good service like he did as supervisor.

Well, it's over and we don't know exactly why it went like it did, but it did. Valley county has been without a representative before and can again. More than that, I've seen Vern several times since Tuesday and he is weeping less than the rest of us.

A Government Job.

Nine of us at \$3.90 apiece ran the election board at Horace to perform the tremendous job of receiving and counting fifty-five votes. The day consisted largely of telling stories and fighting flies.

A rather peculiar incident was the fact that for the most part the republicans voted early before dinner and the democrats after supper. Some of us deducted that the R.s were just naturally more industrious and got around early, but some of the others decided the democrats were busy men and came in after work while the R.s not working any to speak of, as well come in the morning when it is cool as any time.

Mrs. Maude Acker reprimanded me quite sternly that I knew more about Valley county politics than about Greeley, and that I better get acquainted with my own county for once.

The women, Mrs. Acker, Mrs. Walsh and Mrs. Albert Jefferies had a terrible time keeping the flies from nipping their ankles. These women even claimed the flies bit right through their shoes.

I suggested they apply a little fish oil as I do on a colt of mine that has been cut, but Vern Thomas and Carl D. Jensen suggested that the woman wash their feet too often, and that for a few weeks before the next session, these women dispense with that foot washing ordeal. The results might be of the same order as the fish oil and cheaper. Water costs in Horace, you know.

We ate at Dan Moody's and Mrs. Moody served us great quantities of everything listed in the cook book, all for thirty cents.

Everyone on the board except me forgot their glasses, so accommodating that I always am, I loaned each one, each time they had to write a name, my sixteen dollar pair. Each proclaimed my glasses worked fine, as good as their fifteen cent pair they left at home. It was all right if I hadn't been a little afraid they'd wear mine out before night came upon us.

To finish the day off properly we of the receiving board to be helpful signed up the time sheets for both boards, which made the counting board very happy, in the reverse.

Short Shavings.

M. H. Teilmann, who was nominated with colors flying again for commissioner from the west side of Greeley county once studied engineering in Denmark, and it is said he knows exactly before he starts work what a road or a new bridge is going to cost.

The story goes about him that he had a new bridge to build and he took his pencil and paper and figured out to the last spike, all the materials that were to go into the bridge. After this was done he ordered everything sent to the place of construction.

In a few days he was out to see the bridge that was near completion. Upon arrival the bridge builder told Teilmann he needed a few more spikes, that there was not enough. Teilmann knew there was enough spikes sent out. He looked around and saw a few bent ones and was disgusted at the wastefulness, so he ordered his workmen before he paid them, to straighten out those spikes and use them—then there would be enough.

August 24, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS

TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Post Mortem Again.

Chapter III.

No Relief Yet.

Short shavings.

Post Mortem Again.

I have been informed that I erred in my last week's spouting when I said that Vern Robbins did not carry his own county. He did carry it and had a lead of over two hundred votes more than any other candidate. I am sorry. That was my mistake. He carried his home town too, by a big majority.

But he did not carry well enough. He did not carry the Ord territory strong enough, like Doyle did Greeley and Frost in Howard.

One man said the reason he lost was the slogan he carried on his card, "For economy and fewer laws." This man said that in these times of spending government money no one could hope to get elected on an economy program.

Another man said to me the reason Vern was defeated was because he was not a democrat. He said, "talk all you want to that the unicameral is non-political, it is not that and never will be. The legislators work with the governor and other political officers and they cannot be non-political. Valley county is gerrymandered out of representation, and we might as well admit it."

No less than a half a dozen men in Ord told me emphatically that he was not beaten because he was a North Loup man. That that had nothing to do with it. Still they could not tell why he was not supported better. One man said if North Loup would forget that old feud, he was sure Ord would.

Chapter III.

Make Your Child a Coward.

In driving into town the other day I noticed a half a dozen little children from two to five years old playing with a pitchfork. They had a little wagon rigged up as a hay rack and were making hay, but it looked to me as if it was rather dangerous play. They were making passes at each other with the fork, swinging it around carelessly and I was quite relieved later when I drove along to see that as yet none of them had had their eyes poked out. I could not help but remember how Owen White said that was the way he lost his first eye, with a pitchfork.

Many of us have our special phobias about such things. Irvy Sheldon has one of little children driving horses alone and he gave me a talking to once before I realized the danger of it. Oscar McIntyre had a phobia of little children playing in open windows far above the ground and whenever he saw one doing that it haunted him so he would write a paragraph about it in his column.

My especial haunt is of children running behind horses, and I have reason for that perhaps. My boy is quite a horseman and helps me considerable but he is never supposed to walk behind them no matter how gentle they are. He is to crawl over the front always, and if he disobeys it is when I do not see him.

Children may be ever so smart but they have not had the experience of older folks and should be trained to be ever afraid of being hurt. It takes much longer to get well from an accident than to get it, and it is the smart man who always keeps out and away from danger. A man who is continually

getting hurt is not wanted at all in factories. The man who is always on the job, always fit and never taking unnecessary chances is the one that is valuable.

**No Relief Yet, or Is It
More Relief Yet.**

Everywhere men are saying that now times are the hardest in this section at least, of any time since the depression started. Someone told me that someone else told him that the relief administrator Kruml said that he expected more relief to have to be administered this coming winter than any previous year. The again failure of our corn crop is not going to help matters any.

A local banker, it is reported said, the small grain crop has not helped any yet. In many instances he had to loan money for seed, harvesting and threshing bills and if all the grain were sold that was reaped, with the present prices, that money would not pay the bills. In many instances the farmer had to give a third of the crop as rent. Most men are hanging on to their grain in hopes of a raise in price and that they can get out.

A few men who were fortunate enough to have land along the new ditch have some hopes of a beet crop that will pay and a few fields of corn have been irrigated. These men are very few proportionately.

With all the millions of dollars spent by the agriculture department to help the farming conditions, as yet, the most important item to us in these parts, has not been even touched on, that is, how to make it rain.

Short Shavings.

Art Watts, sr., arrived in town the other day from parts east. He said he hired the Union Pacific company to bring him up on the freight.

Our corn crop has, "Gone With The Wind."

The Quiz Forum

Adviser for Democrats.

To the Editor of the Quiz:

It seems that my good friend, Geo. Gowen, thinks he has said something, and I am real glad that he left me a republican in a nest of democrats. That is the finest place on earth to be as "Johnny on the spot." A mighty good place to go to seed. Also to act as adviser to all those democrats.

The trouble with friend George he is jealous of me for being on the spot. My name is a family name, all three of them, a well-known name from Maine to California. As for George, he is trying to make a name.

Now, I know there will be more republicans, but if he intended this as a dirty dig, well he started it. I will have to take it as the little boy took it when the father of a mule kicked him. Just consider the source.

Perrin Nye Moody
Scotia, Nebr.

August 31, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Having Experience
County Agent
Fields Are Greener
Short Shavings

We Are Having an Experience.

It seems to be beyond question now that we are in the throes of an attempt at dictatorship. Heretofore, the mention of a dictator in the United States has been a joke. But political students have long said that a dictator under the United States system of government is not out of the realm of possibilities. We know for sure that it is not for Huey Long in Louisiana, until he was shot, was as much a dictator of his state as Hitler or Mussolini.

Skeptics and strong anti new dealers have maintained for six years that Roosevelt had aspirations of dictator. They pointed to the agriculture program, the N. R. A., and other illustrations. Few took much stock in the idea and we voted even more power to our executive.

Most any person might have been satisfied with the power that our president had. There was an overwhelming majority in both houses of Congress and the country seemed to be back of him. What more could one want? Well, one is never quite satisfied with a good thing. We always want more.

He had the executive and legislative with him but not the judicial. He tried to bring that to his way by the so called "packing" of it. Had this been done, any bill he might desire would have gone thru. Congress might have voted him king.

Having failed in that, he goes now to the country and is attempting to influence the voters to elect a Congress that will pack that court. If he succeeds the people in the United States may well expect anything. It all will depend on the disposition of the man in office. Some dictators are fine and wonderful rulers and some are not. More often not.

But dictatorship seems to be the style now days. It was under these same schemes that Hitler, Mussolini, Huey Long and others gained their strength. A little at a time, until suddenly they blossomed out with full power. In every case they appealed to the hungry masses, promising them everything and that they had no desire to be dictator. In almost every case they were spell binders. When their strength was finally won, heads went rolling.

If this is what the American people want, and is what they vote for in the next two months by putting men in who will only act as the president says, we may expect most anything. We may be better off, we may be worse, but we (the people) will have little to say. More than likely there will be war and greater armies established, for it is through the military that they show off, and war and the horrors of it make more pages in the history books. Dictators like to think of their names along with Caesar, Napoleon, Lincoln, Alexander.

And fellows like me will not be writing such pieces for we will think too much of our necks.

For County Agents.

The best field of corn on my way to town, outside of some that has been irrigated, is on the forty belonging to Claud Thomas just east of Gus Wetzels. The stalks are yet green and the ears hang big.

This particular field is three quarters of a mile from his house and never in the history of the country has there been spread a pound of manure on it. For years there has been nothing but corn planted on this land and this corn was planted in the same old rows year after year.

His land near home has been fertilized repeatedly and so has the land straight across the road to the south, but both fields have dried up weeks ago. Every year this forty has produced corn except 1934 and in '35 the field went 25 bushels to the acre. It is not river or creek bottom land and Claud never considered it as good soil as his other, the west part of it being quite sandy.

It just goes to show that fertilization and fine farming does not seem to always pay in this semiarid land. Many people are wondering if the Great Creator ever intended a lot of this land of this marginal rainfall region to be farmed at all. We are just on the edge of the corn belt and surely practices that might be beneficial for farmers farther east, do not apply here.

Far Fields Are Greener.

We took a little trip up north of Taylor to see some friends (Joe Bukecek and wife) the other day. They say it is a quiet life up there in the hills but at that they have hundreds of acres of hay knee high and all it takes is the cutting. A little cottoncake along in the winter brings their cattle out in the spring in fine shape and they are hog fat now. I couldn't help but think that these people are better off, perhaps than we, struggling against drouths, grasshoppers, hot winds, and trying to take in money enough to cut ensilage and buy chicken mash.

Taylor, although a small town, is the prettiest one I know, with their towering cottonwoods. One big white house as we enter town, makes us think of yesteryears with its fancy decorations and pure white picket fence around the big green lawn. It is seldom we see those fences that use to be so common.

I asked an old resident about what railroad they had. The reply was that there was none in the county and never was one. He said they used to miss the railroad but now days, with trucks they do not care if a railroad never comes. Their cattle are trucked direct to Omaha and they are as well off as with a railroad. As well off except for the taxes, I replied.

Short Shavings.

Miss Nettie Clark, who is superintendent at Madison, and had taught in many other places too, said a few years ago she had a girl student who fattened a couple calves for the 4-H club work. After she had been at the fair the girl's mother wrote an excuse for her daughter that Miss Clark thought was plenty sufficient for any child. This was it: "Please excuse Mary from school Wednesday and Thursday for she was showing her calves at the fair."

September 14, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Free Service
Not So Hot
Short Shavings

Free Service.

I was told of a little incident the other day of how it happened that some letters were slow in arriving at their destination, and this person that told me, said if the postal authorities had found it

out, hell would have been a popping. The postal authorities make great brags about their perfect service and when errors or carelessness are discovered, the one who erred is properly chastised.

This person at one time worked in the postoffice at N. L., as an assistant, and for some reason, unknown to the most of us the postmaster and his flunky decided to clean house. The furniture and dirt were stirred around quite generally and in the melee the desk where they worked was also shoved back from the wall so that a swipe might be taken behind there, too.

And in doing this last arduous task, a bundle of letters tumbled out. The postmaster was quite excited over it all for his job was knocking down something like two hundred smackers a month. He danced around looking at the bundle wondering what to do and before long discovered the letters had been posted some ten years before in the good old democratic times when a dollar wouldn't even start to take your best girl to the show.

Now here is where the subordinate worker has it over on the boss. He will think more clearly and more daring for he was knocking down only fifty-seven fifty a month and if he was chased back to WPA it wouldn't matter. Whop! They didn't have WPA then. He might have had to go to work on a farm or in a garage.

This flunky, controlling his sense of mind, grabbed the letters, tossed them into the mail pouch and away they went, ten years delayed, but still making progress. Nothing was ever heard from this delayed packet but ever since I have been wondering about it.

How the persons' eyes who received these letters might bulge out! We might indulge in all manner of fanciful speculations. One letter might be a love letter from the boy friend she almost married but didn't. What a commotion there would be. One letter might have been one from home with a five spot in it. I found a five dollar bill in an old suit of clothes once and what a feeling!

I thought too that here is a chance, a golden chance, for those ladies who struggle their imaginations to the breaking point to figure out plot for the stories contributed to the Loup Valley Club Contest every year. I never write stories, just read them, but I can think of a dozen that might be made around this incident. I'll give one and anyone is welcome to it. That is one of the services offered with this column.

In the first place a story should be so that it may be thrown on the screen. Who knows but a movie producer might wire for a contract offering a hundred thousand.

Now, to start our story, we have a beautiful girl, who thinks she must get married. All heroines are beautiful and all must get married. A handsome, tall fellow wants her and she wants him and of course we must have them shown in one or more wonderful clinches. But the old man, the girl's father, does not want him for he has not money enough. The old man threatens the boy with his pump gun. In a whispered conference our lovers decide to elope. She is to write him a letter telling how she will climb out of the window on a certain night when Pa is snoring loudly. But he does not get the letter and she is ready to climb out and her hero does not come. He thinks she had backed out and so does she and they give thoughts of killing themselves and mope around to a great extent, which is all very foolish, for the world is full of lovers, and more lovers.

Well, time filters on for a few years. The hero picks up another girl at a road house and we must have a dance shown something like we wouldn't be apt to see at a church social. The heroine finds a bum with money that suits the old man and they plan to get married. Even the date is set when suddenly, our hero gets the long delayed letter and is so excited he fails to read the date.

With high hopes he stealthily goes to the girl's home, put up the ladder and escapes with the girl screaming, but she still hoping he will make it. The old man gives chase and fires a blank cartridge or two. Blanks are the kind to fire as they never hurt anyone.

The hero is hurt in the wild capture with one of these blank cartridges pretty bad, but not too bad. In the scramble to save his life that he might be electrocuted later for kidnapping, the girl does the nursing. Finally after several weeks the bandages are taken off his mouth and eyes so he can hear the kidnapping complaint read, and then he reaches under the pillow and shows the letter he just received.

Well, the bum has gone back on the girl now, and so to save the hero from the hot seat she falls on his neck and they call in the judge, and of course live happily ever after.

We have to have it end somewhere so we will make it here but really the story is just begun. Wait until he tries to get a job and has three or four hungry youngsters to feed. Well, the first chapter isn't in it to what the second chapter will be.

Now I could take another letter and make another story but I don't want you to think I am like someone said of a preacher. This someone said that that certain preacher reminded him of the fellow who had a hold of the lion's tail, he wanted to let go but didn't dare. The preacher acted like he wanted to quit at the end of two hours but he didn't dare.

Not So Hot.

Will Schudel planted some hybrid corn (Nebraska No. 110) and he says it is not nearly as good as corn from his own crib, and it was all planted and tended identical. The ears from his own corn are bigger and there are more of them.

About half the field was planted to one seed and the other half to the other. The hybrid corn stands up better without a sucker. There is hardly a broken stalk and the ears are all the same height from the ground while corn from his own seed, the stalks are broken some and it has suckered a great deal. Still Will says the yield from his own corn will be ten bushels more at least.

That above field was on the river bottom. East of his house he planted a few rows in the middle of the field. He told me where to look for it as I drove along, but to save me I could not tell the difference. It was all poor although Will says the hybrid stayed green a little longer.

Will says that he was told after it was too late that the variety is not the best for this section.

Short Shavings.

I was told that in one precinct there were just two farmers who did not measure their land for the soil conservation payments. One of these was somewhat of a republican and would have nothing to do with the so called cut-throats who are trying to get a strangle hold on us farmers.

The other was a man who could see no use in it all for he was sure, after much study of the scriptures, that by the time the payments were here the world would be ended and it would all be over anyway, and he couldn't see any use of bothering with it.

It is sure not I to argue with the last mentioned man or dispute him, but the reason most of us are taking the payments is because we are afraid he might be mistaken.

It all turned out all right, but the incident had Hank Karre excited for a minute. We were all at the 4-H achievement program at Scotia and Henry Sautter started to the front to make a speech. Hank K. looked himself over hurriedly for his first thought was that Henry S. had on his (H. K.'s) pants. It turned out both pair were identical as to color and there was nothing to worry over.

September 21, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Extracts From Letters
How to Make Money
Short Shavings

Extracts From Letters Received During the Week.

Denver, Colo.—We have been having a lot of rain here the last ten days. It was about four years ago that we had a flood in Bear Creek that cleaned things all out. This time it was worse than then.

Also, this time, the storm covered a larger strip of country than last time. There was as much water come down Coal Creek as there was Bear Creek. My cabin is on Coal Creek.

Last Saturday Herman, Lydia (Negley) and I decided to go to the canyon to see how the cabin was. We drove to the head of the canyon and were stopped there and told we could go no further. We parked the car and walked up the canyon about a mile and there was no road at all where it had been. Boulders as large as wash tubs were all over where the road had been. Trees a foot through were all chewed off and were lying all over. It was of the worst messes I ever saw.

Yesterday we decided to go around by Boulder Canyon. It is twice as far but we went anyway. We found the cabin OK and then started down Coal Creek. We got within four miles of the store when we were told we could not get through until five. We waited and then came down. WPA workers were working all along. The five miles from the store to the mouth of the canyon was the worse thing I ever saw.

The five miles of road was all washed out the week before. The WPA workers have made the road just wide enough for one car or truck to pass over. It is full of ruts and high centers. It took just one hour to drive the five miles in low gear all the way. These five miles just about shook us and the car to pieces. There were whole hill sides that had slid down the canyon, taking everything in its path; big boulders strung everywhere, houses, animals and what not. Your brother John.

Long Beach Calif. :—Tell Dick I saw Corrigan yesterday. There was as big a crowd and as much "to do" as for the president. Love Mother.

Lincoln, Nebr. :—You may not have heard that Mrs. Winger is gone. She had been ill . . . etc. In my whole life I have never known so many deaths. Dr. Aitkin has one and two funerals a day, right straight along day after day. Three Sunday, two yesterday, two tomorrow, one today. How he stands it is a mystery to me.

To commit again to the deaths. They are often elderly people, but the alarming note is the large percentage of middle-aged men. We can tell because the age is given in the papers and many we know.

It seems to be that the very uncertain business conditions are due to the fact that it is pretty generally understood that Roosevelt intends trying to run for a third term. There is nothing we can do about it but to worry along as we see it.

I attended by invitation a Woman's club meeting not long ago. All those outstanding women did was to knock the present administration. I was too disgusted for words! I—me! Imagine. It seemed to me a waste of time and beneath dignified earnest women. It would even do better if they would stay home and pray. Love, Aunt Lora.

How to Make Money.

The agriculture teacher, John Davis, at Scotia made the remark at the 4-H meeting a week or so ago that only twenty percent of the farm boys remain on the farm. The eighty percent are tired of it and drift to the cities.

Mr. Davis was feeling badly about this, for he said the farm is yet the place to make money. He said he was ready to prove it to anyone who would ask him, that there was money to be made on farms even in these drouth times. I have been looking for that man to have him tell me his revelations.

It is easy for a man on a salary to tell us how to make money. It reminds me a little of the old soldier I knew once, who had in his head he was a financial genius. He was that, I'll admit, for he had received a pension for years from the government without turning a tap. At that time he was getting \$100 a month, \$1,200 a year, \$12,000 every ten years and had received up to ward fifty thousand in his life time. Who couldn't make it under those conditions? Sure he was a financial genius, and proceeded to cast cynical eyes at us dumb-bells who were struggling along trying to feed our families.

Short Shavings.

Everyone is getting more corn than they expected a month ago, and it is a wonder, upon remembering those hot blasts in August and July, that we have any. It is a very poor crop however, five to ten

bushels generally, but better than for several years. One man thought we are growing nearer a crop right along and next year it will be better yet.

Many people are filling silos now and most men are finding it takes many less acres to fill the silo than last year. One man put 130 acres in his silo last year and he filled the same silo this year with about 50 acres.

September 28, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Best Show

Short Shavings

The Best Show.

Of all the reports published of the Fair and Popcorn Days the most exciting and best show on the grounds was not mentioned. That was the wrestling matches given each night by the carnival bunch, admittance, ten cents a round, everyone invited, and occasionally, women free.

The hawker climbs in the stand and brings a plug-ugly looking fellow, dressed in tights and a bath robe, and the hawker puts on a little stunt and then offers that his man will take on anyone in the crowd to a wrestling match, and if the anyone wins, he gets a percent of the gate. Along about this minute, Chick Rother of Scotia, climbs up and offers to take the challenger on.

Chick Rother is a large bull-dog looking fellow with an underslung jaw and he acts the part well, making the most of his beauteous face. He glowers a few times at the challenger. Chick is no slouch of a wrestler. His brother told me he had spent all last winter wrestling in California and this coming winter has contracted to go with Joe Pesek for training and preliminary wrestles.

This fall he has been following these wrestling matches at the fairs, taking on the challenger at Loup City, Ord and North Loup. Some say it was all a put up job, but even if it was, they surely put on a good show and in each match that I attended, I felt I came as near getting my money's worth as I ever have.

The first night Pop Corn Days, Chick threw the challenger each time. For the first ten cents they wrestle for seven minutes. For the second or third dime they wrestle to a finish. The challengers the first night were outclassed by Rother, he being a little too good for them. The second night a third fellow was imported and he came nearer being an equal for Rother.

The first round went for seven minutes. First a timekeeper was chosen from the ring. Then a referee was asked to volunteer. Clyde Keown acted the first night and a Loup City man the second. Both are ex-wrestlers. They looked at the finger nails and gave instructions. About the only things prohibited were choking and poking out eyes. The men dived into each other like fierce bulls, making grimaces and threatening signs. They wrestled fiercely for seven minutes. They were not amateurs and were strong as oxen. It was highly exciting.

The second round was to be to a finish. Rother was a little bigger but the challenger seemed a little quicker and more scientific. He got hammer holds and terrible wrist locks on Rother, time and again, Rother having to break them with a great deal of strength and pain. Finally, during one of these holds, when Rother's shoulders were nearly to the ground, the referee slapped the challenger's back, proclaiming Rother the loser for the first time.

A protest went up over the crowd that Rother was not down and that they were gyped. Rother mad for a minute, made a pass at the referee and, the latter slammed Rother back to his corner. Then the challenger took it up and argued. Then Rother started to scrap the referee, and when the latter was trying to push the challenger back from Rother, the challenger dived into the referee and they had a wrestle for a minute, the referee getting a black eye out of the affair.

Finally the boss from the outside came in and quieted the bunch and said they would stage another match, this time to a finish, Texas rules, and this would be a match. We all gave our dimes anxiously at once, and the two went after it again, like mad lions, teeth gritted and fire in their eyes.

If Rother was careless with his hands the second round he learned his lesson and the challenger did not catch him in any of those deadly hammer-locks again. It was only a short time, five minutes, when Rother pinned the challenger's shoulders to the floor. This last time the finish came a little too quickly in comparison to the first two rounds, so that I was suspicious perhaps it was framed. But I talked with Irvin Thelin and Clyde Keown, both men having been wrestlers in their day, and both said they did not think it was a cut and dried affair.

But even if it was, it was a good show just the same. Those men worked hard to give us the entertainment and they are welcome to my dime. A show that is a planned job and planned well is better than one not planned and one sided.

Short Shavings.

Pop Corn Days are a great time for romances. If one can not be started at that time, I would think, the person trying might as well give it up.

These romances develop fast too. The first day the boy hands his lady friend around town. As time goes on he arms her around. By night of the second day they will be wasting away at any corner, or even in front of us all without embarrassment.

I was over to Greeley Friday and it was commodity day. I had neglected to bring my basket, in fact I did not know of it all until someone there told me what the crowd had assembled for. I thought another Pop Corn Days were in session.

I really didn't care for a basket full of fruit anyway. I did try to get an apple or a pear to "chaw on" on the way home, but I couldn't even get that much.

A snoopy fellow undertook to observe the concession stands Pop Corn Days and he doped out that the big majority of people spending their money were on relief. He said he took special note at the corn game because those people were sitting there in plain sight.

This is big business, I'd say, for anyone to stick his nose into other folks' business that way and start such scandals. I don't blame those people at all for playing the corn game. I would too if I had the money, but all I could afford was to go to one wrestling match, and the wife had to wait outside at that.

This man is nearly as ridiculous snooping into others' affairs as the woman back east who has started the movement to enforce the constitution to prohibit the franchise from anyone on relief. This has long been the law that people who are wards of the state cannot vote, but in the last few years this law has been overlooked. The President, they say is very opposed to the enforcement of the law. It is strange that he would be.

October 5, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Why I Quit

Punishment

For Ripley

Why I Quit.

There was so much rebound on the child raising question that I discontinued the little series that I started. In the first place my mother wrote me against it; then she wrote me apologizing, saying to continue. Many people joked me about them, and I like jokes, but I was a little haunted with the idea that perhaps my own children have still time to go astray. There was another reason yet why I discontinued. It was that I was afraid that some of my friends would think I was slamming indirectly at them, and I might lose their friendship.

This subject has long been of interest to me. Of course I was interested in my own children. Second, I was always interested in youth in general. Third, I belong to a Sabbath school class, and am asked to lead it occasionally. I have found the subject that will bring this class to the best attention is that of how to raise children to be fine men and women. I have long thought it was the highest compliment for a person to be asked to lead a class of young boys or girls.

I was highly complimented at what Irma said of those squibs last week. On the strength of that I will give another chapter. I have a dozen things to write this week, some better perhaps than this. Don't get the idea that I feel I am an authority on the subject. I just want to know better, that I may do better, that the rest of us may have better luck too. There is nothing so fine as a good child; there is nothing so heart breaking as a bad one.

Chapter IV. Punishment.

It is not for me to say a child should never be whipped. It seems as if that is the only thing to do sometimes. This seems to be especially true with small children who have not reached the age of reasoning. However, it seems like most people who have well behaved children have other methods than whipping. One man said that the oldest child gets most the whippings. By the time one has experimented with the oldest child, the parent sees the folly of it and the second and subsequent children get off easier.

The books say you should never whip a child when you are mad. That is wrong. Hard would be the person who could whip a child any other time. It just can't be done. We can't go to war, or into a fist fight without first getting mad. How could we whip a child otherwise?

So perhaps we better not whip them at all. Remember, the child will keep growing and sooner or later, will turn the tables and whip the old man. That would not be so good. I know a man who never even wrestles or scuffles with his boys. He says, "they think I can whip them yet and they are never going to find out differently." He keeps himself aloof from such things. They come to him for advice and he tries never to fault them for mistakes. He tries to always advise them unselfishly, and of course, a father or mother is about the only person who will act that way. He has a fine family.

Children come to the point of reasoning much sooner than we realize sometimes. I told my boy one day not to go behind that horse. I had told him before the same and I was peeved at his disobeying. I might have whipped him for doing it and that would have stopped him when I was around perhaps. But he answered, "You go behind them, why can't I?" I resorted then to an explanation. "You are

small," I said, "and the horse may think you are a dog. More, his foot would hit me on the leg and you in the stomach. It would only hurt me but it would kill you. More, no use both of us getting hurt." This is a personal illustration, and I hope you will excuse, but I think it illustrates how punishment and hard feeling was saved in one instance. I gave him the whyfor of my orders and good will too. He obeyed after that as far as I know.

I have known men who never seemed to scold or punish their children but they minded perfectly. A word from the parent, telling the child how he had caused delay, or cost the father five dollars that might have bought a bicycle or some fruit or an auto trip, seemed to punish the child more than a dozen whippings.

A lady told me a story of how she went to the city to school to live with her uncle, who, according to her, was a perfect disciplinarian. She loved him like a parent and shuddered at the thoughts of even making him feel badly. One night she came home through a certain park, not knowing but what it was a good route. Her uncle discovered how she had come home. He straightened up with a serious mind and simply said, "Don't ever come through that park again at night. It's not safe." This woman said she could not have been dragged through there after that. There was something about her uncle that she feared and still reverenced.

It seems with most well minded children, this feat of discipline is accomplished more often with love and respect for the parent than with force. Hitler and Napoleon can keep order by force, but it is not lasting. We should be careful too, not to punish our children for mistakes. We should remember they have a lot to learn and most of it must come from trial and error. They like to know why they should not do things. I heard a man say he didn't need to whip his kids. He could make them bawl without it, just talking to them.

Another trick that helps much with children is praise. One woman said she could get her children to get good grades much easier by praising their hundreds than by whipping when they received fifty. Telling his mother how well Johnnie can milk is apt to get more cows drained than whipping the boy when he didn't milk one dry.

And why not? Such methods work better with you and I. The best bosses are not the men who cuss and storm around and fire. The best boss is the one whose men like him so well they'll work an hour overtime so the boss will not get in bad. The best bosses are like the foreman on the building where I was working, who caught me sitting down. I told him there was nothing to do until they sent me more materials. He said, "I know Buddy, there's nothing you can do for a few minutes, but keep moving around like you were working. If the big boss would catch you sitting down, he'd fire you on the spot. Better not take any chances."

For Ripley.

Mrs. E. J. Babcock has carried on a friendly correspondence with a woman she never saw or of no acquaintance (except for the letters) for sixty years.

When Mrs. Babcock was thirteen in 1878, she wrote a letter to a child's magazine, and a girl in New Hampshire, reading it, thought it would be nice to have a pen pal so far in the west. She wrote Mrs. Babcock a letter, and twice a year ever since they have written each other. They both try to write a letter so it will arrive on the other's birthday and they exchange little Christmas presents, although in all these years they never have seen each other.

I was calling on Mrs. Elaine Oehler the other day and as I was about to leave for town she said if I would wait about five minutes until she could get ready she would ride along. I told her if she could get ready to go up town in five minutes she would beat any woman I ever saw before. She said, "There's the clock, time me."

In five minutes she was back, ready to go, dress changed, hat on and powder too. She said she also took a bath but I cannot swear to that part. Now this is a Believe it or Not.

October 12, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Short shavings
Political Scandal
Believe It Or Not

Short Shavings.

Roy Megrue of Scotia has for long time raised nearly white and spotted saddle horses. He was telling me about them the other day and said he never could raise a pure white one. He has had born at least five pure white ponies, skin, feet and eyes white, and in every case these colts died within a few days of birth.

He says if there is a colored streak in the hoof, or a tiny spot somewhere they will live more than likely, but there is something about an albino colt that is not natural and it will not live.

He first was told this by a newspaper reporter from an Omaha paper who came to see the horses and interview him. This lady told him that he never would raise a pure white one and he never has.

Melvin Cornell paid a debt the other day. It happened that one day Roy Cox was at the depot with a letter to mail and he was anxious it would get off on the next train. He asked Irvin Thelin to mail it for him and said if you do I will give you a cigar some time. Irvin took the letter telling Roy he need not bother about the cigar.

It was just a few days after that Melvin was married and was passing the cigars around. Roy was there and took a cigar. Inasmuch as he does not smoke I presume Melvin wondered. In a few minutes Irvin came along and Roy presented him with the cigar that he promised him a few days before.

Political Scandal.

I took a little ride with Roy Cox last week, to Elgin and other points. On the way home, in Greeley, there was a big crowd assembled. We discovered Karl Stefan had just finished making a talk. Every time Stefan has run for office I have voted for him but never had I seen the man. We stopped impromptu, and a friend of mine introduced me.

Mr. Stefan could not see much about me to get excited over. He had no more than taken my hand until a couple of high powered democrats interrupted us, men who probably never voted for him and surely not in the primaries. Mr. Stefan went walking off with them, I still standing there trying to pump his hand. Well, that's all right. He might win them over. He already had me won. At least he thought he had me won.

Giving that up as a bad job, and thinking perhaps I should be a democrat if I want to talk with a republican congressman, Roy and I moped back to our car. We were just ready to start when John Doyle came up to give me a piece of his mind, and this is what he said.

Some long years ago I mentioned in this column that the story was around that the candidates for the legislature had promised 150 men jobs if they were elected to office, Doyle being one of the candidates, but in the end only one job was procured and that was for Mrs. Cushing.

Mr. Doyle took exception to that saying he had promised to help only four people get jobs, and if anyone said differently, it was an untruth. He said one of these promises was for an Ord man. When

this man read in my column of the 150 jobs promised, he went hightailing it to Doyle and said "What chance have I got with 150 other fellows in competition?"

I can see how Mr. Doyle was in a hot spot from the joke I had heard on the streets of Ord. I am sorry this happened and I hope no more such jokes will come to my ears.

More Short Shavings.

Frank Lilbenthal, the new cheese maker in the N. L. Cheese factory is a purebred German, and his father was killed in the world war. Asked how conditions are in this country compared with Germany, Frank says here they are much better. In Germany there are few radios or cars or conveniences for the poorer people.

Asked when he is going back to Germany, he looked up rather astonished and said, "I'm not going back."

Clifton Clark has recently returned from his employment on a Wyoming ranch and has moved on the Ed Post farm his brother Charley recently purchased.

The owner of the ranch, a lady, thought so much of Clifton and his wife, that she gave him a saddle horse and a cow to help him get started. But the trucking of the cow and horse would cost so much to bring the animals here that Clifton had to go off and leave them.

Mr. Applegate of Horace, a spry old timer there of 83 years, told me the other night that he never remembered seeing so much feed in the country as this year. The Soil Conservation program is partly responsible perhaps because of the requirement to plant sorg hums.

We were at the Soil Conservation meeting when we were talking. Most of the old officers were reelected. They took special pains to reelect the alternate committeeman, doing so no doubt in recognition of the valuable service he performed last year.

An item in the N. L. Loyalist said Chas. Drawbridge helped Chas. Bridge last week. That's all right. Nothing wrong about that.

My wife had club a week ago and for a few weeks before that cleaned house. She even made me dismantle the bed and take out the springs and give them a once (or twice) over. It all seemed ridiculous to me for I could not feature any of those fine ladies being impolite enough to crawl down on the floor to look up and see if those springs were clean or not.

A man east of Scotia, so Bill Sautter said, was feeding his milk cows Atlas Sorgo, but in that he was planning to have a sale he bought a little alfalfa to feed the cows a few days before so they would look like they were giving more milk. In place of bulging their bags out with a big flow of milk, they actually fell off on milk production and he lost many dollars at the auction time.

Some of the beet men have encountered new worries because a bug of some sort has been eating the fine roots, killing the tops and beets too. Other fields have wilted causing much worry. They are starting to dig the beets now and then we will find out what sort of a bonanza this beet business really is.

Believe It Or Not.

There are six log houses in the North Loup vicinity all having been built before 1875 and all have been in constant use ever since. Naming them, there is the Wellman house in North Loup, made of cottonwood logs, the house Dell Barber lives in of cedar logs, the Jake Earnest house, the little house on the Whiting place in Springdale, Mrs. Mansel Davis' house across the road west from the Scotia-N. L. golf links and the house in which Walt Thorngate lives on the east side of the river.

October 19, 1938?

[no date on clipping]

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A New Experience

A Job for WPA

Pheasant Hunting

Short Shavings

A New Experience.

Six weeks ago my daughter started to high school; a new adventure for her, an old one for my wife and I, repeated. She coming home each night, telling of her experiences, fun, troubles, grades, exams, et cetera, was to us like living those four happy years over again. Someone said to me that the four years in high school are the happiest years of ones life.

Her studies are somewhat the same as we took. Her algebra is almost identical. Those problems which are giving her such mental agony now, likewise gave me the same grief twenty-three years ago. Helping her a few times lately, I find those same problems easy for me now. Problems we have struggled with drouths, profits, interest, rents, S. C. payments have given me additional practical training that she never had. They make her algebra simple.

Her English, it seems to me, is a great improvement over my course. I was required to spend many hours, wasted hours too, pondering over Latin vocabulary and verb parts. In place of that she studies the Queen's English. She has spelling, grammar, letter writing, punctuation, syntax. I read Shakespeare, Beowulf, "The Ladies Garter" and one of H. B. Wright's books. All those things I have forgotten long ago, but when I try to write a squib for the Quiz, the proof readers have to nearly do it over. How, may I ask, can a child learn English by studying Latin any more than one might learn about a horse by looking at a cow?

I remember too, I studied a simple course in agriculture, but most of us boys knew more about it than the teacher. My daughter has her Home Economics and an art course and in that, besides cooking and sewing, she gets ideas on behavior and etiquette that we have been trying to teach her all her life, but without much luck. There is something magnetic about her teacher that has awakened the girl and now she takes her parents to task if we dunk our rolls or sip our coffee too loudly.

She also has folk dancing and that we never had; she has gymnastic exercises, and later may take the commercial course or normal training if she chooses. The bus takes her each morning and returns her each night.

It is vastly different from the grade school of last year; one more step toward her independence, toward the day when she steps away entirely from the home ties. We dread the thoughts of that day, and still we want her to go on and it is our fondest hope that she makes good use of her time now, along with her fun, and that when she finishes, she will be able to go out and make her way independently of us or anyone else.

A Job for WPA.

If I am not mistaken, the marijuana weed abounds in great quantities in my section of the country. It is green now, the frost not having killed it and seems to grow best where the land has not been pastured. It is about three feet high, fern-like in looks, red stems, heavily rooted and grows along the

road sides. It seems like the government should make an effort along with their many other less worthy efforts, to eliminate this dreadful plant.

Pheasant Hunting.

Many of the farmers that I hear talking are in very much of a dither over the fact that there is a shooting season on the pheasants this year. The farmers claim there is not an over supply of pheasants and there is and has been an oversupply of grasshoppers. The pheasants, the farmers think, are the biggest battlers of the grasshoppers of anything we have.

In talking of posting the farms against pheasant hunters, one man thought it best not to post at all if you wish the hunters to stay off. When they see a sign, the supposition is that that place has not been hunted over and right there is where the big supply of game is hiding. Out of town friends call to see if they can hunt on that place that is a small game reserve and neighbors all think John Jones wouldn't care surely if I hunt there. A neighbor simply asking for an accommodation.

It is well known that "no hunting" signs do little good. The hunter always says he did not see the sign and is very sorry, and frequently, even with his belt full of game, laughs it off as a good joke that he might have been arrested. In fact, few of them ever look much for signs or take the trouble to inquire. A person who posts his place, is *prima facie* a crank and a nincompoop. Pheasants are like wild fruit, public property, regardless of where they are. Most farmers give a sigh of relief when the season is over.

Short Shavings.

There is great rejoicing over the fact that a movement is on foot to straighten the road between Ord and Olean. Many think that strip is the most dangerous piece of highway that they know. Around the hills, it is a wonder there is not an accident every day, and the only reason there are not more, is probably for the fact that people know those curves are treacherous and use more caution.

The road around the hills is not the only bad part. The curves every mile or oftener are far from being safe for the amount and speed of traveling that is done there. It has always been a wonder to many why that road was ever built as it is.

What are escape stories? I had read of them a number of times before I found out. I had thought they might be stories where a criminal escapes, or perhaps stories that escape from every editor but the one that printed them. This is all wrong, Escape stories are those that are so designed that the reader escapes from his troubles. Now you know as well as I what they are.

It is a little like lap suppers. For a long time that term bewildered me. All I could think of was how a dog drinks its food.

October 26, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Die-Hards
Cheer-Tragedy
Too Bad
Short Shavings

Die-Hards.

There is a movement on foot in the southeast corner of the county to run Ed Lee again for supervisor by the route of writing his name in. His friends, of which it seems he has many, argue that he came so near winning before and they can count a number who were for him that did not vote, that they feel they can write his name in and win the race for him.

Jake and his friends do not seem to be worried a great deal however. Jake's friends are staunch as ever and they won before and feel they can again. More than that, it is difficult to write a name in and to have that man win. People do not like to write, and especially on a ballot. There is always the danger they will spell the name wrong or do some dido that will cause the counting board to throw out the ballot entirely. Seldom do candidates win who have their names written in although it has been known to happen and within the last few years in the N. L. vicinity.

Looking at it from another angle, a man told me yesterday that as a result of the fight, Ed Christensen who was a dark horse before, was sure to win above both the others who will split the republican majority always prevalent in that section. So it looks like now it was anyone's race up to date.

In the SW. corner of Greeley county Teilmann won for commissioner on both tickets in the nomination but some people, especially about Scotia, did not like it and have put Jake Everett's name on the ballot by petition. This, too, is an interesting race. People who want relief and aid from the county funds seem quite generally to be against Teilmann, although perhaps I am wrong about that.

Teilmann was a past master at keeping the roads graded and his budget also balanced. Some said he did this at the expense of the poor people. It is a different situation, they claim, now than four years ago when he was commissioner. One man you meet is strong for Everett, the next for Teilmann and at this time it is anyone's guess who will get the office.

Cheer-Tragedy.

A happier group I never saw than was at Scotia school house the other night. The parents went to school again. Each of us took a pupil's name (our own children's if we had enough) and a day school schedule was conducted in the evening with short periods. No embarrassing questions were asked that we should have known but Clyde Keown and Stub McBeth had to stand on the floor and Leo Kline was sent to the Sup's office. Each teacher explained the course she was giving and the ag teacher, John Davis, gave us a movie show.

At what amounted to the last period we all assembled in the gym and had a program. Each room had to give a part, singing a song or a dialogue. One room with Mrs. Jack Mitchell reciting the story like a professional, gave the Goldilock and three bear story. Another group gave Little Black Sambo.

The glee club rendered a song or two. Remember, these were all old folks, never having practiced but once before together, but the song was quite good. One lady mentioned to my wife that if they all sang as well and hard as Jack Mitchell it would be fine.

And the next morning, within seven hours, the tragic holocaust occurred.

Too Bad.

It was a severe blow to the North Loup football team and a delight to the Scotia team when the doctor ordered James Birmingham to cease playing the game anymore. He is a big lad, nearly 200 pounds, fast, strong, and would be a help to most any eleven. During practice skirmish he injured his leg, tearing the ligaments. The injury seemed not to get well, and in place of that at each game he seemed to get hurt again. Hot applications and liniment were of no avail. After an x-ray James was ordered to cease playing for fear he might never recover, and was told that only rest from such violent exercise would effect a cure.

It is also disappointing to James for he had thought perhaps his football talents might help him on his way through college.

Short Savings.

Yoc Jensen has a field of corn several miles from his house. He took his team and wagon there, leaving them nights. He and two hired men drove in his small pickup to the field, and after shucking all day, would just bring the corn home in the box, simplifying matters greatly.

There is a swastika on the front of the S. D. B. church, up over the south door, built into the bricks as decoration. Just why it is there in place of some other decoration no one seems to know.

I heard a man say on the streets, a man who was not a member of the S. D. B. faith either, that if Rev. Warren who has been gone three years now ever had an enemy in the vicinity this man never heard of it. That is saying quite a lot for a minister who had been in the community for six years.

Myra Thorngate Barber sold a couple of her poems the other day, receiving a few dollars for them. And that is something, to sell a poem.

In Grand Island the other day, we stopped to see Henry Harris. Although still in a cast on account of his back injury due to having been doubled up under a hay rack, he is coming home soon, and is glad of that too. He feels quite lucky he is recovering as he is after seeing the many other cases there in the hospital.

A speaker at the S. C. meeting at Grand Island the other day said that twenty years ago every farmer within a radius of five miles of his farm were owners of the place they occupied. Today he said every farm has been sold or lost and every place is tenant farmed. The same situation is true in many or most agriculture communities. It can't be the farmers are all wrong or all failures. It must be in the business, or not in the business.

November 2, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Farmers Are Pikers

Politics

Building Manhood

Short Shavings

Farmers Are Pikers.

At the soil conservation meeting at Grand Island last week a speaker told the following, somewhat as I will try to repeat it:

He started his story by saying, that farmers, in regard to regulation of production, are pikers. He cited the oil industry and told of the regulation of the oil output so as to enable the oil barons to charge more money per gallon. He cited other industries where the producted/*sic*] can be regulated.

He said too, that all his life he had heard that farmers are poor business men. If they were better business men they could surely prosper more. Upon looking around this speaker decided Henry Ford was a good business man. He had, in his lifetime built up a tremendous business from nothing.

Upon studying Henry Ford's methods he found that a few years ago, demand for cars fell off very materially. So as a result Mr. Ford closed down half his factory and laid off nearly half his men. That was all right Mr. Ford is a good business man.

The next year business in car selling was not so good as before and as a result Mr. Ford closed down three-fourths of his factory and laid off nearly three-fourths of his men. But that too was all right. Mr. Ford is a good business man.

Now if we have a farmer who is trying to do his work in a business like manner he would do well to copy some of the methods of Mr. Ford. Our model farmer tills a large tract of land with the help of his wife and six sons. Like Mr. Ford, he concludes there is an over production of corn and crops that he raises.

So he does a little calculating as to the demand for his produce and the first year he cuts his acreages in half. This does not quite do the trick so the next year he cuts his farming operations to one-fourth. That's all right. That's what Henry Ford is doing with cars, and Henry Ford is a good business man.

But the farmer has too much help about for his reduction schemes laid out by his example, Mr. Ford. So our farmer friend picks out one boy, the best worker of the lot and his wife, and sends the other five out to work on WPA and let the government keep them until times pick up so he can operate his farm again full capacity. That's all right. That's what Henry Ford does and he is, we all admit, a good business man.

Regardless of jokes, it was said at that meeting that everywhere and in practically every line there is over-production. In the apple and fruit country, in cotton country, with tomatoes, potatoes, with livestock, the general complaint is over-production.

And this speaker said that everywhere he goes, south, east, west, he hears the same complaint of allotments, these being too small everywhere.

Politics.

I was told by W. E. Johnson, candidate for Lieutenant Governor, that a labor representative of the Republican party took a poll for governor in several towns along the Platte Valley (Grand Island,

Kearney, etc.) He had a box, straw ballots and pencil. Different people met were asked to vote, the poll taker turning his back while the marking was being done. A WPA project was met and the whole bunch voted.

When the results were counted, Warner received 48%, Cochran 29% and Bryan 23%. He said the WPA votes were kept separate and the percentage for Warner was higher with them and lower for Bryan.

Building Manhood.

At Burwell last Wednesday night the North Loup football team was badly crippled. As mentioned last week, James Birmingham has been ordered to cease playing on account of a leg injury which seemed not to recover while he still played.

Virgil Annyas another star player has broken his arm during practice before and consequently was out.

Paul Goodrich has had to cease playing because a leg injury received last year in football has returned again this year.

Albert Babcock, jr., (Bab) was knocked into a cocked hat during the last quarter by a slight brain concussion, and did not come to his right senses until the next morning.

In spite of these slight accidents, the N. L. team made seven points, which is something.

At the Scotia-Arcadia game the same evening at Scotia, Marvin Harris broke his arm, or someone broke it for him. This will make it nice, for his father is just recently home from the hospital in a cast, his back nearly broken. Lucky there is yet another boy to do chores.

Little accidents like these are fine potions for the boys. It just helps make men of them.

Short Shavings.

Art Babcock who has just finished spending a year or more in Colorado, says he does not see why all the gnashing of teeth against a proposed sales tax. He says in Colorado he heard no complaint of it and it seemed to him a rather painless method of raising tax money.

He says the idea of Nebraska being a white spot, with no sales tax or income tax is a little like the idea of the soldier in the song, "They were all out of step but Jim." Practically every other state has found it necessary to divide up the property taxes to some other source, and Art is of the opinion that a sales tax might greatly relieve a little of the burden.

Now adding my little bit, whatever my opinion may be worth, this idea might be hunkadora if the property tax were just shaved, but who ever heard of any government taking off taxes, once they are established.

Mrs. Melvin Cornell, who was a music teacher in the N. L. high school two years ago, expressed herself quite forcibly at Fortnightly club the other week. She said she thought it a wonderful thing that the N. L. high school now has the commercial course.

She said she had thought time and again while teaching that the only thing a girl could do upon graduating from the courses offered was to work in someone's kitchen.

Riverdale school has a four man football team that is really tough and, I presume, will challenge any other team of the same age. To harden their hides against any contingency that might arise, and we know that might be anything in football, these lads have staked their field off in a patch of sand-burs and practice there every day.

November 9, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Not Games Won
Laying the Blame
One Kind of Meeting
I'm Sorry

Not Games Won That Counts.

I was interested in the attitude of the people and sports in Lincoln in regard to Buff Jones and his football team that, up to date, are seemingly not playing up to par. He is getting razed pretty thoroughly.

Last year he was the big hero with almost everyone, overshadowing Bible who left for a salary far greater than the one he was getting and the one Jones is getting now. These same commentators failed to mention that the team Jones was winning with was for the most part the one Bible had trained up during the years previous. Bible got no credit for it at all. Now with a team of new men for Jones, he is not doing so well, and in the south, neither is Bible.

Perhaps we are a little unjust to lay all the blame onto a coach when so many other things enter into the winning of the games of football. It is not Will's fault in N. L. that he is short of men, only having one substitute player part of the time. Had he a hundred boys to choose from, he no doubt could do better. Frequently too, a team's record depends on one star player who, with the help of the others practically does the winning. Without that one star player, or two star players, that same eleven no doubt would pass from the winning every time to losing every time.

When all is said and done it is not the number of games won that should be the final criterion of a coach. Bible was a fine coach not because of the games he won but because of his wonderful influence over every lad that he came in contact with. He was a gentleman of the highest order, had a magnetic personality and when he was hired by the Texas school at the highest salary of any coach in the land, he was told, if he never won a single game, he would be worth the price because of his influence over the students.

Laying the Blame.

I was in Lincoln the other day and called on an old friend who is connected with some loan companies there, as attorney, and after various health and political topics were discussed, something was said of district judges in central Nebraska. He mentioned one in particular, (not one of ours) whom he said had done more damage to that country than any man there.

This loan man said that by the lenient action of the judges in favor of the mortgagor and against the mortgagee, in regard to foreclosures, had put the loan companies in a frame of mind they will not loan money in those sections at all. Even with loans that are already made, these loans are almost impossible to resell because the purchaser knows that if he wants to foreclose he is almost out of luck when his case comes before those judges.

I argued with my friend that it is the farmers in distress who are voting for and electing these judges and not the big loan companies, so, I said "you can hardly blame the judges."

He granted that to be true, and I said also the country would have been better off, I believed, if there had never been a farm mortgage made in those sections. I said if the truth were known there

had not been one mortgage in twenty-five in those sections that was paid off by earnings from the land in the past sixty years. Was I right?

However, regardless of whether the judges are to blame or whether it is the general drouth conditions farm loan companies have almost cut this central Nebraska country off the list. One or two companies make new small loans on level valley land, but that is about the extent of it any more.

One Kind of Board Meeting.

I was told by a man who had had occasion to watch the county board in action several times lately that three men sit on one side of the table and three on the other. The chai rman votes with one three, and the count is always four to three. If one side votes yes, the other votes no, and if the other yes, the one no.

Everything is carried as the four vote. This observer said that if one of those four were clever enough he might easily control the board by voting with the other side occasionally. This observer also said that few of the members of this board did any talking except for one man and he talked all the time, but we were not told which man this one is.

Do We Think For Ourselves?

The same reasoning applied to Sorensen as to where his money came from to put on his campaign for Justice of the Supreme Court is advanced also as to why the World-Herald has been booming Roy Cochran so hard for Governor and why they have been lambasting the other two men. It may be deep seated love for the other man and the good of the country, but many wonder. That's not the way with human nature or newspapers either, as a rule. I have heard a number of men say that they were going to vote for Warner or Bryan for the simple reason that the World-Herald was against them.

I wonder how often this happens when newspapers come out so strong for certain things.

I'm Sorry.

I am truly sorry so much distress was caused to a writer in the Scotia Register over my phrase "and the delight to the Scotia team" when James Birmingham was injured. I am sincerely sorry if I created any bitterness between the towns that did not exist. I can hardly believe anyone would take what I say that seriously.

But when my daughter came home from school (she attends at Scotia) telling how the students had been saying there and on the bus, not once, but many times, to the effect "that Birmingham is out, now we can win from N. L.," I gathered at least, that the students were somewhat delighted that James was not playing. Perhaps I was wrong at the attitude of the students. No doubt they were fooling. Perhaps they were sad at the situation in reality. I am sorry I mentioned it.

In as much as the writer suggests "that I could select a much better subject to write about than this." I will add that I would be very grateful if he would suggest a few of those better subjects. Any - one, we all know, can criticize destructively, but it is the constructive criticism that rings the bell and is hard to find.

And after the writer has racked his brain and thought up a nice list of those better subjects, I'll not be mean enough to ever wish that he gets so poor that he has to resort to writing a column to gather in a few sheckles.

Time For Everything.

My cousin in Lincoln received a card telling his personal tax assessment. Reading it over, he decided it was too high, and several dollars higher than last year.

He decided he must go and see to it at once, that is, before election. He felt he might get something done before Nov. 8 and was confident that if he waited until after that date there would be little use of going for a correction at all.

November 16, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Election Return
Puts Horace on Map
Hobbies
All That Counts

Election Returns.

In a sense election day is a gala day in Horace. The election board is not so busy but what they can take time off their duties to walk down town or to visit with anyone who comes to vote. A slight amount of visiting is done also, among the members of the board. In the evening the neighbors, many of them, gather and chew the fat over the results. It is predominantly a democratic neighborhood, but still Warner ran away ahead and Cochran way behind when the count was made.

Albert Dought has been on the counting board repeatedly and for years he has been the first one to phone the results into Greeley. Carl D. Jensen is another person who makes it a business to always be employed one way or another.

Most everyone has a story to tell as he passes through the grist, but to George Cooper one of the two merchants goes the prize. He said, in a town where he used to live an undertaker was in the habit of getting very drunk. One night he had a party at his place of business and during the session, the fellows spiked his drinks a little too much, and as a result, the undertaker passed completely out.

So the fellows left who were not so drunk, fixed up a coffin, put the undertaker into it, and set about it a few lighted candles. The drunk was a lovely sight George said, with the fluffy silk decorations hugging close about his face.

The boys came back after while to see what happened when he awoke, keeping out of sight in the doorway. And he awoke, sure enough, just as he might have had he really been dead, only of course he would have awakened in another land. He raised on his elbows, saw the coffin and the candles and then yelled, "Oh God. I'm not dead."

That is the extent of the story as far as G. C. was concerned and George said it was true. The story greatly amused me and I have thought of it many times since. Just what would be my reaction, or yours, or anyone's under such circumstances? Is that what most folks would yell? Might we yell to the other person. I read a little treatise lately to the effect that it is believed by many that with death of the body, the mind does not always die, but continues to function for some time afterward.

Well, perhaps that's enough on that subject too.

Puts Horace on the Map.

In two more ways we must recognize Horace as being on the map. Their teacher, Forrest Hood is a poet. Now the world is full of poets, so called, who write so-called poems, and mail these poems by the thousands, to the editors over the country, and the editors over the country promptly either mail them back or quietly fill the waste paper basket with them.

But Mr. Hood has sold (get that SOLD) several of his poems and had one published in the Prairie Schooner. After it was published it was taken by an eastern publisher to be put in a book, this book to be sold, from which Mr. Hood will get his share of the royalties. Now that is something, to sell a poem.

The second way the city of Horace might be recognized is that it has, not the world's largest store but the world's smallest department store. It is owned by Johnnie Earl and he handles in very small quantities, almost everything. In his room of about ten by ten you can find hardware, groceries, gasoline and coal oil, candies, shoestrings and many other departments. There is a place to loaf there too, to talk politics, to settle the world affairs and he heats the entire establishment with a tiny brooder stove.

Hobbies.

At the Fortnightly club held at Mrs. Harold Fisher's last Wednesday my wife reports that the roll call was answered by telling of their hobbies.

The most common hobby among the women was scrap books of some nature. One was a scrap book of club meetings, some were of cooking receipts, some of garden suggestions, one of poems. Mrs. Gillespie kept a scrap book of old laces.

Mrs. J. A. Barber was not present, she sending word that she could not come on account of her hobby, politics. Later, my wife stopped at the office where she worked to report the meeting that it might be published in the N. L. paper. It was then well assured that her husband, Jake, was elected. Mrs. Barber said, "I am going home in a few minutes and relax I have hardly slept or eaten for a week."

Mrs. Regier, at the roll call said, "I have one little fat hobby, and I left him at home." That is, little Michael.

All That Counts.

I was told the other day that Mrs. George Weaver is a woman without a country.

Until a few months ago, Mrs. Weaver lived in Arkansas but because her health got so bad in the south and she lost her home there too, she sent word to her son, Olney, that she must come and live with him in N. L. This she did.

As a result of moving away from Arkansas she cannot get old age assistance from there any more and because she has not lived five years in this section she cannot get it from Valley county.

I guess Olney should have moved down to Arkansas, but still, had worse come to worse and he had have been forced on to WPA he might have had to wait five years down there.

It is a tough life when one gets without money. After all is said and done, money is about all that counts in this world any more. A man can't even be a very good church member without having a supply of the filthy lucre. A person must dress about so well to go to church or he feels out of place (at our school socials the men frequently wear overalls) and it sorta gets your goat to have the platter passed to you time and again when you have nothing to remit.

Yes, money will buy nearly all I need right now; it's what makes the mare go; it's about all there is to it anymore

Another Hobby.

We have all heard about the girl, so designed and beautiful that when she passes, everyone irresistibly turns for a second look, and she is sometimes described as an eyeful. It is not a girl this time we are talking about, but a team of horses, and this team belongs to Rube McCune.

We seldom see horses on the streets anymore. Almost all the hauling away from home is done by trucks, and the horses that are left are usually kept in a back pasture out of sight. That was not true the other day with Rube McCune. All my life I have seen him drive nice horses, in fact about the nicest in the country and for some reason, in spite of the trucks and tractors, he still has that idiosyncrasy.

Last week he drove a team to town, a large team of bays, fat, slick and stylish. Yes, they were an eyeful, and I couldn't help but turn and take a second look.

December 28, 1938

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Fatted Calf

The Fatted Calf.

Dan McCloy sat down on his haunches by the side of the barn to reconnoiter his financial standing. Dan was a two hundred pounder, with rough features, callused hands and a big heart. He glanced into his purse, and far in the depths of it a new shiny dime presented itself. This indeed was a sad situation for any man two days before Christmas, and especially for Dan who possessed a wife and two children who counted the years from December 25 in place of January 1st.

Dan arose, worked his fingers under his hat and scratched the top layer of his cranium. This exercise assisting some deep thought, he replaced his hat to the proper cant, opened the barn door and let his eyes rest lovingly on the white-faced calf standing there a foot deep in straw. Then he took a curry comb and marcelled the calf's back.

"Best durned calf I ever raised," he mumbled to himself. Then he stepped back and glanced along the top line. "Yes sir. Best durned calf in the country. Good enough fer any show."

He stood there several minutes feasting his eyes on this bovine perfection. Dan had been a cattle-man since he was a boy in club work, but the drouth and the grasshoppers had brought financial disaster until he had been forced to sell his whole herd except his five best cows. Now he had raised a calf from one of these cows that ran true to breeding and was blooming into a prize winner. It had been his hopes all summer to save enough money to take this calf to the sale and show in January and get acquainted again with the fellows.

Dan leaned over and lay his face against the silken hair of the neck. "Well, Old Top," he said, "I guess we can't go to the sale together. I got to the place where it's you 'r me. If I don't give Helen a Christmas present I'll have to leave. If you don't leave, I can't give her the Christmas present. You'll have to make the sacrifice." He raised up, placed his hands on his hips. "Christmas is to blame Old Top," he said again to the calf. "To heck with Christmas anyway."

He arose defiantly, pulled his cap a little harder to the side and marched to the house. Helen was there, busy and excited, her hair black like midnight, her cheeks like apples. The table was laden with packages, colored paper and fancy string. Dan surveyed his "Home Sweet Home" with a different tone of mind than he had the calf.

"Heavens help us, Mother," he stormed. "That's where all the money's gone lately. To buy Christmas presents. I haven't been able to figure it all out. To heck with Christmas. It bankrupts me every year. It's a racket. For months now I have been hoping I could save a little money along to take that calf to the show, and now I'm more broke than ever."

She came close and reaching up and kissed his rough face. "Now Hon," she said with a quieting voice, "I haven't spent hardly any money this year. I've made almost everything. And I thought we'd get the children clothes. We just have to get them a few things, you know. They've planned so much on it. You don't need to get me anything, Hon, but just for them. I've made a list."

"All right. All right," he said, a sense of shame touching him for scolding such a pretty wife. If she hadn't married him some other fellow would be buying her presents and getting her kisses. "All right," he said taking the list. "I'll go get the kids those things, but listen now, none for me. I'm out."

She kissed him again on both cheeks which wasn't so bad, and he went out to his old car and drove away.

His first stop was at Lloyd Madsen's. Lloyd too, was a breeder of fancy white-faced cattle. Lloyd's cattle were not so good as Dan's but his checks were better. Lloyd was a tall, ungainly fellow, and at first sight, one might think him ignorant of the tricks of trade.

"I've decided, to sell you that calf," Dan said. "You offered me forty dollars a couple of weeks ago."

Lloyd hesitated. Finally he drawled in slow syllables. "Market's off a little since, then, Dan. Thirty'd be a good price now?"

Dan knew the price was not off. The calf was bigger and it was nearer show date, but Dan needed money. He had to have money. This Christmas was on hand, and thirty dollars was more than market price.

"All right then," he said, "give me the thirty."

Lloyd hesitated again. "You'll keep him until after the holidays fer that, wont you? Haven't time t' move him now."

Another concession, Dan knew, but he was not in a position to haggle. "Yah, I'll keep him," he answered.

Dan took the money and started to town. His year's hopes now had gone. His next to the greatest pleasure was to go to the cattle show and sale; his greatest pleasure would be to win a prize, and this calf would win that prize if any would. Had he been able to have saved a few dollars along in the fall he would have had that money for Christmas and the show too. He couldn't imagine where it had gone. He had sold quite a little produce and a few hogs. All he knew for sure was the money was gone, and it was Christmas. So was the calf gone, too and Lloyd would win the prize to boom his herd that was hardly good enough for top stockers.

Dan drove into town. Four dollars worth of clothes, shoes and toys were bought for Jimmie. Six dollars bought a new coat and two pair of silk stockings for Mary. Twenty dollars was left. He saw a wool coat hanging there. It had been four years since Helen had had a new coat. It looked well to him yet, but still she complained. "Everyone has as seen it," she had said once, as if that was important. "By Golly," he thought, "She must have a few pretty clothes. One girl in a million. If I don't, someone else may."

Twenty dollars bought the coat, two pair of silk stockings and a new dress. Then he looked at his purse again. There was the dime. He walked to the back of the store and said, "Sell me a cigar. A ten cent one. This is Christmas, you know."

The bundles loaded in his car, he hurried home. Helen was gathering a dozen eggs from the twelve dozen hens. He slipped into the parlor and planted the packages under the tree.

Night came, and Christmas eve, and Santa Claus. Dan slept wakefully, with vivid dreams of one more Christmas scratched off the calendar. He was quite relieved that it was over and felt silly that he had been so foolish. He hoped repeatedly that by next year he would have more money or Santa Claus would be hung by the neck on the north pole until he was very, very dead.

Morning came as it usually does. Jimmie sprang out of bed long before daylight rousing the others. In under the tree he dived, bringing out present after present amid joyfulness of "ohs" and "ahs". For every present of Dan's, a big kiss was planted on his chin, which helped some. Pan demonium existed and the merriment of the others nearly brought him to the yuletide spirit.

Finally after the din had settled, they all standing knee deep in the wrapping paper and boxes, Dan saw Helen whisper to Mary, who went flying to the tree. She reached to the top, picked off an envelope hanging there. "It's all right, Daddy," Helen said, "As long as you broke your promise and bought me a coat."

Dan tore open the envelope, his hands trembling, his eyes blurring, and thirty bright paper dollar bills came tumbling out and on the bottom of the pile was a slip of paper.

"We saved it a little at a time for you," Jimmie cried dancing.

Dan took the slip of paper and read, "To Daddy, from all of us to take your calf to the show."

January 4, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Xmas Present
Short Shavings

The Christmas Present.

Two weeks ago, as a Christmas present, the Scotia Cooperative Creamery paid its rebate or dividend of 3c per pound. In the last thirteen years of the factory's existence, this creamery has paid out \$90,000.00 in rebates. The Ord Cooperative Creamery has paid similar rebates at Christmas and so has the Burwell Creamery, and to meet competition, big cooperative creameries have also paid rebates.

One man said, "it is a racket." Another farmer and cooperator, answered, "if it's a racket, let's have more of them." Had this Scotia creamery been privately owned, that owner would have made \$90,000.00 in the short span of thirteen years. Instead that money has gone back to the producers, besides paying the manager a very good salary.

The cream business has come to the point, that in most instances there is little competition among the buyers as to the price paid. It is not difficult to determine the price to pay for cream, judging by the market price of butter. This price is determined, then two or three cents taken from that to pay the dividend at Christmas time and make the producer happy—happy that the creamery has saved that money for him, off the price he should have received on the spot. It is one of the cleverest advertising schemes ever devised, next to bank night.

Had the Scotia creamery been privately owned, the situation would have been no different, had the owner been able to have gotten the same volume. This owner would have had to pay the \$90,000 in rebates, to meet the competition of other creameries, or he would have failed to get the business. How many of us are fooled on that point? In the past, several creameries have failed to pay their dividend. Their business immediately fell off and in many instances those institutions failed the following year.

There is no other line of cooperation in this country that has been able to pay the rebates that the creameries have paid. In most instances the cooperators have had tough sledding to hold together against privately owned competition. Some cooperative creameries have failed too, this being due to the fact that it is hard to hire a manager that is as efficient as a privately owned institution. In fact on one score, the privately owned creameries have been more profitable in the last few years, because a cooperative that is properly organized, has been exempt from paying many taxes (income taxes) that the privately owned institutions have to pay. This item alone helps pay that rebate.

Another point to consider in the rebate question, is that on cream buying and only cream buying, are the rebates paid. This is grossly unfair, for cream buying is not, by a quite a little, the only enterprise entered into by most of these institutions. Almost all of them buy poultry and eggs and the Burwell creamery does an extensive oil business.

It was told at Scotia the reason rebates were not paid on the poultry business was that the business was done on such a close margin there was no profit there. This may be true and if it is why then do the big firms buy poultry, and why do not the cooperators drop that unprofitable line? Why is not the cream business done on as close a margin? Why not pay more on the spot for cream if the profit is large?

Let us forget the fact that in the poultry business there is no profit. It is not human that these people would be so anxious to do this work without at least the hope of a profit. Scattered all over the country are men who sell more poultry products than cream. One man down in these parts sells two to six cases of eggs a week; his gross income from his poultry, running well over a thousand dollars a year. He sells entirely to cooperatives, and the profit from that man goes entirely to the other man (the cream producer), the poultry man only keeping two cows. The same may be said of the Burwell creamery and its oil business.

Or does the profit go to the other man? No, it really doesn't. If it were not for this system of rebates established, perhaps the cooperative creameries would pay two to five cents more for the cream as they go along, and the profit from that business would be like the poultry or the oil business, if there is competition there.

Under the present system of rebates, the cream is bought on the same close margin as other lines, only the creameries hold back a portion of your money so as to make you a Christmas present without costing them anything. It is a clever idea; makes the cream producers happy at a happy time of year; makes a fine advertising scheme. It is too bad there are not more such rackets or is it?

Short Shavings.

All those who attended the Xmas program at Scotia the evening of the 21st, agree that the music manufactured by senior chorus there was something quite a little above the average in this section of the country.

They have a fine music instructor at Scotia, Wm. Haynes, but heck of it is he is leaving in a few days for a higher paying job at Bridgeport. The bigger the school the better.

Many people think the ground is the dryest ever in these parts and the clouds have got to give us a lot of rain next spring or we'll have another failure. Well, we're getting use to it.

Walt Finch writes from Loveland, Colo., saying there is a depression there too. He sent a little poem about the Democrats that we haven't hardly room for in this issue.

There was quite a little comment about my suggestion of moving the seats at church to the foyer so as to increase attendance. One man told me he was at a program in Omaha where all the front seats were packed, although he made no intimation the churches should adopt the idea of the program there. What was it? Nothing much. Just a woman danced without any clothes on.

Chas. Otto, so I hear, has already sold one animal and a man has taken some pictures of his contented cows and all this from the speal/*sic*] I put in the paper about them. That's just part of the service we render. Don't you see, Chas? My hand is out for a cigar.

Irvy Sheldon and I, once in a great while, read a cowpuncher magazine. We have agreed that the escaped convicts from Omaha were absolute sissies compared with the Whispering Kid, Tensleep Maxon or Deacon Bottle.

One prominent business man of N. L., wants his boys to be football players so they will grow up not to be sports or good losers. He says anything is fair in business as long as you succeed, the same as football, and he believes the slugs in the paw and the kicks in the slats by the players is mighty good training for a young man, training him to never lose (never say die.)

January 11, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Let 'em Fight
Pie Recipe
More or Less Personal

Let 'em Fight.

Years ago it was found that it was not the best policy to allow the railroads to enter into business in any capacity except that of the common carrier. Should a railroad, with all its capital and warehouses, go into the coal business, for example, it would easily put many if not all the local coal dealers over the country out of business. The railroad could get the coal at the mines, ship it in closed cars to different points and have their agents sell it out, and all the money they would need to get would be their hauling charge. They could undersell the local man until, perhaps, our whole economic system would be under control of the railroads.

The railroads were as full of tricks in the old days as individuals are now days. The railroads were forbidden also to make preferential rates to big haulers, enabling them to get more business at competitive points. As a result a man who shipped one car of mixed cattle got the same rate as the big feeder who had ten cars of fat steers.

These laws and regulations along with many others, still exist, and should a railroad violate them, they are subject to heavy fines and penalties. These laws were made in the days when there was no competition in the carrier business, when we took the service they offered or went afoot; when the public needed to fight back to save their very necks.

Today the whole situation has changed. The railroads have competition of the fiercest kind—the trucks. The need of a railway commission to protect the people's interest is not now so manifest. It seems to many that this commission has changed its role from that of protecting the people to that of protecting the railroads.

In some of the ways mentioned, this competition is doing the very thing the railroads are prohibited from doing. Gypsy truckers, so called, travel the width and breadth of the land, carrying fruit, coal, grain, salt, oil and what not, buying and selling the produce, in most instances for the sole purpose of getting the haul charge. In a way, it is better for the people, in that they can buy these things at a cheaper price, but it is doing the very thing that was feared would happen if the railroads, years ago, were allowed to do it. It is crowding out a lot of small dealers.

Although the railroad commission has laid out rates for the truckers, a great many of them do not abide. The penalty for not obeying can be applied to both the shipper and the trucker. As a result, should a trucker haul a load for less than regular rates, the shipper would not squeal just to get himself tossed in gaol along with the trucker.

Perhaps we, in this land, have come to the point where we can get along without the railroads. Some of the old timers who fought with the railroads in early days, have little sympathy with them and as soon see them beaten. Many others would like to see them given an equal chance by the R. R. commission to survive along with the truckers. Just recently the R. R. commission has granted the right of the railroads to lower their rates on some classes of hauling. One trucker said, "It won't hurt. The railroads have lost all their business anyway."

A few years more will tell the tale. If the railroads can make rates that will bankrupt the trucker, they may still stand and run their trains; if not, they are surely doomed.

Pie Recipe.

Here is the "makings" of a pie Mrs. John Schultz served to my family and me the other evening and we thought it very fine.

1 c. crushed pineapple, 1 c. cold water, 1 c. sugar, one-eighth t. salt, 2 1/2 T. cornstarch, 3 egg whites, 1 c. cream, 1/2 c. chopped nut meats.

Combine pineapple, water, salt, and sugar. Place in double boiler and when mixture reached boiling point, add cornstarch which has been dissolved in a little cold water. When cornstarch is thoroughly cooked, set aside to cool. When cold fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, put in baked pie crust shell, cover with cream which has been beaten stiff, sprinkle over with chopped nuts and cool until ready to serve.

Now this is called Angel Food Pie. She surely picked the right food for our family.

More or Less Personal.

My daughter was trying to play a big horn with the Scotia band. Lack ing wind capacity to toot the thing properly, she went to Supt. Ebmeier to ask to play some other instrument.

"Not enough umph," he said, puffing out his cheeks. "Should get a little more of it from your dad."

Lou Schwaner's from Scottsbluffs, visiting Wm. Schudel's last week, asked as they stood on the porch, who lived in the houses about. When my name was mentioned, he said, "Is that the fellow who writes for the Quiz? Well, I'll be gosh darned." That's all he said and I've been wonder ing ever since.

There has been a lot of alligator tears shed over my impending electrocution next week by the county board. Mid Garner offered to send me down an old arm pistol that he said would do the trick much easier and quicker. Hugh Clement has taken an active interest and asked if the ministry has been laboring with me yet. The common theory is now that the board plans to elec trocate and hang me both, and if that doesn't do the trick, a firing squad will be on hand.

Myra Thorngate Barber said something in the Fortnightly club last week about how people in New York liked to be mentioned in Walter Winchell's column, and around here in this one. They may like it, but some of them have a darned strange way of telling me about it if they do.

February 1, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Really Did Make Good
Short Shavings
The Finis

Really Did Make Good.

The people of Scotia were highly honored and delighted, Monday of last week, by ha ving a visit of a celebrity, Frank Phillips, a multimillionaire, banker and chairman of the board of directors of the Phillips Petroleum Co., commonly known as Phillips 66. The purpose of the visit was principally to see the place of his birth, which was Greeley county in those early days of 1873.

After surveying the Vorhees farm and locating the spot where the little dugout sat on that eventful day long ago, Mr. Phillips was taken back to town and given a banquet in the school house. This was ably prepared by Miss Schlichtman and her domestic science classes.

All sorts of stories are told of this man's income, but is far in excess of any of we poor people's imagination. It has been told with a good deal of credence that his income is \$40,000.00 a day, and a fourth of it be paid for income taxes. He left Greeley county when a year old living in Iowa, later moving to Oklahoma where he got into the oil and banking business. He not only owns extensive oil properties, but banks in many states. He has 40,000 employees, his daily pay roll running over a half million dollars.

He rides in his own private airplane, but in spite of his immense wealth, everyone who met him said he was as friendly and unpretentious as if his lifetime had been spent on the farm south of Scotia in place of far fields. He enjoyed a great deal his visit to the Scotia school and gave the children a talk while there. He has little use for the state of affairs as they are being administered by our present government and his talk was largely along that line.

It was told that he was the first white child born in Greeley county. This is not true for a brother of Rolla Babcock (Walter) was born in Aug. 1872 (later dying) and Horace Davis was born in Sept. 1873 while Mr. Phillips was born in Nov. 1873. Nevertheless, Mr. Phillips was among the first and that is worth remembering. His father was the first judge and first assessor of Greeley county. This is the first time since leaving in 1874 that the younger Phillips has been back.

George McAnulty, was one of the official greeters of the guest. Mr. McAnulty's wife was a second cousin of Mr. Phillips.

In his talk to the school children Mr. Phillips said he had found it more difficult to give his money away properly than it was to make it. He went from Scotia to Lincoln where he was a guest of the Commercial club there and while in that place he gave the state \$50,000 to be used in character development for the youth of Nebraska, Mrs. Cochran being chairman of the committee to distribute the money.

Short Shavings.

Frank Miller of Scotia won a new Chevrolet car by buying a ticket for a dollar in the lottery of the dance at O'Conner. Although they gave him a new car, it was a car with no accessories, and not the model that Frank wanted. So he traded in his old car and this just about paid for the extra equipment that he received. As a result, for a dollar and his old car he owns now a fine new "automobile."

People who remember Jerry Hill, second son of Rev. Hill of North Loup, will be interested to know that he is an expert archer. He lives in Boise, Ida., and from a clipping recently sent to his father, it was learned that Jerry won all the prizes and medals awarded in the Idaho state contest held in that city.

Rev. Hill, said also that at another time, Jerry contested on a golf field against a champion golfer Jerry shooting arrows while the golfer hit golf balls, and Jerry won in that match too. In place of dropping the arrow in the hole, Jerry shot it through a ring on a stick.

It has come to a pretty pass when thieves will drive into your yard, load up your cattle and drive away. This very thing is what happened to Edgar Stillman a few weeks ago. At least two of his small cattle and one belonging to Dell Barber that was visiting there disappeared one evening when Edgar had gone to a party, and nothing has been heard or seen of the cattle since.

There were car tracks about the yard the next morning, Edgar lives on the highway at a handy place and that is all Edgar knows except he knows for sure the cattle are gone.

Earl Kriewald has purchased the Whiting farm in Springdale and plans to build a house and perhaps move there this spring.

Claud Thomas and Chas. White spent a couple of hours auditing the books of the telephone company Monday afternoon. These men are really speedy when it comes to auditing.

It is said there are going to be three vacancies to be filled on the Scotia school board. The director of the school board, William Hageman, has just died. Jim Hall is moving to Iowa very soon. It is reported around that Rolla Babcock has, or is about to, sell his farm, and he too may move out of the district, looking for a smaller farm to buy to replace the one he now owns and has lived on his entire life, his father homesteading it in 1872.

The Finis.

After panning everyone who is or has been trying to do anything and being able to offer no solution except to take off all tariff barriers, Stanley Maly at the Commercial club last week concluded his talk with the following story.

Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Lindbergh, Mrs. Mussolini, and Wally Simpson Windsor sat down for a game of bridge. To start the game they decided to draw for the deal.

Mrs. Lindbergh drew an ace, Mrs. Mussolini drew a duce, Mrs. Wally Simpson drew a king. Then Mrs. Roosevelt taking her card drew the joker, but upon looking at it said something was wrong and she demanded a New Deal.

February 8, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A Suggestion
Oleo or Butter
Poultry Feeding
Short Shavings

A Suggestion.

On the Whiting place, east of Ord, near Sumter, is an old log house. It was built in 1873 or before, the logs having been cut north of Burwell, and has been in continual use almost ever since. It has never been sided over and looks very much as it did eighty-six years ago when the Indians peeked in the windows and when it was one of the few houses in the country. Geo. McAnulty says it was used at one time for a post office and a stopping place between points south and Willow Springs. Jim Whiting says when he moved to the place there were a lot of uncalled for letters in the gable.

Earl Kriewald has recently bought the place and plans to build another and new house there. This log house sets now where the water runs during a rain and consequently is of little value as a building.

I asked Earl what he plans to do with the old house. Earl is laboring under a little difficulty. This is one of the oldest landmarks of the country and he hates to destroy it, but he feels the building should be moved from where it is now. He has been thinking of wrecking it and using the cedar logs for fence posts.

Here's a suggestion. As long as the historic sentiment in the county has gained such a high pitch in regard to other points of interest, why would it not be a good idea to take up another plan on a smaller scale—one that is within our possibilities of achievement? Why not the Old Timers' society, or the city of Ord, or some other worthy organization arrange to purchase this house, move it to the city park of Ord and fix it up for a museum? With proper foundation it would stand and last for another eighty-six years.

I'll give a dollar toward it any time.

Oleo or Butter.

In the World-Herald, in the column by Carlyle Hodgkin, last week he discussed the dairy situation, and it was all good enough except that he failed to mention the butter substitutes used and their effect on the butter market. It seems to me that there is a place we all can chip in and give our support to the dairy industry that now is in a very dolorous condition.

In Nebraska alone, the consumption of oleo was about 5,000,000 lbs., as compared with approximately 30,000,000 pounds of butter, or in other words one pound of oleo consumed to six of butter. The surplus of butter at this time is approximately 130,000,000 pounds. Should Nebraska alone have used butter in place of that 5,000,000 pounds of oleo used, 1-20th of the butter surplus would have been wiped out.

From D. E. Spindle of Grand Island I learned that oleo is largely a foreign product. Much of it is produced in Egypt, he claims, and then is shipped to the Philippines where it is stored for 30 days. After that length of time, the stuff is allowed to come into the U. S. duty free and as a result only a small tax is levied on it. It has been proven in Wisconsin courts that there is no food value in pure oleo, so other ingredients must be added that it may be sold as food. It is very cheap and the customary price is half the price of butter, regardless of the price of butter.

The most astonishing fact of all is that a great many farmers use oleo. Merchants and cream buyers, although they are reluctant to tell it for fear it will make their farmer trade mad, know well enough that many, many of their cream patrons take home oleo to eat on their table. This practice is even more prevalent among the patrons of the cheese factory and whole milk dairymen. These farmers do not have cream to churn and consequently buy butter and save the difference in the price and labor of churning.

But even many cream men eat oleo. One creamery man said he thought with some, it was resentment or retaliation, they feeling perhaps they were spiting the cream buyers or creameries because of the low price of butterfat. It is problematical what the effect on the market would be should the farmers use butter in place of substitutes, but it seems they should be willing to use own products.

There is to be a bill introduced in the legislature to put a 15c tax on all butter substitutes. There are now petitions being circulated to be signed. In nineteen states there is a similar tax and Nebraska is one of the states that does not have a tax.

Just what effect on the price of butterfat this tax will make no one knows for sure, but creamery men claim that should such a tax be made, the price of butterfat would raise at least ten cents a pound. It needs to raise that much, and then it would be none too high to pay for the exercise involved in draining the cows and grinding the cream from the milk, to say nothing of the feed they eat. Surely the dairy situation is in a dolorous condition.

Poultry Feeding.

A salesman for a feed mill was in the elevator the other day the same time I was and explained to me a system of feeding laying hens that, he says, has proven to be very successful in all instances where poultry men have followed it properly.

He said in the coop there should be at least two feeders. One of these is filled with whole oats and the hens have free access to them at all times. He said it had been found that a laying hen needs the fiber in the oats as part of their diet for egg production.

He said that the other feeder should be filled with mash and the hens given free access to that at all times. Of course he was trying to sell his mash, but I assumed any good mash, even home mixed if the formula was proper, would be O.K.

At night a small feed of shelled corn is given the hens, feed enough so they will clean it up in about fifteen minutes. He said that if hens were given free access to corn they frequently ate too much, for hens are very fond of whole corn.

He said it was, not necessary to wet the mash. Sometimes men wet it to get the hens started to laying a little sooner but sometimes too, wet mash gave the hens bowel trouble.

All of this is simple enough so most any one could follow it.

Short Shavings.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fisher returned Wednesday morning, Febr. 1, from California where they had been visiting for five weeks.

In their haste to leave Mrs. Fisher forgot and left the window in the pantry open an inch and in the room sat a sack of potatoes that she had forgotten to place in the cellar. But nothing took harm. The potatoes had not been frozen during the absence.

More or Less Personal.

Myra Thorngate Barber called me and said that a lady in purple gave a very fine talk on China in the Fortnightly club Wednesday. That was nice of Mrs. Barber, but I had heard the same talk before she had—had held the stop watch and looked at it between shootings in the wild west yarn I was reading.

One year at an inter-county club meet, this same lady in purple was giving a talk and the presiding officer rang the bell when there were less than a hundred words yet to tell to conclude her talk. She had timed that talk too, at home, but it had run a minute over, and she was not too happy about it all. Since that I have had to listen to talks of China, child education, English and American literature and other dry topics, and hold the watch, when I much rather read about Two-Gun Charley or Tensleep Maxson.

And after all is said and done, the person who has learned to cease his clatter when the time is up, has learned one of the prime requisites of good public appearance whether it be making a speech at a ladies' club, preaching a sermon, entering into a political argument, or writing a column.

February 15, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A Bit of History

Own Ears Dirty

Short Shavings

A Bit of History.

In my last letter to my mother in California I enclosed the historical picture from the World-Herald telling of early characters in Valley county, one of which was a picture of General Ord. I knew she would be interested for she lived here in those days. The following is what she wrote back:

"This General Ord came to North Loup in early days and stopped at our house. We had a cedar log house but with a dirt floor, so father, who was always fixing up things as nice as he could, (old timers will remember he was a widower with four little children) took his scythe and mowed some nice fresh grass and put on the floor.

We had a few good things that we brought from Wisconsin, and father polished them as best he could, too. When General Ord got ready to leave he said, "If this were a palace, Elder Babcock, it could not be more attractive."

Our Own Ears Dirty.

While we are worrying over the persecution of the Jews in Germany all of which is bad enough, the thought occurs to me of the phrase that Elsworth Ball uses so glibly now and then. "We better wash behind our own ears before we start telling the other fellow to take a bath."

Of course, in this immediate section we have had little occasion to think of it but we do not have to go far until the race problem, that is between the negroes and the whites, is a serious situation. The negro, brought here against his will, has been persecuted, although in a different manner than the Jews, fully as bad as the Jews have ever been.

The negro is the last man hired and the first fired. In many, many jobs the negro is not considered at all, and it is almost out of the question of a negro ever being advanced to anything good, no matter

how faithful and dependable he may be. Equal educational privileges in many sections are not accorded. The negro surely is the down-trodden race.

I have lived in the city upon several occasions and at those times became acquainted with several negroes, and I dare say that a few of them were of the nicest men I ever knew. One negro had a job at the plant where I worked. He had gotten it during the war when help was hard to find. He was such a fine man and so dependable the company never could find excuse to lay him off when white help became plentiful. But they made the resolution then and there that never again would they hire any colored help for fear they might get another person so good they could not let him go.

Yes, when we are worrying about the Jews, a race with money, prestige, intelligence and power, "let us wash behind our own ears," in regard to a part of our citizenry that has been persecuted for more than a hundred and fifty years, as bad as the Jews ever were.

Short Shavings.

My brother writes from California, "They are saying around here there are only 45 states left in the union. Arkansas and Oklahoma have gone to California and the latter has gone to hell."

Alex Brown tells of a bachelor he knew who was a good cook. He debated the question of getting married. Each time after making biscuits he would throw in the corner the same number of biscuits as he ate or the number a wife would eat. Soon the pile grew so large he concluded he could not afford to get married.

Irvy Sheldon tried the same test with a fine milk cow. He put a barrel in front of his cow and each time he fed the cow he put the same amount of grain in the barrel. At the end of the week he took the grain to town along with the cream from the cow and he says the grain brought him more money than the cream.

In Scotia some people live on the boulevard, and some live elsewhere. The speed limit on the boulevard is 256 miles per hour.

In putting the eggs in the case I instructed the kids to not put in any dirty or small eggs, as we will save them back and eat them ourselves. I want the buyer of my eggs to get a good big one for his penny.

February 22, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Good Old Days
Good Time to Sell
Short Shavings

The Good Old Days.

At Scotia the other day, in one of the school busses, the seniors held a sneak day, a bsconding with one or more of the teachers to Omaha and other points of interest. While gone on these treks, the students take in many points of interest and of educational value that they might never get an opportunity to see again or at another time. This event was kept a profound secret from everyone except the members of the senior class and the teachers and the parents of the seniors and the bus driver and the brothers and sisters of the seniors and a few of the best friends of the seniors and these few friends were told not to tell anyone except perhaps their best friend.

I well remember when I was a small hellion in high school and I remember too our sneak day, and if I do say it, not with a sense of bragging either, but it was a sneak day that was a sneak day.

For weeks ahead of the date set we planned the event. Some of the more angelic girls demurred a trifle, fearing dire consequences, but finally consented provided it was unanimous. On the day set we swiped, by some excuse, a few sandwiches and met at the depot. A few told their folks they needed to carry their dinner that day.

We boarded the train clandestinely and journeyed all the way to Scotia Junction. There we hurried off to the wilds of the chalk hills for a round of games and pleasure. In the afternoon, some of us walked the track to Scotia and, took in the town. I remember well the saloon there (there being none in N. L.) and how we peeked in the window as we hurried by.

We were at the water tank when the train came back from G. I., in the evenin g. To pass time waiting for it, we boys hurled rocks up into the water spout and when it was let down a ton of rock, more or less, rattled down into the bowels of the engine. I remember yet the little sermon the engineer administered.

We arrived home tired and happy, meeting the folks at the supper table none too happy over the ex -perience. The teachers, too, the next day, were sour and surly. They talked of expelling the whole class and cutting each of our grades ten per cent and of making the whole class stay in after school enough nights to make up the time.

It was only talk, however. It was out of the question to expel us all; ridiculous to make the brilliant ones make up the time; almost impossible to do anything but keep mum about it all. It was a thrilling experience for we members of the class, and one of the first to start this sneak day institution so well established now days.

Good Time To Sell.

"The one thing that is the trouble with the cattle feeding business this year," Vern Ro bbins said, "is that no one had enough of them." Everyone is making money. It is the same with the hogs and as a result everyone, or nearly everyone, is getting back into the hog business. Many people think that beginning about next September, the hog market will start to slip and then there will be the headaches.

With hogs the price they are now everyone seems to forget that it was only a few years ago we were selling them for \$2.50 a hundred, and for sows less. Ivan Kennedy said he sold a few big 400 pound sows for \$6.00 each. C. Mortensen has it doped out that it takes nine months to get back in to the hog business.

It takes longer for the cattle, but the price will break sometime sure as the devil. And it will be the devil when it does too. In my young life I have sold fat steers for a nickel and bought good feeders for four and five cents. That price would make plenty of headaches for these men who are buying nine cent feeders today to carry over into another year.

Everywhere we hear the hue and cry to get back into the livestock business. Banks are urged to loan money for stock purchases and clubs are sponsoring such movements for boys. It is all a noble undertaking but I remember my father telling in 1917 or there abouts (please excuse the personal reference) "that this is not the time to stock up, but the time to sell and pay debts."

The time to get into the hog and cattle business was last year. Alfred Christensen has been having a land office business selling brood sows at fancy prices. But now it is too late to grab the apples from last year's business. Perhaps this wave of prosperity with livestock will hang on another year. We hope so.

Short Shavings.

In hard times, they say the sales increase on the three following articles: Neckties, canned goods and coffee. Necktie sales always increase, and the reason is, people think, because the buyer has not the money for a new suit and he thinks the new tie will be a poor substitute. Canned goods are thought to be a lot of good food for a small amount of money. Coffee is drank in place of some thing more expensive and stronger.

In spite of the fact that the oil station men say they are losing money (which none of us take very much at heart) these gas wars that are put on so regularly in Ord do a lot toward attracting people to that town to trade.

In the domestic science class my daughter has been learning to make soup. I said I knew how to do that. How is it you say? Why, boil up the dish rag, of course.

And then there is the story of the city chap, the pheasant hunter, perhaps, who said to the dried out farmer, "I don't see how you make a living here. Why there's no corn crop or anything here."

"I'm not so poor as you think," the farmer replied smiling. "I don't own the place. It is the landlord that's getting the hell."

Hugh Clement has been working a few times lately for Erlo Babcock in the latter's garage. It reminds us a little of the story of the farmer and his hired man. One year the farmer owns the outfit and hires the hired man. The latter saves his money and buys the farmer out the next year and in return hires the farmer back who saves his salary and the third year the farmer buy back the farm, et cetera.

We might recall that a few years back Hugh was working for Art Babcock in the garage and after working for him a time, he bought out the garage and was the manager and owner himself for a long period.

My mother writes in her letter from California in regard to her two small grandchildren there, "Both the boys sing in the church choir for children, each with their own age. They wear white robes, march in and sing once, then go back to their seats with their parents."

At another place she said, "The boys saw a very little frost or dew on the grass the other morning and thought it wonderful. They do wish they lived where there was snow and I tell them I expect Dick would like to live near the ocean. We always want what we can't have."

March 1, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Getting On in the World
Can't Be Done
Short Shavings

Getting On in the World.

Ben Nelson, who has recently started selling cars, (you understand; I said selling not trying to sell) is a bit of a philosopher and in S. O. S., the other day, intermingled with his sales talk he told us a few pointers that I have been wondering about ever since.

A man sitting there who was not too hot a credit risk made Ben the offer, "I'll trade cars with you, giving you my old car and a note for the difference."

Ben answered quickly, "All right I'll trade."

"But I can't pay the note," the man begged, backing out. "I don't have any way to pay it. I'm broke and can hardly buy gasoline."

"Oh you'll pay it," Ben said. "If you get this new car you'll want to keep it so badly that you'll pitch into the game a little harder, and scheme a little more and make the payments. A person has to have something to work for to get anywhere. It is not the man that has everything handed out to him on a platter that very often does things. It's the man that's put to it that really makes the wheels go."

"Very few of us ever do anything until we have to. Very few of us plow our ground ahead of time. When the time comes; we know it must be done and we dig in and do the job. If we don't have something pushing us on, we loaf. Very few of us can save the money ahead of time to buy a car, but there are thousands of people, every year who pay for a car on installments after they have if bought."

"And the strange part of it is," Ben continued, "the size of one's family does not seem to make any difference. I know of just as many couples with no children who are so poor they can hardly eat, as I do poor people with a flock of children growing up around. Those people with families pinch a little more, work a little harder, manage a little better or something. They have something to work for at least. In my own case I was just as hard up when I was first married as I am now with three."

In spite of this little treatise on getting on in the world, the prospect backed out on buying the car. He either didn't have the nerve to try it or was too lazy to put forth the effort.

Chapter II of the Same.

I was at a home in another county a few weeks ago, of a widow and three half grown children. This woman seemed quite well fed and happy, living off the money doled out regularly from the relief office. Her greatest worry seemed to be, whether, by some hook or crook she might get a few more dollars passed out to her, and she did not seem to be a bit thankful for her steady income she now has. On the other hand she seemed even resentful and sour that someone else was getting more.

How times have changed. When I was a boy, people had come to terrible straits to get aid from the county and their names were published as paupers in the county proceedings. If they got aid we all knew they were either grafters and lazy nincompoops or in dire and terrible need and very deserving of what they got. No one got aid a minute longer than they could help. I remember how Joe Fisher, then county commissioner, upon paying a grocery bill, cut out and refused to pay for tobacco that was on a pauper's list.

Before that, county aid was almost unheard of. Many a woman raised her brood after something happened to her husband. One shining example is no less than Eva Hill, mother of Rev. Hill. She worked and sang and raised her three little boys to manhood, and never thought of relief checks.

We are in a new order of living, whether for better or for worse, no one knows. Our bonded indebtedness in those days too, was some different affair than now. But it is the disposition of the people that has changed the most. The busiest place in the court house is the relief office, whether in this county or a thousand miles off; people there getting their dole without chagrin or embarrassment, or the remotest care of who is going to pay the fiddler.

We seem to have a great class of people who are making a business of living off the government dole, so called. Their ambition and pride, if they ever had any is gone. There seems two classes of the rehabs. One, whose sole outlook is to get ahead and pay their debts; the others, their sole ambition to get what they can while the getting is good. There seems to be a class of people who have undertaken the role of sitting, like the car buyer, and following the lines of least resistance, living off the relief checks.

However, there is one class of reliefers that most of us have full sympathy and that is the old folks, who are too old and doddery to hit the ball any more. Most people feel they must be cared for some way or another; that is one of the debts we owe them and owe civilization. But still, in that noblest of all relief, there are chiselers; folks who hide their means and property to live off the public coffers, that now are nearly dry.

This is the biggest problem that presents the people today by all odds. It is like the old man of the sea on Sindbad's back, and sooner or later Sindbad (the taxpayers) may get the old man drunk and throw him off and the old man of the sea will be where he was in the first place.

Maybe that'll be it. Maybe it will be inflation like it was in Germany and France; maybe it will be Nazism, or Bolshevikism or Rooseveltism or something worse.

"Can't Be Done," Walt Says.

Spencer Waterman admits he enjoys a puzzle. As a result, his brother-in-law, Harry Tolen, told him that he could play solitaire with Chinese checkers. Leaving the center hole empty, put two rows of marbles all around, using eighteen marbles in all. Then the player jumps marbles until all are off the board except one that is left in the center.

"If you do that," Harry said, "you win. If you don't you lose." Harry assured his brother-in-law, in friendly brother-in-law fashion, that it could be done.

So Spencer started in on the puzzle determined to solve it. He was late to breakfast and late at milking his cows both morning and night. For two days steady he labored except one that is left in the on the proposition, only using the briefest possible time to do the chores, and too brief a time to eat.

At the end of two days' research on the Chinese board he happened to see his brother-in-law again. "By gorry," he said to Harry with fire in his eyes, "if that can be worked I'd like to know how it's done. I don't believe it can be."

Harry turned and walked off a safe distance, then said, "I don't believe it can be either. I've been working on it myself ever since I saw you the other day."

Short Shavings.

Hugh Clement tells me of some man he met while working with Tom Hamer and his carpenter crew that had an old tractor and wanted a new one. He found out that by renting another piece of land near by he would get extra Soil Conservation money enough to make his payment next fall or winter on a new tractor. So he traded tractors using his old one for down payment, planning to make his next payments from his S. C. money.

Jay Davis was in N. L. the other day from Ericson, renewing old friends and greeting all with his friendly smile and handshake.

He said to me, changing his smile to sadness, "George, you don't look well. Is there something the matter?"

I drew my face as long as I could and tried to appear dejected, "Jay," I said, "I feel pretty good except for one thing. I don't get enough to eat."

Art Hutchins and I were quarrelling a little over which one was the hardest up. I finally said, "Art you don't know what it is to be poor."

"You're right," he answered. "Neither of us know. My mother has been getting letters from my aunt in China. She says the people there are so poor and hungry they are eating cats and dogs and rats if they can catch them. They eat anything to keep alive. Those people over there can't understand how there can be any complaint in *[the rest is missing]*

March 8, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Let Us Have Peace
Early Tomatoes
Valuable as a Horse
Short Shavings

Let Us Have Peace.

A happy little "ruckus" has been carried on between the telephone companies of North Loup and Ord for the last year. Whatever they have gained by the affair, no one seems to have discovered yet, but the patrons have at least had the opportunity of heaping coals on someone or everyone connected with the systems.

It happens that some time in the distant past a contract was made between the two companies to the effect that there would be free exchange service between them, each system owning and keeping in repair one half, the poles and lines. This contract is still in effect, although the Continental company in late years, wishes it were not. To get free from this contract, a showing would have to be made to the railroad commission telling how the company was giving too much for the patron's money, or a mutual agreement entered into by the two companies.

The North Loup company has long considered itself, in nature at least, a cooperative, and by feeling such, their ultimate aim has been to give the most possible service for the least possible money, the earnings of the company being of a lesser consideration. It is for that reason the N. L. company wants a free service to Scotia and Ord.

It can be said with no disrespect to either, that earnings are the principal object of the Continental company and they feel that a toll charge should be maintained between the two towns. As a consequence, they perform the contract by connecting the parties, but some think, with reluctance. The service is heavy between the towns and another wire should be strung, but this has never been installed.

To make things worse, last year, the telephone company in Ord did not include the North Loup numbers in their directory, claiming the extra expense of printing not worth it. As a retaliation for this the North Loup central girl refused to look up numbers for the Ord callers (except the doctor's, which she learned) when that caller would be lucky enough to get the line. So as a result, the Ord caller would have to go back to the Ord central and ask her to look up the N. L. number before the caller could get the connection. By that time, someone else would get the line and as a result the

caller would have to wait another half an hour or more. Before that time was up, the caller would feel like axing the phone off the wall and would call long distance.

The mayor of Ord became hostile over it all and informed the N. L. central girl that she would look up the numbers hereafter, but the N. L. C. G. told the mayor, in polite phraseology, that he could go to heaven; that he was mayor of Ord but not of her. Some of the N. L. officials talked then with the said mayor and told him if he raised too much hell, he would find himself paying twenty-five cents toll every time he talked to N. L., all of which was not so happy an outlook for him for he does a lot of talking.

All this performance, resulting from the simple fact that the N. L. numbers failed to appear in the Ord directories, only slows up the service between the towns, that was none too good in the first place with only the one wire to talk over. This before mentioned mayor, after other schemes had failed to bring peace on the troubled waters, tried then to get a N. L. directory for his own use, which contained both Ord and N. L. numbers, and he was refused that too without he would pay the sum of a quarter a book.

Just what effect on the earnings a toll of 25c would make cannot be accurately estimated. At the present time there averages over 100 calls a day back and forth between the two towns. If toll were charged there would not be so many calls and then many patrons claim they would take out their phones, which would cut down the earnings on another branch of the service. Several men have said if they cannot have service between the next neighboring towns, they did not think the phone worth having. It is a settled fact that a telephone is of little value if only a few of the people you want to call have a phone. The more phones in use, the more value there is to the subscriber.

Although seldom are people using country phones questioned, the rule is not to allow non-subscribers to call between the towns without paying toll. No one seems to object to this unless it is the non-subscribers who are trying to get the service without paying anything. Central girls soon get very deft at recognizing voices, and if they are not sure, they do not hesitate to ask. The same situation and contract prevails between the towns of Scotia and N. L. and also between Scotia and Greeley.

The telephone is a wonderful instrument, giving a big, service, and the companies claim they should be paid for that service, but on the other hand, should this service be restricted, and the price become too excessive so only a small portion of the people participate, the whole thing will be of little value.

Early Tomatoes.

Some time ago Art Babcock read in the paper how a professor had developed a high-powered tomato that operated something like the ever-bearing strawberry, producing fruit in great abundance from the first of June on through the summer.

As a result he wrote to the professor and as a gift the professor mailed Art about four dozen seeds. Art was not very well versed in the tomato business and so anxious was he to start picking the fruit, he set at once (that was 2 months ago) to preparing the box and in the window planted his choice seeds.

These seeds sprang forth almost at once from the dirt and grew speedily. Now Art has something like forty fine young tomato plants a foot or more high and growing higher every day. Art has been so busy taking care of them he has not had time to come to the garage every day. It is nearly three months before he can set them in the garden, and, although his wife enjoys having house plants decorating the windows of her home, she objects quite forcibly to having 40 big tomato plants parked around.

Worth as Much as a Horse.

Julius Schoening says he has now the best cattle dog he ever had. This is saying quite a lot, for Julius has had a number of dogs in his day, as he is very fond of pets.

Julius told me of this incident, as also did Cliff Klinger who lives across the river, to the west from Julius.

Cliff said, "I was working in the field by the river when I heard someone yelling to the east and a dog barking close by. Soon I discovered Julius across the river and he was yelling at his dog. I then

watched the performance and soon saw the dog sort Julius' cattle out from a herd on the Parks' place, then drove them into the water and home again across the river, and Julius never getting his feet wet."

Julius says, "The cattle had gone across the river and I hardly knew what to do. I stood on the bank looking at them, when I discovered the dog going into the water without my telling him to. I knew he was a good dog so I decided to see what I could do. I coached him along and he sorted out my cows and brought them home. I standing on the east bank all the time."

Short Shavings.

Personal nomination for the best girl basketball player in this section, Betty Langenberg of Scotia.

March 15, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Short Shavings

Why Not Talk English

The Banker's Turn

Short Shavings.

Down this N. L. way, there is sympathy by everyone for Roy Hudson. He is beginning to show the wear and tear of the ordeal of his job as chairman of the N. L. R. P. & I. board, and his health never has been too good. His heart and soul has been wrapped up in the successful culmination of the N. L. irrigation system and this last "ruckus" over the power is fast making an old man of him.

There will be one more issue of the Pictorial Review and that will be the last. It then ceases publication.

"The Song of the Years," by Bess Streeter Aldridge was published first in the Saturday Evening Post. This magazine only published about half the book, the editors using only the love story and cutting out a lot of historical description. Even at that it is not considered much of a book, falling far short of the author's other works.

And Mari Sandoz has a short story in the March 4 Post, that is not too hot either. She said she used two full reams of paper writing it. She should have used two more or only one. For sure, two were wrong.

Selma Robbins, the N. L. central girl, says that sometimes when someone is giving her thunder for something or another she just pulls the plug and lets them rave on. After a few minutes she plugs in again to see if they are still talking, answering "yes mom" and "no mom," and pulls the plug again.

She says one lady in town who is surrounded by a group of neighbors who have no phones, went to charging a nickel for these neighbors to use her phone, and this lady sends the nickels up to Selma, saying Selma is the one who is earning the candy because Selma switches them for no pay. There are not many nickels however, the neighbors shifting their friendship to another neighbor when the charge was made.

Becky Kriewald received a card from Bill Hisch's in Illinois, and it said they have a new baby girl.

Jim Coleman sold his house last week to Chas. White for \$585 at auction, Bert Cummins and Claud Hill performing the wind work. Those few of us who were present will warrant that if these two men, paired together, cannot sell your place it is unsaleable. I proclaim them unbeatable.

Why Not Talk English?

A big gob of alligator tears are being shed lately over the fact that some foreigners have been taken off relief because they have not yet taken out their citizenship papers.

The question arises among some of us wiseacres, as to why these people have not thought enough of their country to take out those papers. Does it not look as if a person has a quite a lot of guts to take relief and aid from a country he is not a member of? It seems to us he might go back from whence he came and get the relief there or join up.

Another thing that troubles some of us who are trying to pay our own way and also that of some others that are too unfortunate to pay their own, why these foreign people do not join whole hog or none and learn to talk our language too. That would be no more than courteousness and appreciation for the dole we are passing out so willingly. We speak the English language here in this country and it is not hard to learn. People with very mediocre minds learn it.

One family in these parts has been receiving help from the U. S. government for years and cannot to this day converse with their neighbors or anyone but their own countrymen. They have been cut off lately from relief, because, they not only failed to learn our tongue, but failed also to take out the necessary simple oaths of naturalization.

One might think, although he would dare not mention it, that the only reason these people live here is for that dole that is handed out from so little effort on their part.

More Short Shavings.

The cheese-maker, Frank Lethenthal, eats the very cheese he manufactures. That's about as good a recommendation as a food can have.

Albert Babcock has just been to Lincoln to have an operation on his nose. The trouble was caused from an injury while playing football in high school days, it is thought. He is now reaping the fruits of glory.

The old hotel Arlington at N. L. has been bought by the city and it along with the community building, are to be wrecked by WPA labor and a new community building and library are to be erected with that labor on what is now the hotel site. There has been talk, too, of wrecking also the town hall and using the lumber from that in the new building, but the town hall belongs to the Oddfellows and the township, and as yet that building has not been made one of the group.

This deal does not have the final OK but the emirs in charge say there is not one chance in a hundred of it being turned down.

It is told by some men in authority that if the vote is against the irrigation district in Ord on April fourth, the irrigation offices will all be moved to Burwell pronto.

The Banker's Turn.

A local cattle feeder says, "Last year I lost two thousand dollars because the banker loaned me the money to feed cattle. This year I lost two thousand dollars because he wouldn't loan me the money."

According to a previous arrangement, my daughter called at my banker's home at noon where he was to tell her my bank balance. She called there because the bank closed at the noon hour.

Upon my daughter's arrival the banker's wife told her that the banker was asleep and she would not awaken him for a trivial matter.

Fair enough. I do not like to be awakened from my noon nap either. I start work milking cows at about 4:00 a. m., and end the day usually about 9:00 p. m. The bankers hours are the same. Start at 9:00 and finish up at 4:00. Then there are the holidays and Saturday afternoons, but why talk about that?

The banks have plenty of money to loan if the borrower has plenty of security. But if one has plenty of security, why would he want to borrow?

Still More Short Shavings.

At Greeley the other day, appearing before the allotment committee consisting of Leo Kline, Ralph Dutcher and Vince Berger, for the purpose of getting my corn base raised, it was whispered that they should treat me pretty good or I might write something bad about them in the paper. I replied if I

should write something not so good about them in the paper they might favor me not so good the next time I asked for one.

Gilford Hutchins tells of an instance of a house he owned once and rented to a man who was an ex-preacher. This man and wife were good renters, always paying their rent promptly.

One day the Mrs. Preacher called up Gilford and said, "The walls in the kitchen are awfully dirty. If you will pay for the paint, I'll put it on myself."

"All right," Gilford answered. "I'll pay for the paint but I want it understood that you put it on the walls."

Roy Lewis, who has at different times trained some fine working farm dogs says, "To train a dog successfully, you must know more than the dog."

Hugh Clement says, "If your dog is not smart enough so you can learn something from him, I don't see any use keeping him around."

March 22, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

More Trouble
I'll Stay Out
One in a Thousand
Short Shavings

More Trouble

Along with the irrigation trouble the farmers are now faced with another drop in the cream price. This drop was in accordance and in conjunction with the fact that the government stopped buying butter, the one thing that has kept the price pegged as high as it was.

From the Produce Packer I learned that the Department of Agriculture announced that there is now held a surplus of 114 million pounds of butter in the U. S. This butter is partly held by the Federal Surplus Commodity Corporation and partly by the FSCC and partly by state relief agencies. Comparing with a year ago, in 35 cities there was stored in March 1938, 14 million against 84 million today.

As a result of a perusal of these figures, Art Hutchins in the cheese factory offered to wager (he didn't say how much) that if the government did not go to buying butter again, before the summer was over the price of butterfat would drop to ten cents.

Anual Frazer has it doped out that the number of pounds of butter held in surplus is about one pound to every citizen in the U. S. and if each person would eat one more pound in one week, the surplus would be wiped out and no one would be hurt very badly. It must be said that farmers are ingenuous creatures for I read how one saved his neck in his dairy department that he said before was losing him money. He sold his milk to the cheese factory but the price there too was not so good, not enough so that he had any money left for his own eating after he had paid for the eats of the cows.

Before the drop he was hiring his milk hauled by the trucker but he figured with the number of cans he had he would get 50c more a day by hauling it himself and it only cost 25c for gas to make the trip. That way he was profiting by hauling his own milk although he lost on the actual milking part. He was very tickled over his profit.

I myself still think that if there was a tax put on oleo, of which in Nebraska there are six to ten pounds consumed to one of butter, there would be more good effect involved than all these other performances of buying and storing the surpluses.

I'll Stay Out.

I have been asked and hinted at to write a hot piece for or against the irrigation ruckus now so much in the air over the country. True enough I have my opinions and for the side other than which I favor I have little use, but after several years of trying to write a column that the folks will read and that the bosses will ante for, I have come to the conclusion that it is best for me to stay out of such controversial subjects.

The last one I jumped into, and the one I learned a few lessons on, was in regard to the trial of Dr. Nay. I still feel the same as I did then, but I surely got panned a plenty for that piece. The next week was Pop Corn Days and all my friends from Ord and everywhere else it seemed, made it a point on those days to get me cornered and tell me a thing or two. That celebration was not so happy for me. I still assume a great deal of the credit for the final disposition of that case, but it is not that kind of credit I want. I want bank credits.

More than this, when subjects are discussed as universally as this irrigation ruckus is, it is doubtful if I can dig up anything new about it. I enjoy most to get a scoop or advanced information of some event, or some incident that is in the nature of a feature article. Bragging just a little I felt pretty smart that I beat the world last week in telling of the new community building at N. L. that the city moguls are confident is in the offing.

One in a Thousand.

At the junior high operetta in Scotia Friday night, Janice Nelson stood out head and shoulders above all the rest as a singer in that group. It was thought by everyone I saw that she would stand out as a good singer in any group.

Singing soprano she took the lead part, reminding one of a bird on top of a tree singing for all she is worth to tell the world that spring is here. It has been said among the students that this girl is the teacher's pet, but it is easy to see why she would be; one who carries the arias like she does.

Short Shavings.

People of North Loup cannot understand why all the complaint in regard to the electric service. For a number of years they have been on the same high line that the City of Ord was and they (in N. L.) lived through it not thinking but what it was all part of the game.

In regard to hard times, at the Scotia school last week during the inter-county declamatory contest, I dropped by to take my daughter home, and the school house was surrounded by cars and I did not see a one but what was a relatively new one. That did not look like hard times or ten years of consecutive crop failure.

Joe Knezacek told me in regard to the irrigation row, "It's just another one of those things."

Ken Peterson said in regard to it, "I'm not talking. I truck for Burwell, Elyria, Ord and N. L. men and I'm not looking for trouble."

I repeat if this deal is not settled before long there will be one man, if not more, who will break down under the strain, and that one man will be Roy Hudson. A person can sit up nights until morning several times a week, wrangling over problems so close to one's heart as this, and then study and work all day too, only about so long.

One man said he suspected that very thing is what is the hopes of some people.

March 29, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS

TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Careful! Careful!
News From Afar
Make Good in City
Short Shavings

Careful! Careful!

I was in Ord the other day and I came to the conclusion that this "ruckus" over the light and power between the city of Ord and the N. L. I. and P. district has turned out to be more of an endurance contest than anything else.

On the streets I was told that there are more than one that may weaken before the end. I was told that Clarence Davis has been at all the sessions occurring several times a week that last until three o'clock or longer and then after the rest are home and safely in the arms of Moriheus the city dads ask Clarence to look over this proposed contract or take few minutes before he goes home and write up a new one. In either job, under ordinary conditions a lawyer would expect to have a day's time to think and a fresh mind to do it with.

Regardless of what may happen between now and when this goes to print, there are plenty of people who think the irrigation project has blown up now for sure and are willing to bet money that no water runs on the fields this summer unless it is out of the sky. When men become as "sot" as these two boards seem to be, and there is so much agitation on both sides to coach them on, it looks hopeless. Our nation and civilization in this new world is built and maintained on compromise, on give and take, on one group helping the other fellow to promote the general good will of all.

It is sad indeed, when the ground is dry as powder and the equipment all ready for operation that a deal like this pops up, spoiling the whole thing and advertising us throughout the land that we are fighting among ourselves, and so as a result stand still or revert back further even worse than before.

I hate to admit it, but it all reminds one of the Chinamen or the Spaniards, or the Mexicans, who have for centuries fought so among themselves that they never progressed. In two of these countries outsiders have barged in and whipped them both and the only reason someone hasn't whipped Mexico is that it isn't worth taking.

Under such conditions is where dictators shine, and in this case a dictator might be the stuff. He'd take both boards out to a shooting squad, or send them to concentration camps. He'd have the water running before night and the electricity coming out of the right spigot. He'd shut up a few of the agitators pronto, and that too might be a good thing, in this instance.

But who wants dictators? None of us. We are proud of our land and of our system of getting along with each other. But dictators will come if we continue such antics long. The people, the public, that always suffer the most in any such quarrel, will get so fed up with the bickering that even a dictator will be welcome.

News From Afar.

A few paragraphs from a letter from my mother in Long Beach read as follows:

"Yesterday I went to the Ord picnic and met a quite a few, Inez Hill, Lillie Goodrich, Rose Kildow Applegate, Beecher Van Horn and family, Hub Thorngate, Florence Shafer Getter and husband, Mrs. Stewart Bryan and Maud Bryan, Oaklie Hurley, Sherm Clement and Eva Watts Gipe and husband.

"Had a quite a visit with Hub and he likes it here fine, but misses all his old friends, the same as I do.

"They have a contest in all the schools here in the spring of kite flying. The contests are among the city schools and the best in the city is then sent to contest for the best from all the California schools. So far Bob's school is ahead. The kite Bob thinks, is nine feet long."

Making Good in the City.

Mrs. Jake Barber tells me that she was fortunate enough to sit with three other newspaper reporters to interview Senator W. S. Bridges of New Hampshire, last week.

Mrs. Barber was at Lincoln at the Founders' day meeting and Editor Hugh Brown, of Kearney, who is an acquaintance of Mrs. Barber, seemed to be the man in charge of the affair. Mrs. Barber happened along and he said to her to step in the room there if she wished and hear the interview with the Senator, which she gladly did, she being the only person accorded the privilege besides the reporters from the three leading newspapers of the state.

There was also another part of the program that might be worth mentioning. There was a German band from Pierce playing music, or getting ready to. Mrs. Barber was bewailing the fact that she had to leave before the program, so the band played a piece of music especially for Mrs. Barber, the leader telling the audience why he was playing it and asking Mrs. Barber to stand for the occasion.

Short Shavings.

Irwin Steffins, living West of North Loup, second son of Will Steffins, so his father says, can shoot crows in the air with a rifle while they fly along in front of the house. Now, that's some shootin', I'd say.

George Satterfield says that the interest charged and collected on delinquent taxes pays for the snow shoveling, in the county. In other words, the interest is quite an item.

Furthermore, he says that this year there was not a dollar spent in the county for snow shoveling, but usually that expense amounts to a good big sum.

Vincent Heine, of Grand Island, field man of the Prudential Ins. Co. over twenty counties, was told by one of his borrowers the other day, that he (the borrower) was getting ahead a little. This man said he was not getting any money, or any crops but he was paying a few bills and was no worse off at least.

Mr. Heine replied that everyone is telling him that. Asked the why of it and he said he guessed the ones worst off are mostly cleaned up and that people are learning how to get along; that is how to pinch.

Vern Thomas of Riverdale, said the other night he caught three mice all at once in one small spring steel trap. They were small mice he says, and apparently all were nibbling at once at the bait, when pop it went.

Clate Gilroy took me to see his twins Friday and a dandy pair of babies they are, too. Otherwise than the girl is a little larger than the boy, I would have trouble telling which was which. He has three fine kiddies, all with nice big eyes just like their dad.

Stopping to see Mrs. Mable Anderson and Carl the other day, on business, she said that they are getting to like it in Ord now pretty well, but for a long time they were so lonesome for N. L., they just had to go down that way to see the people and spend a day every two or three weeks. Speaks well for N. L. people and for Ord people, too.

April 6, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

No Scoop Here
Foot Washing Project
Why Live

No Scoop Here.

I was informed in no uncertain terms that I did not get a scoop when I mentioned the new proposed community building in this column. Mrs. Hamer said she had the same news in her section a week before I did.

How did I know she had it in her news? I over read it. By the time I have plowed, through my own junk I usually am ready to throw the paper across the room wondering why I was such a fool as to write what I did and consequently never get to the good part of the paper. Sorry, Mrs. Hamer. I'll never let that happen again.

Anyway the tentative plans for the new community building are something as follows:

The building under consideration is to be 64x128 in size and the planners are considering putting a second floor, and on that floor the Odd Fellows will hold court. This is if the old town hall is to be wrecked along with the community building and the old hotel.

There is to be a basketball floor 40x75 and a stage of 64x24 and a basement for the ladies to have their club meetings.

There is to be a balcony around the basketball floor, and a seating capacity in the balcony of about 1,000, and a general seating on the main floor of 1,700 more.

The talk is there will be no main stairs but just ramps. There is to be a library in one corner.

There is to be a meeting of the brass collars Saturday morning, just a few minutes after I drop this notice in the mail box.

Foot Washing Project.

For the new proposed Community Building, there has been voiced considerable objection to their making a basketball floor, for if they do, many fear the people will all have to remove their shoes before entering, and if it were a hot stuffy evening, that situation might not be so good.

That is the rule held to at the N. L. high school; that is the shoe removing rule. That might be a good idea after all. It seems to me I remember some story in the Bible how everyone removed their shoes and washed their feet on certain occasions. I did not suppose they played basketball in Bible days, but the washing of the feet might be good for many of us and it might be a way to start a habit with some.

Without doubt there is some such noble motive back of the bosses of the high school basketball floor; that is some religious creed or the principal of getting folks to wash their feet oftener, but there are such a few people who ever enter the high school gym, that a great lot of good is not accomplished like it would be at the community hall.

Of course there is another point to be considered. If there is a basketball floor and the shoe removing edict is passed, and then the foot washing too, that would eliminate me from attending most of the time. I wash my feet on Friday nights, unless it is busy season when I sometimes put the ordeal off until Saturday. Other folks may have some other night for this job and it would work out all right for a general rule.

I am a little like I heard some of the N. L. high school students say. They expressed themselves that they would rather have a floor made of bridge planks and then they would not have to save it for basketball alone that is they could be able to walk right out on it, shoes and all.

Why Live.

Rube McCune saw me the other day and thanked me for the kind things I said about him and his nice team he drove through the street one day. That was surely welcome unction to my ears after some of the ribbings I get now and then for other things said, that are never intend ed to cause the agony some people resort to.

Rube offered me a cigar but I refused and he suggested a glass of beer and then this reminded me of a story a Jew told me once on the train.

The story was that the man was sick, and fearing he would not live, went to the doctor. The doctor felt his pulse and thumped the patient a few places and then looked over his glasses and asked if he ever smoked.

The patient replied, "No, no, I never smoke." Then the do ctor shook his head and asked the patient if he ever drank liquor. Again the reply was, "No, no, I never took a drink in my life." The doctor was slightly buffaloed by now and asked his patient if he ever took a fling with the wilder sort of women. This shocked the patient something terrible and he again answered, "No, no. I never do anything like that."

The doctor studied the sick fellow a few seconds longer and then asked him, "If you never resort to any of those things, why do you want to live?"

Short Shavings.

At the sale the other day Clarence Bresley told the story of a man in Loup City (I think it was in Loup City) who went into the bank this spring, and wanted to borrow ten dollars.

The man was quite well to do, so the banker was glad to make the loan. "How long do you want it for?" he asked.

"Oh not long," the borrower replied. "Just until the frost goes out of the ground."

Dick said to me the other day, "Dad, do you suppose when Steve Grohosky's boy (of Scotia) was small he said to him, "Son Grow husky?"

Art Hutchins, manager of the N. L. cheese factory said to me the other day, "All of our factory is run by electric motors, and those motors get the current from the same wires that Ord did, and there never was an outage that has caused any delay in our work. I can't understand why they were troubled so much at Ord and we weren't here."

Ira (Dutch) Manchester is starting something in the room formerly used for a bakery. No one yet knows for sure what he is going to start and he will not tell. Anyway he has cleaned up the walls and painted the ceilings and that looks like he meant business. Now this is a scoop and no foolin'.

April 13, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Gone Away a While
Short Shavings
Cook's Column Yum
More Short Shavings

Gone Away a While.

Probably there is not a man in this section of the state who is better known than was N. C. (Chris) Madsen, the village blacksmith of N. L., who died last week.

For thirty-six years he kept shop at the same stand. His son Paul has learned the welding trade and for more than twenty years has worked with his father, the two making an ideal combination.

Born and having learned his trade in Denmark, Mr. Madsen came to America in 1884. He worked in Omaha for ten years and for a cattle company at Ames for seven, then moving to North Loup. Although he had his peculiarities, everyone admitted he was an unusually good blacksmith.

Stopping at his shop during the busy spring season one would always have to wait his turn to get repairs done as there would sure be from one to a dozen waiting. Scanning the crowd you might see men from far north and east of Horace, from the Dannevirke and Cotesfield sections, from Fish Creek and east of Scotia, from far out Mira Valley and Davis Creek, from farms north of North Loup that would be well into Ord territory.

Although Chris might get impatient at times at someone who would try to hurry him when he had plow shares all over the shop to be sharpened, he made it a point to always attempt to keep the farmers' machinery moving, and were the order really a rush one, the farmer seldom had to wait long. If a customer said he would be back at a certain time for his work, Chris would be pretty sure to have the work done.

He was loyal to his country and especially to his town, and he was likewise loyal to his friends (of which I always considered myself one) and if he thought they were fair with him, he always returned the favor. Many of us will miss Mr. Madsen (as my father insisted I call him, or Chris as most people know him) as much as we would any man in the country.

Short Shavings.

The city of Ord can well be proud of the new library building now nearing the completion stage. Many towns much bigger than Ord do not have as good.

Bud Beebee of N. L., worked some time ago at Powell, Mont., and was acquainted with the Tarzan man there who was shot. Bud was better acquainted with the young banker who shot the berserk mountaineer and Bud and this young banker went fishing once together.

Eddie Davis has been a constant subscriber to the N. L. Loyalist for fifty-two years; has been a subscriber ever since it was established in 1887. He says when it was started the businessmen of N. L., guaranteed each a number of subscribers and Eddie was on Will Gowen's list. Mr. Davis also says he thinks times were good in the 90's compared with now and he does not think people spend any more time running around the country now than then. He says now they go farther but they went so slowly in those days that he does not think any more time is put in on the road.

Floyd Wetzel was over trying to buy a horse of me. He offered within ten dollars of what I was asking. He explained it this way. "Just write one more piece for the Quiz and you'll have the money."

Cooks Column Yum.

Merle Davis makes doughnuts of a little extra quality and here is her recipe as was given to her years ago by Flo Thorngate, who was one of the best cooks in the country:

2 cups of sugar, sifted.
4 eggs.
1 cup of cream.
1 cup of sour milk.
One-fourth teaspoon salt.
One-fourth tsp. nutmeg, grated
6 cups flour.
2 tsp. baking powder.

Fry in two pounds of lard to which has been added a little salt and one tablespoon vinegar. When lard smokes fry the doughnuts until brown. Roll in sugar while warm. This makes about 4 dozen.

More Short Shavings.

The road running north from Scotia to the graveyard has been graded lately and a lucky thing it was too. For some reason it had ridged in washboard fashion until a person being carted to his happy hunting ground, were he not yet quite dead, surely would be by the time he reached the top, or were he for sure over the brink, might be brought back to suffer longer.

Road experts and engineers have never been able to give a satisfactory explanation as to why roads wear into washboard fashion like this. Some say the road graders do it, but road men claim that cannot possibly be for the blades of the drags pull catawampus to the road and the ridges.

One man said he believed the pull of the wheels of the cars are not a steady pull, the power coming from the engines like the exhaust puffs and consequently the little ridges are started and then wear deeper as more travel is applied.

Whatever the cause, when a road gets as bad as the one leading to the cemetery on the hill, the person taking the tour surely is brought to wonder if he is really dead or alive.

Vere Leonard called the rain last week a million dollar one but I thought him a little high. I estimated it to be about a \$500,000 rain and Frank Schudel was more conservative yet. He thought that \$300,000 would be nearer right. The way the wind blew the following days I'm not sure but Frank's figure should be bushed a little more.

Delbert Hile, who stops to buy our eggs, knocked the other day and when the door opened he said, "How-de-do Mrs. Gowen." Then he grabbed his hat quickly and stammered, "I mean, ah, ah, Miss Gowen."

April 19, 1939

The Ord Quiz

**A FEW THINGS
TO THINK ABOUT!**

Written by George Gowen

Blue Grass
Language of Flowers
We Will All Go
Short Shavings

Blue Grass.

In Bartz' store the other day Eddie Whelan was telling of his experiences in trying to grow a lawn. I told him that my wife read in a magazine how to grow a lawn and I followed the instructions and

had good luck last year. Eddie turned to me and said, "look that piece up and send it to me, won't you?"

My wife and I hunted through a year or more of the Poultry Tribune where she thought she saw the article but we were unable to find it. Never-the-less, she remembered most of what it said and here it is.

Blue grass may be planted successfully in the spring or fall. The ground should be fertilized with fine manure (not hay), spaded or plowed deep and then raked smooth and the seed should be sowed thick on the surface, barely covered and then sprinkled. A roller run over the soft dirt might help although not necessary.

The secret of blue grass is to keep it wet. Keep the sprinkler going all the time except during rainstorms. As soon as the rain is over start the sprinkler again. Forget it now and then and let it run all night. In the east, called the blue grass country, it rains much more than here. Ed His h, of Illinois, was telling me last fall he had bluegrass pasture three feet high.

Another secret is not to mow the lawn too short or too often and leave the clippings on the ground for mulch. Do not allow the chickens to pasture the lawn as they will kill it. Also the lawn can be easily killed by too often tramping on it.

A thick stand of blue grass will choke out the dandelions. On the river where the blue grass is not pastured too heavy there are no dandelions.

I had a few patches of bluegrass near the trees where I poured water and near the hydrant. I bought a sack of seed and proceeded to spade up the lawn, spading all the killed out patches, and leaving the good. Each day I turned over another patch, raked it and seeded it before I left, and then set the sprinkler going. By fall I had a good lawn. I found it a good idea to leave the spade and rake handy for occasionally my wife would turn over a square rod or two and had not the tools been convenient I fear she never would have gone after them.

Language of Flowers.

At the S. D. B. church social Mrs. Rolla Babcock gave us the following verse and we were to fill in the blanks with names of flowers.

_____ called on _____
 She blushed a rosy _____
 And when he _____ to be his
 Sat down to sigh or think.
 But when he asked her _____ dear
 He said it would disgrace him
 And 'less he left by _____
 The _____ surely chase him.
 The answers will be found at the end.

We Will All Go.

The fire at Will Schudel's gave some of the wiseacres many things to think about. Here in America at the slightest prospect of destruction, the whole countryside turns out to help save the property. In China and Spain, and perhaps in other countries soon, the big thought is destruction, and all sorts of money spent and effort put forth to blow up and burn up all structures. Ord merchants may expect a call some of these times to help put out a farm fire.

Short Shavings.

Helen Madsen was around collecting some of her father's accounts and she said one man told her he had become so hard up that he had not had a plow lay sharpened for five years. Helen said there was something about the dry weather, she guessed, that plow lays do not need sharpening so often.

I told her she was wrong. In place of getting the lays sharpened the farmers just buy more black-snakes.

At Schudel's fire Claud Thomas said that there was the first time he ever saw a Methodist preacher dancing.

It happened there were rats under the fodder that was afire and they were being smoked out. One of these rats, in desperation started to climb up Rev. Birmingham's pants leg. Claud said the preacher was really dancing for a minute.

My daughter learned in her domestic science class that the way to wash glass fruit jars is to clean them, then rinse them in cold water and stand them upside down. That way they will dry clear.

Also my wife learned from a friend that the way to clean the sink is to use the scratcher in place of a rag.

Laura Jean Nelson, of Scotia, a senior, won superior rating in the dramatic contest in her school, then the same honors in the subdistrict contest held in Scotia, then the same honors again at the district contest at Gothenburg, and from there went to the state meet at Columbus and won again superior rating there, being one of the two Winners. Her reading was entitled "Mary Stewart."

From this contest she should go to the Tri-State contest at Chicago, and should she win there would be entitled to go to a similar meet at Hollywood. But the sad part of it is, as yet, she has not decided to go. Even at that, she is outstanding in this art, and has won honors not coming to every child.

The Farm Journal and The Farmers Wife magazines are soon to be combined.

Answers: 1, Sweet William; 2, Margarete; 3, Pink; 4, Aster; 5, Poppy; 6, Four o'clock; 7, dogwood.

April 26, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Shelter Belt

Character Training

The Finis

The Shelter Belt.

Repeating my wife's report of the Inter-County Federation of Women's clubs that met at Arcadia last week, the most outstanding part of the program, she thought, was a talk given by a representative of the shelter belt office in Loup City.

As she understood it, they plan to plant 5,000 miles (of rows) of trees this spring and they now have them nearly half planted. They are also taking a few school house grounds to plant trees in.

The plats to be planted, as she understood, are taken in not less than half mile lengths and almost seven rods wide. There are ten rows of trees in each strip and the rows are ten feet apart. The idea of planting these trees is for protection against winds and with a shorter strip than one half mile, the wind would whip around the ends until the value of the shelter would not be worth the cost. These strips of trees are planted on the west and north sides of farms because the prevailing winds are from, those directions.

The first row of trees, starting at the north side, is a row of brush to break the wind low down. Plums, chokecherries and Russian olives are used here. The latter is planted more in low places for this tree does not do so well in higher land.

The second row is a conifer and usually a cedar. A few jack pines and spruce are used, but cedars mostly. The next few rows are the intermediate rows and here are planted trees that do not grow too high, such as the Chinese elm, ash, honey locust, American elm, etc.

The next rows are the dominant trees, the higher ones like the cottonwoods. In front of these again are planted more intermediate trees.

The farmer must furnish the land and plow it. He must furnish the material for the fence and agree to keep the livestock away from the trees. He must agree to cultivate the trees. With WPA labor the shelterbelt people furnish the trees and plant them. They also reset the trees that die, and build the fence. It has been estimated that the plan is about a fifty-fifty proposition.

The trees belong to the land owner and he may eventually cut them for fuel or timber or fencing. The farmer may use them as he would his own woodlot with the exception that he cannot sell them, that is he cannot pull them up the next day and sell them for nursery stock.

Character Training.

Another interesting part of the program was given under the direction of Mrs. Butts of Burwell when she explained the courtesy and good sportsmanship campaign that is being conducted in that city. The dramatization was of a meeting of the judges.

The observation for winners is carried on for two weeks. Five judges are selected from various organizations of town and each judge presents two names, one for each division, who they consider outstanding. After each judge has presented his candidate, a discussion follows and they make the choice.

Then a short note of award is sent to the one selected informing him or her of the decision and a dollar bill is enclosed with the note. A minimum amount of publicity is given for no one likes to be picked out and held up too high as a winner in this position, but still a person might like a notice in a small way, of the good things he does.

A few of the winners of the past might be interesting. One man's wife was in the hospital, sick unto death. All day folks about town were asking the harried man about his wife, but every one, the last and the first, the most important and the most ragged urchin, were given the same polite answer. This man won in that week for courtesy.

Another instance where an award was split was where two boys were competing for the same first honor in a dramatic contest and both boys helped and criticized each other in the training that the other might come nearer winning.

Another lad won a sportsmanship dollar because at a game of marbles he gave his place to a little fellow who could not squeeze into the ring by himself.

A dollar was found by a small girl on the sidewalk. She went into the house close by and asked the lady if she had lost it. The lady had not so the little girl inquired further and finally after asking a number of people, she found a woman had sent her little boy with the dollar for groceries and he lost it. By returning the dollar the girl won the prize of a dollar for sportsmanship.

Another boy earned a dime and wanted to go to the show but would not because the one dime would not take him and his buddy too. That act of politeness won him a dollar. One clerk in a store won a dollar on general principles, because of her courtesy.

Frequently, Mrs. Butts said, it is difficult to tell whether the act mentioned would fall in the courtesy or the politeness class.

It might be interesting to know that Mrs. G. A. Butts is the state chairman of the Department of Education of the Nebraska Federation of Women's clubs. She is a splendid speaker and a writer of no small ability.

The Finis.

Besides these two talks, Mrs. Zanger was president presiding in creditable manner. There were bits of drama and plays, and the North Loup women's chorus sang a couple of times, everyone admitting this music was fine and that their leader, Mrs. Kenneth Kauer, is one of the most talented women in this section of the state. Mrs. J. A. Barber won most of the prizes in the literary contest, and that would make that lady happy for writing has long been a hobby of hers.

May 3, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Lest We Forget
One Crop, No Over-production

Lest We Forget.

And let us not forget to write our representative in Washington to do everything in his power to keep us out of War. Lest we forget, lest we become excited over propaganda that must precede every war in this country, we might turn back the leaf and remind ourselves of the futility of all this war business.

In the past, there has been no good reason for most of the wars. In the great majority of cases, wars were instigated and brought about by one or a few men who wanted to make themselves "more" immortal. Many think that was the reason Wilson urged us into the last conflict. Surely the sinking of the few ships by the Germans was not cause enough for the sacrifice.

No one knows yet the why of the last World war, only that one man, the Kaiser, wanted to do something. He did and he got whipped. We all know why Napoleon, Alexander, The Emperor of Japan, Hitler, Mussolini and others want war. To glorify themselves of course. There is no other principle to it.

There are a few other reasons, and that is of business. It was proven beyond doubt that munition manufacturers made immense fortunes during war times, and it was proven that some of these men sold to both armies, furnishing both with ammunition to kill each other off. Not only munition works, but hundreds of other industries, wax rich from government money to conduct a war. This is one more reason for the propaganda for war that seems to some, is started right today in our land.

But who does the fighting, who gets killed, maimed, blinded, gassed, crippled? It is the poor devil who holds no grudge against the foreigner except in that he is schooled to it by propaganda. Thinking of the Germans and the terrible things said of them during the last war, one seems silly to think that he even believed in that. I see and talk with Rudolf and Will Plate, with Frank Lethenthal, with Otto Bartz, men who were born in Germany, or their folks were, and it haunts one to think of going out with the sole purpose to shoot down such fine men.

But the killing of one another is not all of it. The destruction of property that has taken sweat and tax money of centuries to build up is too ridiculous for somber thought and let us be reminded of the terrible time we had getting funds to build our small irrigation canals, but this whole system might be destroyed in a day's time during war, and the amount of money spent on it would be only a pittance when compared to the cost of war.

After it is all over and we have won, we discover we have actually lost. Statisticians have figured that there never was a war where the profits paid for the cost. Experts say that never can Japan get enough spoils from China to pay the costs of the war they are conducting.

More than all this there are always depressions following wars that usually wipe out all the profits the small man may make during a war. There are bonds to pay, pensions to pay, and the general mopping up and straightening out of the debris that makes the cost of an irrigation project like ours look like pin money, comparatively.

Some few nations have been lucky or smart enough to stay out of war for long periods. The Scandinavian countries are three of these. True, they are not on the highways, like France but still

they might be worth taking. But more than that, they have striven for many years to keep out of fights in place of getting in, knowing well that a few insults might be better than many more during war.

Yes, lets write our congressman today.

To let the war go on its way.

One Crop, No Over-production.

There is one crop that may be grown in this valley under irrigation that there is no over production of and that is beets. In the continental United States we produce less than one-third of the sugar consumed. And still, in this new irrigation districts, our government and president are holding up the quota, to limit production here, that more sugar can be produced in Cuba, Equadore, Brazil and other countries.

Under irrigation, sugar beets are a fine crop. It is a cash crop; it gives employment to many people; hail does not damage the plants beyond recovery; the beet tops are a valuable feed. Every encouragement should be given to bigger production of this plant up to and until the consumption and demand of our own people are satisfied.

In a measure we are responsible for the welfare of the Cubans. In a measure we are responsible for the welfare of the Africans, the Eskimos, the Chinese; but until the world gets a different slant on life than it has now, we will have to act and get along with the old theory of existence; that is, to look out for ourselves first, for no one else will do it if we don't.

However, looking at it from a little different angle, I knew a man who lived in Porto Rico for a few years. He told me the people there were desperately poor, working only part of the year in the sugar cane plantations for a few cents a day. He said it was almost a hopeless situation for those people for the plantations were all owned by rich industrialists of U. S. and Wall Street, and the main object of these owners was profits and dividends and not the welfare of the common people of those countries.

So by limiting the production of beets in this country, we are only helping those wealthy men of Wall Street and not the poor people of Cuba.

In this valley there would be many more acres planted to beets if there could be contracts procured. Also in the middle Loup, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and other places, there are farmers who would like to grow this crop. But in place of an increased acreage this year there has been a scaling down.

When we write to our congressman, as Hank suggests, to keep us out of war, let us mention also this fact, that he should vote to override the President's objection, as Norris suggests too, and pass the Ellander bill which would permit the sugar beet growers to increase the acreage by 200 thousand acres.

May 10, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A New Order
May Time
Cook's Column Yum
Short Shavings

A New Order.

There are now no less than four trucks travelling our road picking up and buying cream, milk and poultry. One carries mash, grit and other poultry foods for sale. One will deliver your groceries as an added accommodation. It is a new order of things that we are coming to, it looks like.

The merchants of Scotia and perhaps other towns too, are not happy about the situation that has been forced on the country. It is a well known fact that the creameries have before been a main drawing card for merchants, to bring people to town, that is, to deliver their produce and while there, to buy their provisions. Now it turns out that the checks are delivered at the door and it has been found these checks are cashed in many other places than where the checks originated. The cheese factory at N. L. has run trucks for years and has discovered that their factory, outside the local help employed, did not materially help the trade of the other merchants of the city.

Three of these routes coming up my road, are operated by co-operatives, that is, so-called co-ops. These routes overlap into each other's territory, even the Ord route infringing on the Scotia route or vice versa and the operators are using all the fine Queen's English possible to win a customer. In the egg business, two of them guarantee thirteen cents a dozen and give the seller the benefit of the grade if the eggs go over. One even pays the 13c when they take the eggs at the door, the other returning the check the next trip.

There has been complaint of the fact that it is foolish for the co-ops to fight each other this way. The co-ops were established for the benefit of the farmers, to divide the profits and hold in line the big creameries, whom it was thought at one time, profited too much. It is alleged that this scheme of the co-ops fighting each other is just what the corporate creameries are wanting, and when, after the co-ops have fought and broke each other, the corporate creameries will have the field again.

Another point was brought out at the Ladies club in Riverdale last week. These women agreed that in the end and eventually, the farmer or producer always paid the bill, and he would pay for this trucking service too. They thought we were getting along all right before, taking our produce to town and we have to go to town anyway. This will just be one more cost to deduct from the 18c cream and 13c eggs.

We wonder what is coming next. We wonder when the banks will start trucks to do their business; when the grocers will start a farm delivery service; when the churches will start routes to peddle their wares, administering them first hand.

May Time.

Little Beverly Brown, daughter of Gene Brown did not want to go to bed Monday night for she hoped someone would hang her a May basket. Her mother tried to persuade her that it was most unlikely anyone would go that far off the road, back in the hills to hang them a May basket, but the child would not retire, wanting so badly for someone to hang her one.

Her fond hope was fulfilled however, for soon some cars drove into the yard and the baskets were hung. The Social Committee of the local Ladies club had arranged for their social that month to have a May basket banging, stopping at every house in the community, taking everyone along, finally ending at Vern Thomas' for a short party and lunch. It was a profound secret from everyone except the committee, Vernon Thomas' and Alfred Christensen's.

Cook's Column Yum.

This is a recipe of a sour cream spice cake that my wife has had and made for years, the conclusion being drawn that it must be O. K. or she would have discontinued it.

3 eggs, 1 1/2 c. sour cream, 1 c. sugar, 1 tsp. soda, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1/2 tsp. allspice, 2 cups of flour, 1 cup raisins, 1 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. cloves. Sift all dry ingredients together and bake about forty minutes in a moderate oven.

Short Shavings.

Ed Lee says with his small engine which runs the electric light plant, a gallon of tractor fuel will operate that engine an hour longer than gasoline and a gallon of kerosene will operate it an hour longer than the tractor fuel.

Eddie Davis has, in the last few years, nearly lost his eye sight and although this is tragic in many ways, still it is a blessing in another. He is not able to see the new style women's hats.

In the May number of the Good Housekeeping on page 127, there is a picture very like that of Eva Mulligan. Also on page 15 of the May 6 Nebraska Farmer is a picture the likeness of Ed Christensen with an oil station cap on. Better hold the paper a little edge ways for the best results. Good for Ed. It is not all of us who can get our picture in a state paper.

May 17, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

For the Gardener
Short Shavings

For the Gardener.

Mrs. Sylvia Brannon told Mrs. Joe Fisher and she told Mrs. Gowen, that in as much as the Heavenly Blue Morning glory seeds are so slow in coming out of the ground, she (Mrs. Brannon) simply takes a file and cuts the shell of the seed until, she can see the white, and then when she plants the seeds they come up pronto.

Last fall Mrs. Fisher had some lettuce seed left that she had not planted, so she sowed it about her garden. Early this spring this lettuce came up and there has been enough to supply her table ever since.

Mrs. Fisher received from a seed house where she sent an order, a gift package of petunia seed called Blue Bees. Mrs. Fisher thinks they must be something especially nice and very different than any other petunia for she has been unable to find this kind of seed advertised in the catalogue of the house that sent her the present or any other catalogue.

One of the most beautiful plants that Mrs. Fisher has now is a Missouri Bluebell belonging to Mrs. Alfred Crandall. It blooms in clusters the buds, a delicate pink, but after they open a blue, so the cluster or combination is blue and pink. Mrs. Fisher gathered from what Mrs. Crandall said, these grow wild in Missouri.

Mrs. Crandall was so choice of this plant that she never would divide it for fear of killing it, but in transplanting it outdoors this spring, Mrs. Fisher accidentally did break off a clump. She transplanted this and it is growing nicely, so she hopes to have a plant for herself when she has to return the main one to Mrs. Crandall.

Joe Veleba does not plant his gladiolas until the first of June, he maintains that the later plants are out in the cooler weather, grow better blossoms. Joe has grown gladiolas and bulbs during all the dry years without irrigation.

Mrs. E. E. Davis has a Chinese elm tree that produces seeds and about the yard she had dozens of small seedlings coming up.

Mrs. Mills Hill read that with peonies, if one would pick off all the buds except one on each stem, the one would be a much nicer flower when it did bloom than all would be. She just tried it with one bush, and from that one she picked off 83 buds and still she had over 30 left.

The editor-and-chief of this column would appreciate it to know any other similar garden or flower experience to fill a paragraph like this occasionally. He cannot conceive of how a garden column could hurt anyone's feelings, and more than that, like Hank said of there being no fishermen in the penitentiary, neither are there apt to be any flower gardeners.

Short Shavings.

Sheriff Murphy of Greeley showed me a circular that he received advertising a bullet-proof vest to be worn by officials in quest of bad gunmen, but not by the gunmen.

It is a light weight and made of a color similar to police uniforms. It covers the entire body (not the arms or legs) and the groin. The advertisements said it was used in many of the leading cities now and it also showed demonstration pictures of a man with a vest on allowing another man standing 20 feet off to blaze away at him with a 44 pistol. The pictures looked interesting, but Sheriff Murphy and I decided we rather be the man shooting than the one shot at, in spite of the vest.

Art Hutchins, secretary of the cheese factory, says that the farmers arise now days about two hours later than five years ago. He hardly knows how to account for it, unless it is the use of tractors, which are less work to get ready for the field than a string of horses.

The reason he says, this is, that the milk haulers cannot get their milk to the factory until two hours later than formerly. It is not a point of how early they start or the length of the trip. If they leave too early, the milking will not be done and the hauler will have to wait. Art sights different farmers horsemen and tractor men, the former having their milking done early and the latter always being later, and still Art can't quite tell for sure if this is the actual cause or not. He is just sure that the milk is about two hours later in getting to the factory.

C. A. Campbell, Building and Loan examiner, who has been in Ord and N. L. the last week, told of stopping in a small town on the Lincoln Highway not long ago and finding everyone there on relief. He stopped at a store for a drink and fell to talking with the owner, who told Mr. Campbell this startling news.

"You don't mean to tell me you are on relief too," Mr. Campbell said.

"Yes," the man said. "I am on relief too. There are eighty-eight families in this community and sixty-four are on relief. The most of the money I get is relief money and we few who are not getting direct relief, would have to close up and move away if it were not for getting it indirectly, so consequently I am on relief too."

That short-short story, Traffic Laws, printed in two different issues of the Quiz, must have been a good one or they would not have repeated it. It is a sure thing it was better than one I sent off a few years ago that I thought was pretty hot, but the editors wouldn't even print it the first time.

And saying these good things over and over is all right in other ways too. At a recent commencement exercise in a nearby town, the speech given by the valedictorian was identically the same as was given by the valedictorian five or more years ago. This speech was furnished by the superintendent who sent off to the mail order house for it, or at least, it was alleged that he did.

Horace Davis, in giving the commencement address at N. L. last week, it is reported, did very well, interspersing through his advice to the graduates, bits of humor, and in the end everyone proclaimed it to be a fine talk.

He said to the class, among other things, "Never brag. I never saw a person yet who bragged a lot but what would lie a little. I never in my life got into any trouble but what I could lay it to bragging."

Si Johansen of Scotia is a brother-in-law to Prof. W. H. Norton, who gave the commencement address at Scotia last week. Si is a bit of a philosopher and thinker, and when the professor arose to make his speech, he said, "There is one special reason why I am delighted to make this talk tonight. I have a brother-in-law in the audience and this is one time I expect to even up by doing my share of the talking."

His talk was of a more serious nature, and one of the things he said was that the rural school population had dropped off in the last twenty years, nearly forty per cent. One person referred to this as crop control, that is, the one crop that has always been said of as never failing, is now for sure failing.

May 24, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Poultry Column

Good Samaritan

Short Shavings

Poultry Column.

Adolph Hellwege is one of the best chicken men in this section of the country, keeping a big flock of hens and making them pay and he told me that he beds his chicks with dirt. He goes to a field and gets clean dirt, that is, dirt where no chickens have run over or where there has been no manure spread, and he uses it in place of straw or peat moss. He and his wife say the chickens do fine for them on it.

John Guggenmos who lived north of Hellwege and keeps a great flock of chickens, and bought a small farm with the profits from them, maintains that dirt is the best floor for the chicken coop for the older hens. They moved some of the coops from Taylor and erected one of them on an old cement floor. Part of the new coop was on the floor and part of it was on dirt. The chickens would shy off the cement, until John took the sledge hammer and knocked out the floor, letting the chicken's feet touch mother earth.

A Mr. Niles, poultryman for the Loup City Hatchery and poultry plant there, urged that I build a baled straw hen coop. Last year and a few years before that he was some sort of a poultry agent in northern Minnesota and he said many men there build hen coops of baled straw and put heaters in them, these coops being very successful for about two years. In other words they lasted until the lice got bad, which were almost impossible to clean out of a straw coop.

He said there was a little danger of fire, but none he knew of burned, except where the owner wanted to get rid of them. In that case he took out the windows and doors and burned them down.

The instructions that came with the baby chicks that I bought this spring was to feed them a dose of epsom salts, a spoonful to a quart of water on the sixth day, whether they appeared to need the potion or not. Be sure the chickens get a good drink is all that is necessary.

There is a big difference in the chicks and a few cents at the hatchery will be easily made up later, between good grade chickens and a poorer grade.

One man who didn't want his name mentioned sent off and purchased some bargain chicks last year. They were a little younger than his other chicks (they were all Leghorns) so this entire bunch was kept in a separate coop. These hens never did grow large and the eggs from this coop were all small eggs, mostly grading seconds. His bargain was not so hot in the end.

On the other hand, the egg buyer told me that the eggs that Fred Christensen, of Arcadia, sent in from his Leghorns graded more specials and first that their purchases from flocks of bigger breeds and Fred has about a thousand White Leghorn hens about his place.

Good Samaritan.

This is a little news let out last week, not for publication either, and it all can be verified for truthfulness if one is interested. Here it is: A small town in this section of the state, served by one of our railroads, found that they did not have money enough on hand to open their school in September.

After much juggling of grey matter by the school board a representative went to the railroad officials, telling them the plight of the school and asked if the railroad could not pay some taxes in advance to help the cause along.

This railroad fulfilled this request to the tune of something like \$35,000 (I am not sure of the amount) and the school was opened on time.

Short Shavings.

E. J. Babcock, jr., engineer for the federal government and whose office is in the state house says that the nicest lawn he ever saw is around the state capitol building. He said that from the first of July to the middle of August they plan not to mow it at all and when they do mow it they never mow it close.

I asked him about the water and he said they water it all the time. We must remember too that Lincoln is in a section where it rains more than it does here.

Jacob Jensen, living south of Horace has Rainbow hogs. I can not remember just the order he has bred his hogs but the first year he had purebred Hamp sows and he crossed them with a boar of a different breed. He keeps the gilts each year and each year gets a boar of a different breed than he has had before, until the result is what his wife calls Rainbow hogs. Yoc was a little proud of these hogs for he says they have constantly got better quality hogs and he says he intends to keep on with his crossbreeding scheme until they run out if they ever do.

And for the fellow who likes good horses, a person should stop and look around Yoc's place a few minutes. I have heard it said by many men, and I agree, that there is not a place in the country with so many good horses as there. At the last count he has eight little colts, everyone a popper from the Sire stallion, which has been pronounced to be the best horse in the state. Just whether he is the best or not is, of course, a matter of choice, but without question he is plenty good.

In my daughter's English examination, she was given the following sentence to place the right verb. "Three fourths of the cake (was were) eaten. Which should you use." Was goes with a singular subject and three fourths of a cake would surely not be plural. That was the way she reasoned, scratching out the word were, and she was marked wrong.

May 31, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Like the Ocean
Few Screwy Things
Short Shavings
Not Very Far Away

Like the Ocean.

As noble as the intentions are of those in charge of feeding poison to the grasshoppers and thus eliminating the pest from our midst, many of us feel there will have to be some other method enacted before much headway can be accomplished with this task.

Taking my own case for example. I have over 300 acres of pasture and at one time last year this entire pasture was alive with grasshoppers. North and east of my place there are more thousands of acres of pasture and there are more thousands of acres of waste land in every direction. Should I even attempt to poison the grasshoppers on my place it would be like trying to sweep the ocean back. I might spend my whole time at this one task, and then get nowhere.

For people with small tracts, such as beets and gardens, spread-poison may do some good. There is much difference in opinion on that point however, but probably where the poison has been ineffective, it was more than likely was not spread properly.

One might say of this paragraph, that the author finds fault with the methods now used but offers no solution. Perhaps that is true, but it is more true that poisoning does not do the trick. Some people think that birds and especially the pheasant should be more numerous. It is a known fact that about farmyards where there are hens, there are not many grasshoppers. Birds and pheasants are natural enemies of the grasshopper. They work for us all the time and board themselves. Many men posted their places last year against hunters for the sole reason that they rather have the pheasant than the grasshopper.

And there we are. One branch of the government spends money to eliminate the grasshopper pest; another branch opens the season and allows men from all over the state to come in and bang off the one natural enemy of the pest.

A Few Screwy Things.

And this just brings up the subject of our government, under the present regime, and although we will admit we have the best system in the world and the best people and the best land, still, along a few minor lines there are things that are terribly screwy.

One branch of the government spends money to kill grasshoppers, another kills the natural enemy of the grasshopper.

One branch of the government (the labor branch) advocates shorter hours and more pay, thereby giving more men work, while the Post Office department consolidates their mail routes, giving one man a more bountiful job, leaving another to go on relief.

One branch of the government provides funds to build irrigation plants, to enable more men to raise more beets and another branch limits the growth of these same beets, that men in foreign countries may prosper.

One branch of the government worries over the plight of the farmer, and another branch (the navy) buys beef of a foreign country, thereby depressing the beef market of the farmers at home, and it

We all know that old yarn, and then Art was reminded of a man he knew who in his younger days was far from being the Heavenly speaking man that he might have been. At middle age he was converted and took up the ministry as a profession.

It happened that this man and his son John were confronted with the task one day of setting up a stove. They had a peck of trouble, the stove pipe not fitting as it generally does not do and it tumbling about on the floor, leaving nice little daubs of soot hither and yon. After a protracted effort, and this newly ordained minister and his son had just about completed the task, some little thing broke loose again and down came the stove pipe, throwing soot all over the two men.

"Dammit." the son John said, having gone about the limit of his endurance.

His father stopped, placed his hands on his hips and looked at the boy. After a minute he said, "Thank you, my lad, thank you."

Between the telephone companies of the two towns of N. L. and Ord there still seems to be a state of war. I cast no opinion whatever as to which company is the most to blame, or which is at fault in any way, but I do say that it is and the public will suffer most in the end.

This seems to be the ruckus now. The printer of the N. L. directory went to Ord the other day to get a list of the Ord telephone numbers and the company in Ord would not give them and said their book and numbers were copyrighted and the N. L. printer had no right to print them. Just why those numbers would not be given I did not find out but I was informed that in return the N. L. exchange will not give the Ord people their numbers.

This probably will not worry the Ord (or Central) telephone company materially, for they did not print the N. L. numbers last year.

It is thought and alleged by some people that the upshot and the origin of this nice little squabble is the fact that the Ord telephone company wants to charge toll between the towns and the N. L. company, by some arrangement or another, is able to keep them from it.

I, speaking the statements of a number of people of both Ord and N. L., sincerely hope both sets of numbers will be printed in both books and peace again will reign.

June 14, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Makes Suggestion
Fire and Brimstone
A New Service
Short Shavings

The Mayor Makes a Suggestion.

Mayor M. B. Cummins suggested, in regard to the ruckus between the telephone companies of Ord and North Loup, and in regard to the new directories that are about to be made, that if the advertisers in the two towns would just back up and refuse to advertise one penny's worth unless both list of numbers are included in both books, it might be possible for the squabble to cease.

For the public and especially the business men, to have these numbers missing from the directories, is a gross inconvenience. It is as much an inconvenience for the Ord numbers to be left out of the N. L. directories as with the N. L. numbers out of the Ord directory. It necessitates the asking for information every time a call is made between the two towns. In as much as the N. L. people do so much

business in Ord, the town of North Loup is more like a suburb and one person suggested perhaps an annexation might settle this and other difficulties.

Dr. McGinnis and the Mayor were discussing the telephone directory situation, interspersed with city affairs, when I happened along. Dr. McGinnis feared that an advertising boycott as the Mayor suggested would be too late as he had in mind that the advertising space had already been sold for this year, but he thought the idea a good one to remember for another time and the proposition should be passed around so the advertisers would be prepared.

We are all hoping they will bury the hatchet and no such thing will be necessary.

Fire and Brimstone.

My 10 year old son came to me the other day and asked me what the devil is. He had heard me and others speak of the devil, like "going to the devil," or "the devil in him" and my last remark was that a certain woman was a "she-devil."

I had not realized that I had been so free in the use of the word devil but I was more surprised that my ten year old son did not know who this man was. He is in the fifth grade in school and seldom is it that he misses a day in Sabbath school, and still with all this education, no one had informed him what the devil is.

He is well versed on who Jesus and God are, and many characters of the Bible, even better so in many cases than his Pa. But when I used to attend Bible school was taught that with my actions I would choose one or the other, God or the devil, and should I choose the latter course, the eventual outcome would be fire and brimstone and the devil himself, with horns and a tail and also a pitchfork to prod us back into the firey/*sic*] blast.

It seems to be a new system of teaching religion and perhaps it is for the best. I cannot see but the youngsters behave as well now days as when I was a young hellion knowing full well the devil was waiting for me and urging me on toward his everlasting punishment. I remember Art Babcock saying years ago that you cannot scare a boy into Heaven, and I believe he is right.

I have known several men who made brags that they were going to hell. They were calling the bluffs put out by the religious folks who were trying to scare them into good behavior. These men were not so bad either, as men go but it was not the reward of Heaven that was keeping them straight.

It occurs to some of us that a consciousness of honesty and goodness should be developed in children's minds and a will power that they will act on that consciousness. There should be a consciousness developed that they should do good works for goodness sake; should do good for the sake of others, striving always to help the other fellow along as well as yourself. The one scripture that seems to supercede all others, even better than the "do unto others as you'd be done by," is that one of Luke 17:33. "Whosoever shall seek to save his own soul shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for others shall save it."

A New Service.

The Nebraska State Bank has a picture machine that they use to photograph every check and transaction made in the bank. They take a picture of both sides of every check and draft that is run thru the bank, and also every statement, and then at a later date, should some deal arise of question, even if the check has been lost, this picture can be found and the proof given.

It is really a small movie. The photograph is made on a very small film and after the picture is taken, a white mat may be placed below the film, different lights turned on in the machine and off in the room, and the picture flashed on the screen. When these films are complete they are taken out, sent and developed, marked and filed away for future reference should the need arise.

It is just something new under the sun.

Short Shavings.

If one can learn the marks; you can tell by looking at the wrappers how old the bread is that you buy. One bakery puts little red marks across on the bottom of the wrapper. One mark is for Sunday, or one day, two for Monday, etc. Upon watching these marks we have found that we buy bread many

days old sometimes. A person can tell too, by the feel of the loaf. Another bakery has letters printed in an obscure place to indicate the day the bread was baked.

I heard a group of men talking the other day of the many rabbits and the destruction they are doing to the crops. The rabbits are especially destructive to the sugar beets, being very fond of the little plants as soon as the sugar begins to form.

Several complained that the cottontails were eating their gardens and flower gardens too. One man said that it was impossible for him to grow beans anymore because of the rabbits, and even people in town were complaining.

One or two of these same men were of the big pushers in promoting the coyote hunts last year, and coyotes are the natural enemies of the rabbit, but why bring that up?

June 28, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Why Scrap?
Smile Boys Smile
Short Shavings

Why Scrap

Many people can't help but think that someone will be the losers in this new order of cream and produce gathering that has recently been installed in our country. In the June NCCI News, a pamphlet published by the Neb. Coop. Creamery Inc., they print the following, in an article regarding truck operation:

"For one plant operating four trucks we have costs ranging per truck of 1.45 to 1.99 cents per pound of fat with an average of 1.65."

Whether this expense will come off the price of cream or reduce the profits of the creameries does not seem to matter for either way the farmers will pay it, the latter by less dividends in the case of coops. It seems to many that the scheme of delivering one's own cream would save that expense as most of us have to go to town anyway, frequently.

This is not quite all of it either. Speaking in regard to coops, where the profits are divided in the end, we cooperators are paying for much unneeded trucking. Up my road alone, and I think this is true in many places, four produce trucks pass twice a week, and three of these are from coops. One, or two at the outside, would surely be sufficient. All are bidding the limit and doing all they can to get from whom they take it.

The cheese factory trucks (and they pick up cream and other produce too if asked) circulate daily in every territory. Ord trucks dig deep in N. L. and other territory and so does the Scotia trucks and Loup City trucks. In the end, according to the Country Gent., these coops., fighting each other, are apt to break each other, and consequently the corporate creameries will be all that's left.

Nor is it with the trucks alone that they fight for business. In many places they stage cream wars and the prices soar to unreasonably high figures to break the other fellow. At the present time the price of cream in N. L., Scotia and Ord is 20c, and from good authority I learn that price is plenty high. These three towns cooperate quite well on the cream price. At Aradia the price was 22c, and Taylor was 23c last week. In Custer Co., it seems there is a continual price war.

The cheese factory (a coop. so-called) pays its checks every other Saturday morning. The accusation has been made, that on those Saturdays, certain coop creameries raise their price on cream for that day only, <?> embarrass the milk seller. This is a height of ridiculousness in a cooperative situations, all owned by farmers (supposedly) and dividing their profits in the end, should fight each other. There should be the same cooperation among these institutions as there apparently is among the corporate institutions.

These price wars are fine for the nonce for the farmer, but if by continuance they bankrupt a few good buying agencies and a few of our coops, leaving us again to the mercy of the corporative buyers, whom many thought in old days were not too fair, then and at that time we will wonder what we were thinking of, trotting our cream to other territories to profit from the other man's loss.

Smile Boys Smile.

Joel Birmingham wanted to visit some relatives in Beatrice and he was troubled <?> shorts when it came to buying the fare. He wanted to ride his bike through but his father would not consent to that, fearing he might get run down by a car on the highway.

His father had a trip to Lexington. Joel went along and got off at Kearney, planning to thumb his way to Beatrice if he could. A minister friend of Mr. B., told the boy a few of the secrets of catching rides.

The main one was to always smile when hailing a ride. Another help is to wear a school sweater with a letter on it. Some people will pick up a student when they will not anyone else.

Another pointer was to wave at the car driver as if you are an old friend, in place of jerking your thumb. This method seems to draw better luck, but the main thing is to smile.

Joel and his father picked out a nice shady spot for the boy to stand and Rev. B. went on about his work thinking he would come back later in the day and pick his son up if he was unsuccessful. Near there was another sourpuss looking fellow, rather uncouth, and probably needed a ride far more than Joel. That night when Rev. B. came back along, Mr. Sourpuss was still standing at his spot trying to get a ride, but Joel was gone. Very soon after his father left he got a ride to Lincoln and from there another straight to Beatrice, arriving before night.

Harold Schudel rode through to Idaho in quick time too, costing him almost nothing and he went across Wyoming too. He had a little help there, however, from a friend.

Wyoming is a bad state and most ride bummers try to avoid that state. It is against the law there to thumb for a ride and arrests are made there sometimes too.

There are men (and women too) who seem to make a business bumming rides, traveling all over the country, eating and smoking off anyone they can and laughing about it afterwards. Occasionally there is a crime too, but not often. It is because of this former class of moochers that makes it difficult for the student or poor devil to get a ride that would cost the giver nothing and in most cases he would be glad to accommodate.

Short Shavings.

Mrs. Otto Bartz rather fish than eat. This is no joke. That fact has been proved true.

She and Otto went fishing one Sunday. While at this task there, Anuel Frazier and a few others came along with their lunch baskets full. Not far off they spread their table and invited Otto and Edith to partake. There was fried chicken and ice cream and (mums the word) joy juice.

Otto accepted the invitation and joined the feast (all except the joy juice) but Edith would not leave the fishing. She said she could eat any day but she could only fish on Sunday and she would not budge from the bank. I asked her how many fish she caught during that meal time, but she would not tell. Probably so many, if she told me and I put it in the paper, people would think she was bragging.

The beaver seem to be on the increase. On the Bert Brown place in Riverdale a few beaver are working felling trees trying to dam the river and creeks. The beaver is a very destructive animal, especially in a country where our timber is prized as it is here. And there is another screwy thing. One branch of the government places a penalty on trapping these animals that cut our timber, and another branch of the government spends planting the timber.

July 5, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Danger Conscious
Play With Possums
A Secret as Yet
Worst Catastrophe

Danger Conscious.

I. J. Thelin tells me that I should mention sometime of the many farm accidents that occur. He says that many or most of the farm accidents should be and could be avoided if more caution and care were taken. It has been said by good authority that farm work is one of the most dangerous of all endeavors, and this is quite largely true because the farmer is not danger conscious.

All animals are dangerous, especially horses, bulls and even hogs. I knew a man once who kept a rooster that would attack people. He jumped on a child once and might have pecked his eyes out had help not come. All machinery is dangerous and there is no place where there is less protection offered than with farm machinery.

Mr. Thelin sights me to the campaign put on by the railroads to lessen the number of accidents. Men are put to work studying the safest methods to do every task and where ever there is an accident, the case is studied to find who was at fault, and in practically every accident, it is shown where it might have been avoided had proper caution and methods been used. With this campaign, railroad accidents have been reduced to a minimum. Mr. Thelin says that the railroad workers have become accident conscious, that is, their sub-conscious mind has been trained to be ever alert to save themselves from injury.

Mr. Thelin sights me also to the early days in this country when the land was infested with rattlesnakes, and still there were very few people bitten. They were not bitten because everyone was constantly alert to the danger and constantly watchful. Likewise, he says, with the railroaders, working at a dangerous task, and still these workers are so trained and so danger conscious that, comparatively there are few accidents.

Along with the many other schemes to spend money, the government or agriculture college might make a study of the best methods for the farmer to avoid catastrophes and accidents and institute a safety campaign such as the railroads have found so helpful.

Playing With Possums.

Si Kriewald, says he found a mama possum down at the river the other day, and this mama possum had a half dozen baby possums hanging in her pouch.

Si says the baby possums were about the size of mice and hung tenaciously to their mama as Si picked them all up and looked them over. Si says when the family goes to sleep they climb a tree and the mama possum twists her tail around a limb and they hang there throughout the night. Si let them go on their way unharmed.

Another story that Chas. Cress tells of some acquaintance of his is that he caught a possum and the animal played possum (dead). They tried in several ways to bring the possum awake, or for him to act awake, but with no avail. Finally they took it to the chopping block and cut the end of its tail off.

Even that did not awaken Mr. Possum so another chunk was chopped off and finally the tail was clear off but no luck. Then they took the ax and chopped the head off, and the person was sure all the time up until the last that the possum was alive and awake as could be.

A Secret as Yet.

Here is a little secret that I heard the other day when I was in Lincoln. Don't tell anyone I told you, but some people somewhere have been carrying on some experiments on salting cream and milk. It has been found that cream can be kept sweet for three weeks simply by salting.

The salt goes out with the buttermilk and more even has to be added for the proper amount in the butter. Milk too can be kept sweet by salting and the salt goes out in the skim milk when it is separated.

This experiment has not been given out yet for the amount of salt necessary has not been fully determined and fear that farmers would try salting their cream or milk when they did not understand it, but those experimenters have hopes that this discovery, is going to be a big thing for the dairy industry. We will surely hear more about it.

Our Worst Catastrophe

It seems to many of us that the grasshoppers are worse in some sections than in others. West of N. L. they appear to abound in greater millions than, perhaps, in other places. The small grain was taken long before the farmers had a chance to race the hoppers for it. They ate the potatoes and gardens and have thinned the corn stand long ago, too. Some of the farmers there have come to the conclusion that it is as hopeless to try to fight this enemy as it is to stop the wind that blows.

This grasshopper menace, it seems to many, is the worst catastrophe of anything that has happened yet—even worse than drouth, floods, or hail storms. Drouths or hail storms are usually only of a short duration but the grasshoppers go on forever.

I repeat, like I said a few weeks ago, something else must be done than simple poisoning by the farmers. Poisoning gets some of the insects, but even where the poison is spread and dead hoppers are found, still the ground will abound with the live ones. More than this there are great areas where there is no poison ever spread, and in land as vast as this it seems like a hopeless task.

Bud Beebee has rigged up a grasshopper catcher on the front of an old car, dousing the critters in oil solution as they hop into it. Bud harvests millions and bushels of these fellows for, they say, a dollar an hour. Perhaps a few dollars invested in a few of these rigs would give some relief men work, and this machine really does catch the bugs. No question.

Short Shavings.

Si Kriewald says that to make some of the best pancakes one ever slapped his lips over, gather some elderberry blossoms and put them in the batter. I have heard of many things made of elderberries, including elderberry wine, but never before have heard of elderberry pancakes. I am wondering if they have somewhat the same effect as elderberry wine.

Gus Wetzel caught a five pound catfish last Sunday morning before the waters of the river rose so turbulently. Gus says he had been fishing for fourteen years just for that fish.

Roswell Laverty, a nephew of Attorney Laverty, son of Jess Layerty and Mable Horr Laverty, old timers here, and a resident of Denver has been recently elected to the city council of that city. And that is not so bad for a boy who has been poor as a Nebraska farmer all his life. Yes, that is worth mentioning.

July 12, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

We'll All Be There

Short Shavings

We'll All Be There.

A most momentous decision is to be made at the township hall at eight o'clock July 20, and all loyal sons and daughters should be present, if not to vote, to hear the fireworks.

The issue at stake is whether the N. L. township shall vote a mill levy designed to produce \$1,200.00 or more to help build a new community hall out of the old one they now own and two other edifices that are to be razed also, one the old hotel and the other the community building.

As the set-up now is, the WPA will furnish the work and part of the material, and some people argue that the government has this money to give away and N. L. better get in and get their share before someone else does. Up to date N. L. has received very few of these gifts that have been passed out and some people feel slighted and think they should start grabbing even if they have to add another mill or more bonds to the now burdensome taxes to get it.

There are a few, perhaps a quite a few too, who feel that N. L. is getting along O. K. and do not want the added taxes levied. One of these is very oratorical and really lays it off to the rest of us right in meeting. Some feel that this proposed building will be a city benefit and the township should not have to pay. One man is so worked up that he threatened to boycott N. L. and go to Ord to trade. (Note: This will off-set some of the boycotting proposed against Ord lately).

All sorts of scandalous things have been said concerning this happy little ruckus now embroiling this quiet little country town of N. L. Some do not like the building plans presented. Everyone thinks of some added adjunct. The library wants a room and the Odd-fellows are getting a room for the one they now have leased of the township in the old hall. A museum is planned and the Popcorn Committee want space, and the Women's clubs (of which there are many here) want a hall, and of course there must be a dance floor and the last request, although this may not be yet under serious consideration, is that there be a swimming pool in the basement.

One man is all worked to a lather over getting irrigation ditches in town to water the gardens, and is bringing that into the community hall discussion, although some have failed as yet to quite get the connection between irrigating gardens and the community hall. After the meeting the other night, as I lay in bed, pondering over the different arguments presented, the happy thought occurred to me that perhaps this man planned to supply the swimming pool by running the irrigation ditch through the basement. And now this is my own suggestion for improvement. Should the speaker on the stage in the new community building be especially boresome, and seemed inclined not to cease his clatter, a trap door might be arranged and sprung at the psychological moment, quickly dropping him in the pool underneath.

There are other scandalous statements made also. It is said that some things have been done already, that are not according to statute and one man threatened (or it sounded like threatening to me) that if the whole business was not dropped pronto, the case would go at once to district court and then to the supreme court and then to Hitler's star chamber too I guess, and when the decision was handed down we'd all be sorry. He failed to mention who was going to put up the costs to get this

into district court, and I looked around the room, and I was not sure, if all taxes were paid, whether there was enough money represented in the meeting to get the case into that court.

Then the motion was made to adjourn sine die, and then they all proceeded to debate that motion and the chairman was promptly called to point of order for that motion is not debatable. That motion lost by one vote and the fireworks continued. Later they voted to adjourn until July 18 because there were such a few people there. Only one member of the town board was present and that body was the one that started this building business, so it was said.

The mere adjournment did not stop the debate. One man said that within four miles of N. L. there is a school where the teacher has not been paid yet. Another man said that in the N. L. city alone there are over \$10,000 unpaid taxes (one half of them), and these men, mostly landowners, were a little grumpy that people who paid no taxes were voting more taxes that cannot be paid.

One person said he was in favor of it because it seemed to him, so I interpreted, that N. L. was dying a slow and lingering death and he was not the one to kick it in the face. He was in favor of an injection in the arm, so to speak, such as this hall, and at least try to save our patient. Scotia, Ord and Kansas City were cited, and how many gifts they had received for parks and halls, libraries and postoffices, and what fine towns they were in spite of the indebtedness.

Well, it was a rare and glorious time we had there that evening, and even if it rains bullfrogs and mud turtles every mother's son and daughter should be present on Thursday night, July 20 to vote on this levy, one way or the other. Those who are talking court action should remember that defeating the proposition here would be lot, less expensive. And those who are in favor should remember that frequently these small elections are so close that one vote will change the whole thing. It is our business and we'll have to pay the fiddler, either in court costs or taxes, so we should all be there to say we did our part anyway, either in its defeat or its victory.

Short Shavings.

Glen Eglehoff lost four of his five milk cows the other day, they dying from eating sudan grass pasture. This sudan grass was planted in a canyon in the pasture and the cows had not discovered it before. One cow has not discovered it yet and she is alive. Orin Karre also lost a cow from sudan grass poisoning and he was suspicious there was a little cane in it, although he could not see where it was.

A new scheme of gardening is now in vogue and that is to set the chicken coop in the middle of the garden, the chickens to eat off the grasshoppers. This works quite well in many cases.

I was over town the other day and a young fellow abiding there has fifty little roosters that he is rearing as an agriculture school project. As I walked by his place I noticed him with a blacksnake, driving those roosters about the countryside.

That was a new one to me so I watched him a few minutes and soon discovered that he was herding these project roosters into his mother's garden so that they would feed on the grasshoppers there, but the sad part of it was these roosters had their crops bulging already from the steaks and were wanting to rest a while, the grasshoppers in the process of digestion were never missed from the trillions that were left.

In asking Irwin Thelin the price of a telegram he said, "forty eight cents for the telegram and two cents war tax."

July 19, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Short Shavings

Short Shavings.

Mable Lee, who was spending a few days at the home of Clyde Athey's says that their hired man, Richard Vasicek, was in the field and found one of those overgrown grasshoppers, one of those big fellows that can't fly but can surely eat, and Richard was so astonished and startled by the size of the insect that he wanted to rush at once to the house and show the family, but dared not leave the team to do it.

He was in a little quandary as to what to do with this grasshopper until night as he had no cage either into which to put him and Richard wanted to keep him alive too. So he took a piece of binder twine, tied it to the grasshopper putting on two half hitches (two h. h. will hold all hell you know) and then securely tethered his capture to the wagon wheel until eventide came around. Richard also said that the grasshopper objected quite a little to this treatment and when found to be anchored, kicked just like a mule. Be that as it may, Mr. Grasshopper was still on hand when night came.

North Loup needs another night or two in the week. In trying to have a meeting lately, one man found great difficulty. Four nights are already taken, that is, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday. Crowded into the remaining nights must come school board meetings, parties, town and township meetings, Pop Corn Days meetings, community meetings, et cetera without end. One rather popular man, one who is on most of these boards, is gone so much evenings, that his family hardly knows what he looks like.

Even those without deep religious convictions can garner some entertainment, besides no doubt considerable good, by attendance at church meetings.

Those who sat in my section a few weeks ago were slightly amused at the maneuvers of two ladies wearing big wide hats and who suddenly thought of some profound secret they must tell each other, a secret that couldn't possibly wait, and it had to be told with the lips of one lady close to the ear of the other. All I can say was that the message was given, and the answer returned in expert manner, too.

Besides killing grasshoppers, the grasshopper poison makes the most excellent fly poison. My wife takes a small pan of it and adds a sprinkling of molasses, then water for moistening and sets the dish where the flies assemble. It is the best fly killer we ever found. Each day on the step where the flies gather, we sweep up a scoop full of the pests.

Melvin Cornell, after watching me take a drink of water following a drink of root beer, said nine out of ten people do that very thing. They pay a nickel or a dime for a fancy cold drink, then drink a glass of water to take the taste out of their mouth.

Meeting a farmer the other day dressed in good summer white trousers and light shirt, Floyd Redlon wondered and asked the why of it; that is a farmer dressed so spiffy.

The farmer explained that poverty was the why of it. He had worn out all his overalls and had no money to buy more with, so to keep his nakedness covered and abide with the law, he was forced to wear his good clothes.

That seemed a good explanation although different than another man who Floyd met a few days before who said his good clothes had all worn out and consequently he could not go to church. Of course he couldn't go to church in overalls.

And then a third man entered the conversation and said he had really become poor. He said when a man gets so hard up he cannot buy new razor blades and has to yank out his whiskers with a dull one, that is poor, no question, and that is what happened to him.

In discussing the loss of a cow from eating sorghum, the wife said to her husband, in trying to appease the grief, "Everyone will lose once in a while, even at the best managed places. But we should always be careful for the less we lose, the more we profit."

"No," her husband replied. "You said that wrong. You should say instead, we should be careful for the less we lose the less we lose."

The Dead Man (so called) of the St. Paul rendering works, said that he has been getting a lot of cattle lately that have died from eating sorghums and red roots. Only a few mouthfuls will kill them. He has been getting a lot of hogs and also a quite a few horses, that have died from the heat. He says as yet he has got no horses that he was sure died from sleeping sickness. He said he had got a few horses that had been vaccinated for sleeping sickness, that is, the theory he had propounded, was that the horses were ailing when they were vaccinated and died pronto.

In the event that Prof. Kovanda wants an item or two to write about. I would like to suggest he explain how to kill out and eliminate Jasmine Vine that is rooted under the edge of the house. Another subject that worries many of us is the gray and black bug or beetle that has stripped out potato vines and other parts of the garden. How should we battle them? Thanks in advance.

This following incident of lawbreaking occurred in our quiet village, in the dark of the full moon, when everyone should have been sleeping the sleep of the just, but when everyone wasn't. I am allowed to give the incident but with the definite promise that I will reveal no names, either of the parties who committed the act, or of the person who lay awake that moonlight night and saw it committed.

Here it is. There is one of our better houses in the village that has been vacant for several months and during this vacancy, prowlers have repeatedly entered the house, grown folks as well as children, running the house over, up stairs and down and in the basement. Locked doors seemed to be of little value for they entered by prying screens and with skeleton keys. The landlord, living in another town, tiring of this goings-on, arranged and had installed some Yale and special locks, to keep the house from actually walking off in his absence.

And it happened one hot night, late after house lights about were doused, a car drove to the curb and stopped. Three people crawled out and went to the door, planning to go in. The skeleton key would not work and these three people worked at different entrances, impatiently but in vain. Finally they had a conference, glanced around again, then grabbed the rose trellis on the porch, ripped it off, took it to the car and drove away.

I have no reason not to believe this person who lay awake in a near by house and saw it all, and no reason to believe that she does not know the parties as she says she does.

There are other law violations continually committed in our town of which nothing has ever been done. We all know of them but do nothing to stop them. None of us want to get in these messes, so we sit back mum, not wishing to make everlasting enemies of our neighbors, neighbors who may be well to do.

It is very right that drunks and bogus check givers be chastised, but why stop at that? Our country has always been noted that the law is impartial, that it is for the protection of the weak against the strong, that the rich are persecuted as well as the poor. But are they? At least it seems not so often that it is common talk that if one has money he is relatively safe.

July 26, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Like Higher Taxes

The White Spot?

Save the Cows

Short Shavings

We Like High Taxes.

The people of this community are not afraid of high taxes. By a vote of 19 to 32, the township voted to levy enough more so that they can pay twelve hundred dollars toward a community hall for North Loup. This hall will be for nothing but entertainment, and nothing but what we have been getting along without, but still the majority was ample and the building we shall have.

All classes of people were present. Mostly the rural folks were of the 19 although there were a few who represented farms who voted for it. As a class there was a very poor turn-out. Many of the farmers who opposed the proposition the most bitterly, left their wives at home, and that wife at the meeting would have doubled his vote. There were a number of people who talked strongly against the proposition outside, but who were not present. Fourteen more people would not have been a difficult number had they been of the spirit to come and vote.

Perhaps these farmers do not care any more how high the taxes go; they do not expect to pay them again anyway. Some farmers do not worry anymore about high taxes for the loan companies pay them now days. It is a fact we are infected with a spending spree, and this disease is catching with local municipalities as with our federal government.

Some voted for it because the federal government will furnish a big percent of the money, as if the federal government is someone else besides ourselves and we will fleece them for all we can.

Some voted for it who are now on WPA and they want work closer to home.

Some voted for it because other towns have been getting grants for such things and they did not want to be out done. (I'd like to hear of a community that is trying to outdo the others in small spending and low taxes).

Some voted for it who pay no taxes; some voted for it who pay on a section or more of land.

Summing it all up, as I said at first, we are not afraid of more taxes, even if a great share of them for the past ten years remain unpaid, and even in the face of another drouth. The farmers are not worrying, or surely of the many in the district, more than 19 would have turned out to defeat this proposition. In fact, they must like the spending; they must like the administration; and they are not worrying about the pay off very greatly.

The White Spot?

Some of the folks who are still paying taxes, or trying to, are wondering to what extent the high taxes on real estate will put the country. Here in the so called White Spot, of the nation, the real estate and personal property has to carry practically all the burden, and in many instances, it is failing to do it.

In the N. L. township one man figured up and half the taxes are unpaid, and still in the face of a continuance of our ten year drouth, they vote another levy. One quarter of good land, sold a few years ago for cash, has now more than a thousand dollars taxes against it. The owner has not been able to make a living from the land those years to say nothing about paying the taxes. Joe Fisher says

that in Davis Creek there is a pasture with near \$2,500 unpaid taxes piled up against it and it will not sell for enough to pay these taxes. In the city of N. L. and Ord too, in many instances, there is no pretense of paying taxes on vacant lots. Some houses are the same and in a few years, with the value of property now established, these houses will not sell for the taxes against them. One man last year demanded the county assessor to split his property of two lots, so he could pay the taxes on his house but let the lot go. One fine house in N. L. has gone begging for \$1,700 but the taxes are nearly \$100 a year.

And still we do not worry, apparently, over the taxes on our real estate, and brag that we are the White Spot of the nation because we have no sales tax or income tax. Would it not be well to distribute our taxes somewhat, relieving our property and letting the man who has no home pay a few? Perhaps, if we vote a cent sales tax whenever a money spending spree attacked us, it would be a different class of people who vote for these things. If the relief people, who are getting a big chunk of our tax money, were taxed a dollar a week from their stipend, to pay for these public improvements, along with an extra levy on the land, there might be a different vote of the situation.

Save the Cows.

Dick Acker of Horace lost four of his six cows the other day from sudan grass poisoning. He and Cooper, at noon noticed them lying about and ran to look them over. They noticed that one still had a spark of life left in her. They rushed for some milk and soda, swigged that down her and within a few hours she was as good as ever.

All over we hear of cows dying from sorghum poisoning. Only a few bites will do the trick. Roy Williams said that the vet told him to put a pound of soda down the cow with a beer bottle and call the vet. He has some dope he can shoot into the cow when he arrives that will save her if there is a heart beat left. They die quickly however, and everyone should keep the soda on hand but better yet, one should patch up his fences before they die in place of after, like I did.

Short Shavings.

Ray Drawbridge, who is water boy for the WPA workers, said that a week ago Friday he carried 116 gallons of water to 36 men. He said he carried it eighty rods, too, and he sure was tired when night came.

It is quite a common theory that one should drink beer when the weather is hot and he will not drink so much. If the county would just furnish beer to their men, they might do the trick with 58 gallons, and then Ray could do a little work on the end of a shovel. In that event, some more of us would apply for work too, no doubt.

Spend more time on the road and more time out of the hospital.

Noticing the crowd at the movie one night last week, one man said, "That's what we're going to live on this winter—entertainment."

August 2, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

We Need Help

Quick Work

Short Shavings

We Need Help.

Those of you who have not traveled out in Mira Valley or Davis Creek in the last few weeks would do well to do so some evening and see the grasshopper damage there. Last week I was out in that direction and later took a trek to Columbus and back and in all that galavanting/*sic*] no place that I saw compared with the destruction in our own fertile sections.

The worst I saw was at Chas. Boettgers and at Will Koellings. I was told that the grasshoppers are even worse at other places. The corn fields there look like broomhandles sticking up. The hop pers have eaten all the leaves and in some instances have eaten the stalk too. I was told of fields where there are no stalks left. I was told of potato patches where the vines were eaten and even the pot atoes were eaten.

Bill Heckler has gone to the World's fair at New York. He wrote back to Les Leonard and said, "It is pretty hot. Be sure and water the trees for I want some shade around the house when I return."

Les said he is watering the trees as Bill said but there will be no shade. The grasshoppers have eaten all the leaves from the trees, and even the needles from the pine trees. In some instances the pests have eaten the bark.

The damage seems to be spotted. One corn field will be stripped bare to the stalk and many of the stalks cut off and another close by not damaged so badly and one does not know quite the why of it all. At any rate there are very few corn fields in these sections that will make even fodder if it would rain until Christmas. These grasshoppers are the most serious catastrophe that has befallen us yet, and the denizens in that part of the country have a super attack of the blues, and why shouldn't they?

There has been considerable questioning as to why Greeley and Valley county have not received some of the federal assistance to fight the grasshoppers like Howard and Sherman county has got this summer. It is said if the federal men in charge are notified that the pests have got beyond our control, CCC men and other government workers will be sent and a thorough poisoning will be undertaken. It is a fact that there was an appropriation made for that purpose and if there is some logical reason why this county did not get it, with our crops mowed off as they are, an explanation would surely be in order and stop the scandal that is going around.

Quick Work.

At Columbus the other day, R. M. Evans told the story of two soldiers being in Europe during the World War. One was an American negro and the other a German. They met face on with their bayonets ready to jab through each other.

As they charged the first time they did no damage except that the German knocked the bayonet from the hand of the negro, so one might think, Mr. Negro was pretty near out of the fight as far as he was concerned. As yet however he was not worrying a great deal for he reached into his pocket and drew out an implement of war; a short knife affair where the blade turned back.

The two started for each other again. The German made a jab but missed, the negro made a quick swipe with his arm as the German passed by.

"You missed," the German boasted.

The negro calmly wiped the blade on his britches and answered, "You just wait, big boy, until you try to turn your head."

Short Shavings.

Harry Foth went after his cows the other morning and found them not where they should be; that is in the corn field. Frightened then beyond speech he hurried on with vivid hallucinations that he now would have the loss of his herd of cows on top of the drouth and grasshoppers. He saw his herd in a cane patch across the fence, all lying quietly. He hurried on.

The cows were all quietly there chewing their cud, a live as could be. The treatment in a case of that kind is to call the doctor at once and give a stimulant (a strong one too) to the owner of the cows.

In looking over the big power plant at Columbus, we, the Wallace Creek committee, decided that water is the most powerful thing in the world. Rushing down thru those great tubes into the turbines, making electricity beyond measure, brought us to that conclusion for a minute.

That seemed quite settled until Jim Jensen wondered if beer would not be more powerful than water. Jim had heard it had more power in other places, and he believed it would be better there.

Thea Joc Jensen informed us that without a doubt, the country over, there was that much beer drank in a day, and then we bewailed the fact of all that power (beer power) was not put to better use.

We should all save our last year's telephone book. They have the Ord numbers. The new ones are of little value, and in only a few minutes we can mark the old one over making the necessary corrections. This is information for N. L. people. Ord people will just have to call at the N. L. central office and buy a book. Too bad.

My brother-in-law is a very meticulous man and I never knew of him to make errors in spelling, dates, etc. He is in France now studying and he wrote us a card the other day dated, "A. M., July 12.

Paris, Tuesday." If you will notice, our calendar says that Tuesday is the 11th. Was that a mistake on his part?

Doug Barber has for years been an old time road man. He says that he thinks it would be a good idea for the State Road department to take part of the money they are spending to survey the change in the road down by Scotia and build the road.

August 16, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Vignettes from China

Life in China

More About War

Vignettes From China.

From the Talks of Dr. Grace Crandall.

Dr. Crandall thinks the Chinese will eventually win the war against the invasion of Japan. At the present time there is about as much war as ever only it is carried on at night by the guerilla method. The Japs have captured a narrow strip along the railroads and main thoroughfares. The Chinese mingle with the soldiers and at the garrisons in the day time, then at night run surprise attacks, fighting and running away, living to fight another day (night). The Chinese are better fighters at hand to hand fighting than the Japs. A good bit of fighting is done with hand grenades.

The Chinese soldiers have carried their iron workers and small furnaces along with them into the hills. They raid a railroad, or something of the Japs, carrying home rails or iron, and with this make

big knives, and even guns. Ten miles away from the garrisons, the Japs have no control and the cost is something like three million gold dollars a day. Their reward or booty as yet has been practically nothing.

Mentioning the fact that there was an item in the paper a few days ago that many prominent people think war between U. S and Japan is inevitable, Dr. Crandall laughed. "There is no danger. Japan has her hands full as it is. She will go just as far as she dares but she will not go to war with U. S."

Asked about Russia fighting Japan, Dr. Crandall said, that reports of the battles are greatly exaggerated. The Russians have a little hill overlooking a Japanese railroad where they (the Russians) can take a pop at the trains as they go by. There has been fighting over this hill but the Japs have not taken it from Russia yet. Hundreds of airplanes have been reported dropped by both Russia and Japan, but if the facts were known, only a few were actually shot down.

Life in China

A high wage in China is \$1.00 a day. An average wage is about twenty cents. Frequently a family will live on the twenty cents. The main diet is rice and it is now twenty cents a pound. Butter is \$2.60 a pound.

The land around Shanghai is very fertile and is trucked mostly. All work is done by hand, no tractors or horses. Shanghai is one of the largest cities in the world. It is little different than other world cities except that it is more crowded.

Since Japan has captured the city and land there is practically no law and order. Bandit gangs have sprung up everywhere. They have racketeers that go to the farmers saying if he does not give them a percent they will destroy his crops. So the farmer pays the gang for protection.

Then when he sells they demand to be the buyers and they buy at ridiculously low prices. The Japs do nothing about all this as long as the Japs themselves are not molested.

Compared with other countries there is little drinking of liquor in China and little damage done on that score. Chinese, when they drink, drink mostly at night, then retire. They are also a good natured people, and in their cups, do not turn to fighting. Chinese use little tobacco.

The Chinese like games and are apt to spend much of their time gambling. Opium smoking is probably their greatest vice. Many men smoke a few times a day to make their spirits better, to make them forget their troubles. Many prominent business men smoke once or twice a day. Many go very much to the extreme with it. Before the war, there was a strong effort to curb the opium smoking. Japan, since the war, has tried to encourage it.

Telling Japs from Chinamen.

Asked if she could always tell a Jap from a Chinaman, Dr. Crandall smiled and said, "Usually but not always." They, in their looks, can be quite similar. The Japs established a college in China before the war to educate some of their boys so they could mingle with the Chinese as spies. These boys, so she was told, could not be told apart.

However there was one way they could be distinguished and that was by taking off the shoes. Japs wear a sandal with a strap between the first two toes, and the Chinese do not. This strap forms a callous that cannot be taken off.

More About The War.

Dr. Crandall has had her hospital destroyed twice. Once several years ago by some Chinese but it was repaired again. This time the Japs dropped a bomb and blew it all apart.

Since this last war began Dr. Crandall has been doing refugee work, working in connection with another hospital. In some cases she has had as many as 160 patients a day and has had to turn 40 away. All of these got some attention although some of the ailments were skin diseases of minor nature. The nurse would group the patients some, and at times the Doctor would consult six or a dozen at a time.

One of the worst cases she had was that of a man the Japs caught and thought was a guerrilla. He insisted he was not and they insisted he was and tried to make him tell where the arms were hidden. He would not tell, claiming he did not know.

They tied up his arms, burning him in the arm pits trying to make him tell. They burned him badly before they turned him loose. Then Dr. Crandall had the job of saving his life. He recovered remarkably well, she said, and better than she hoped. She said it would surprise one to know what's she used on the burns, but it was simply cod liver oil and it seemed to do the trick.

She tells of the bombing of the railroad station at Shanghai. She was standing in the door of her home at the time watching the maneuvers of a dozen airplanes roaring overhead. All at once two of them went together, swooping downward and then she heard the explosions. Other airplanes followed dropping their death pills. After several minutes of this the ambulances started tearing past and she heard the depot had been blown up. Hundreds of innocent people were killed and injured.

The reason for this bombing, the Japs said, was that they thought troops were at the station at the time but they had left. The station was packed with women and children waiting for a train to take them to the country away from the war zone.

Dr. Crandall's adopted Chinese daughter was working at the city hospital where many of these people were taken. Injured were in the halls and everywhere waiting their turn and many died because they could not get attention.

Money in This Sock.

One old lady had her leg blown off. It was necessary to amputate the stub. She did not seem to worry a great deal over the loss of the leg, but she said she had on a stocking and under it was thirty dollars. She fretted a great deal over the loss of the thirty dollars.

Even after she awoke from the anaesthetic she began worrying about the thirty dollars. After a while one of the helpers was looking over the limbs and pieces picked up and found a leg with a stocking. He rolled down the stocking and there, sure enough, was the thirty dollars. It was returned to the old lady and she was much happier.

The Finis.

Dr. Crandall feels sure China will eventually win the war. Japan finances are not the best and they, as yet have only conquered a fraction of the Chinese territory. When the war is over, she feels China will be one of the leading nations. This war is teaching them they must unite under one head, and they are fast becoming conscious that the Christian religion is the best. The people are becoming educated to the fact that they have an enemy at their door they must be prepared to hold off. Japan is fast becoming conscious too of the fact that they have bitten off all or more than they can chew.

August 23, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Vignettes from China
One Man in 450 Million

VIGNETTES FROM CHINA. Going Alexander One Better.

The Japanese muffed their hopes of quick victory at Nanking, then China's capital, and perhaps their chances of ever a victory, according to Dr. Crandall. This was one of the worst massacres in the history of the world.

This great carnage was the result of the desertion of the Chinese general in charge of the city during the battle there. It had been the policy of the Chinese to fight and fall back retreating under order.

During the battle as the Japs were coming closer, the word became spread that the Chinese general in charge had fled. The Chinese people at once became panicky, which is one of their characteristics. Every person at once started for the one long street leading to the gates of the city for escape. It was a city of one million people.

Many who could not crowd into this street climbed the wall. This wall is higher on the outside than the inside. They jumped and fell outside, killing some. Many of those who lit safely ran into the enemy and were slain and others jumped into boats in the river and these were so crowded a great number drowned.

As this seething mass of people pushed toward the gates, the Japs dropped bombs into this street murdering the people by the hundreds. To make it worse a car was driven near the city gates and there caught afire. Hundreds of people were burned to death as those from the rear pushed those ahead into these flames.

In spite of all this Chinese soldiers fought outside the gates to the last man, holding the Japs back thinking the general was conducting his retreat as he should, taking the people of the city to safety in the hills to the west.

When the city was finally captured the Japs were so delighted their soldiers were turned loose to do as they pleased with it and the remaining people. Dr. Crandall says no story that we hear of the pillage done there by the Japs can be exaggerated. Men were marched out and shot down by the hundreds. All women were raped or slain. Every house was ransacked. This massacre in 1938 put even Alexander, the Great, to shame.

So interested in the slaughter of these innocent people were the Japs that the army remained in the city many days, ceasing their fight temporarily. More than that, they thought, capturing the capital, would be the end of Chinese fighting. It is true, the Chinese army was pretty well shattered and discouraged by then. Had the Japs kept on at that time following the Chinese army, a complete victory might have been made.

But there is where they muffed. The time they spent razing the city gave Generalissimo Chiang Kaishek opportunity to reorganize. Now, throughout all China, the Chinese government still exists although impotent in many places, it exists just the same, the one object of it to expel the Japs.

One Man in 450 Million.

Dr. Crandall thinks Chiang Kaishek is the one man in the 450 million Chinese who can bring victory to the nation. She trembles at the thought should something happen to him. At the nonce he seems to be the leader of all the many tribes that once ruled sections of China.

The question was asked if he could do as well organizing the Chinese should the Japs withdraw. Dr. Crandall replied that that would be a task and a big one. She did not know. Should the withdrawal be gradual the reorganization would be easier. Even now sectors are being recaptured by the Chinese and in each instance a Chinese government is set up at once.

Dr. Crandall says a victory for China is beyond question, if it is not accomplished at this time. She says the news we hear is all Japanese and so colored we can believe little of it. West China is not captured at all. Even with the eastern seaports blockaded, Japan is having trouble holding it.

Before the war the Japanese yen was worth about $2\frac{1}{2}$ to one of American money. Now the yen has dropped to about 8 to one, meaning the Japs have to spend that much more for their munitions and goods than normal. The Chinese money is worth more than the Japanese is today. Japan has sacrificed far more than China to conduct this war.

There is a strong element in Japan who think this war is foolish. It is the army who has control in Japan and even the Emperor has his news censored, but in spite of

[the rest is missing]

August 30, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Three Stages of War
One Way to Live
Our Foreign Policy

Three Stages of War.

If you will get out your maps of Asia and draw a line from the following cities you will see some thing of the territory that Japan is trying to occupy in China. Now, they pretend to hold all of the state of Manchuria under a puppet government. South of that they have captured Peipin, Tientsin, Nanking, Kaifeng, Siam, Suchow. Other coast cities like Canton, have been taken to complete the blockade and also Hankow. Even using these cities as a boundary, there are great areas throughout this territory that are still in Chinese hands. These battle lines along a rai lroad, run some five hundred miles inland, and still it is only a small part of China proper. There has not been a major victory in China by the Japs for many months.

It was the original plan of the Chinamen to conduct this war in three stages. For years the lead ers have been aware that Japan was planning to take them. Dr. Crandall said that the last ten years China has made more progress in building their country than ever before and Japan knew if she did not take the country soon, she never would.

The first stage of this war was to resist and fall back, leaving nothing, that is a scorched policy. This, China has done quite successfully. They have made the war cost Japan tremendously, even more than the China leaders expected. The retreats have been quite systematic in most instances where the leader did not desert his people, as in Nanking. Japan's capture of property so far have hardly been worth while.

The second stage was the guerrilla stage such as they are carrying on now. The idea is to so harass the Japs that they will be worn down in spirit and in finances. This stage of the war is proving to be successful too. It has been said that there never has been a nation captured who carried on their war under a systematic guerrilla method. It is inexpensive, comparatively, and everlasting.

The third stage will be the squeeze, that is, the final driving the Japs home. This is to come when Japan is weary and financially broke. Dr. Crandall says, with eyes gleaming, when that happens, if it does, it will be just like pulling out a fish hook.

At this date, Dr. Crandall says the Japanese have gone to greater sacrifices than the Ch inese. Japanese are enlisting now teachers, scientists, professional men and anyone who can carry a gun. At home, on the Japanese streets only old men and boys are seen and women are taking men's places in the factories and workshops. She says, although the Chinese soldiers are not paid much, neither are the Japs, their money coming largely from what they might pilfer. In some ways China is the strongest she ever was because she is better organized.

One Way to Live.

Throughout this territory the Japs have captured, any stories of the cruelties there cannot be exaggerated. Most of these cities were immense and prosperous like Omaha and Chicago. In many instances now, only a fifth of the population is left and the whole country is deserted.

Dr. Crandall tells of the city of Soochow, which she has visited many times because of its beauty. In all her travels she never has seen a more scenic city with lakes, mountains, resorts and silk manu-

facturing plants. Now this city is in ruins and only a very few poor and old people remain, wandering the streets. It has been practically annihilated. Hangchow and Huchow, cities of 600,000, are nearly in ruins.

Throughout the area the guerrilla bands still attack the garrisons. Unable to cope with the guerrillas, the Japs take their reprisals on the poor people and the farmers. For every Jap that is killed, ten farmers will be slain.

Although a conscious effort before the war was made by the Chinese government to curb the opium trade, the Japs have done all they could to encourage the use. Under the Japanese guidance and licenses, the hotel business has boomed with opium beds, prostitution and gambling. Systematic inspections are made by the Japs to see that none of their people are smoking the opium; only the Chinese.

Unable to profit otherwise the Japs are turning to the opium traffic. The idea is, so Dr. Crandall thinks, to get the habit established with the people and when they will not do without it, to tax them heavily.

Our Foreign Policy.

The following instance was told me by a man of _____ and I was told not to tell; that is, any names. If you care to know, ask me personally and I can tell all.

This man said that he was acquainted with a cartoonist drawing for some 150 papers in the country. One year he spends in Europe; the next in the Orient. He was in Shanghai when it was bombed by the Japs.

He was in his hotel room one night when close by he heard a terrible explosion. He ran out into the midst of it, like reporters are supposed to do. He stumbled over arms and legs, over dying people, fell in blood and brains of humans blown to bits. Even at that he ran on to see what he could arriving at the place of the explosion. There, looking around with his flash-light he saw the cap of the bomb. He picked it up, looked at it and on it was printed the name _____, the American manufacturer.

This cartoonist told my friend, Mr. Doe, that he could not publish this story or tell it publicly or he would get in trouble with this manufacturer, but it was true never-the-less.

Dr. Crandall and Rev. Davis both said Japan could not carry on a year were it not for the supplies furnished by the United States. Think, for example, of the scrap iron that has been shipped to Japan to blow the Chinese up with.

More than that, Dr. Crandall says that American steel has a temper absolutely necessary that repairs come from here. Also she says our and quality that cannot be matched any place in the world. Most of the machinery used by the Japanese is of American origin and it is oil lubricates better than any other oil and it, too, is necessary to their existence.

In that way, supplying the Japs with the machinery to carry on this great carnage, United States is, in a measure, party to the crime. The cancellation of the treaty lately is by all odds the thing to do, but should have been done many months before.

September 6, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

War Talk

Cooperatives Should Cooperate

Short Shavings

War Talk.

At such times as this, with every one excited and talking of war, it is with the most difficulty for me to find any subject that is of interest. It is difficult for me to say anything about the war that everyone does not already know.

Nevertheless, I am quite friendly with two men in N. L., and both of them are of more than average intelligence and are read far better than the average. One thinks England and France will surely win; the other thinks Hitler has the edge. I am inclined to believe the latter is nearer right.

Over a long siege, England and France may win as they did before, but Hitler has many advantages that the Kaiser did not have. For one Hitler has Italy as an ally. England and France have no place to attack and by the time they do find a vulnerable spot, Poland will be mopped up and Hitler will have all he is asking for now.

Another point that seems to be talked freely is that United States will be into it inside of three months—six months—a year—or whatever time happens to enter the speaker's head.

I will admit that the so-called money powers, or big-wigs have influences that we out here in the sticks do not have, but still I believe if everyone vowed and swung his arms all the time that we are not going to get into it, the influence would be more in that line that it would if we calmly say to who ever we meet, "Oh, we'll be in it too, pretty soon."

And taking it by and large, I cannot understand it all. All of Poland on a silver platter would not be worth to Hitler what a war will cost to get it. Poland, alive, with her factories and buildings standing, even under the dictatorship of Hitler, would be better than to be dead and in ruins.

The cost of conducting a war is tremendous. It is money spent entirely for destruction. Let us reflect a moment the time we had getting the 1½ million (or about) to build our irrigation system, a deal designed to build up a land and make the people more prosperous and better off. But that same amount of money in war, would be only a drop in the bucket, and that would be for destruction.

Cooperatives Should Cooperate.

A few weeks ago I said that milk at the cheese factory was worth about six cents a gallon. I was called down for that several times, having been told that by saying that I was defaming the cheese factory.

It is simply a matter of figures, and there is no defaming to it. One hundred pounds of milk testing 3½ would be 3½ pounds of butterfat. 3½ times 28c is 98c delivered at the door or about 78 cents as the trucker hauls it. There is about 12½ gallons of milk to a hundred pounds or around 6c a gallon.

Even at that there is more money that way than to sell cream. There is a great debate about the value of skim milk, but the agriculture stations and experts say whey has a definite value. Many claim in some instances it is worth one-half the value of skim milk, but I am not arguing that point. The 3½ pounds of cream separated from the milk sold to the cheese factory, would bring 20c a pound or 70c.

Repeating what I have said at other times, I think it is an outrage that our cooperatives, all established for the benefit of the farmers and the communities at large, should enter into such hard feelings with one another. The cheese factory buys cream and has at times quantities of the finest whey cream, and all this is sent off to old line creameries, the very ones against whom these cooperatives were established in the beginning. Why could not our own cooperatives cooperate, one buying cream of the other, the other buying butter of the one?

There is not enough difference in the price of milk and cream to chew the rag over at the present time. Some men have no use for skim milk and rather sell their whole milk to the cheese factory; some will not sell whole milk even if they received twice as much money. There is business and room in our two communities for both institutions and we should be thankful that we have both. It is too bad they do not work together better.

Short Shavings.

My brother-in-law, C. W. Vredenburg, who has spent the summer in France, wanted to buy a knife for my son Dick as a present, and had to walk the city of Paris over before he could find one without a corkscrew on it.

He is a linguist, and looking at the name North Loup he says the word "loup" means wolf in French. In other words, the name of our river is really wolf river. Some Frenchman, no doubt, named it that in the early days. Had the meaning been that the river curved the spelling would have been loop.

Telling him my brother lived in Aneval, Calif., he said at once that aneval means oatfield. So my brother lives at Oatfield, Calif.

He says the people in Paris seem to be resigned to the war that is approaching. He says that it is quite possible that we here in U. S. would know more of the war situation than he who has been there all summer. He saw troops marching, saw the French moving out, saw them digging tunnels and bomb shelters, saw tanks and other indications of war, but other than what few things he saw he says he is no better posted than we here. There seemed to be more talk of war here than there, as far as he heard.

September 13, 1939?

[no date]

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Made Good in City
Vignettes of a Dry Country
Short Shavings

Made Good In The City.

Harold Green, formerly of North Loup, is another Valley county boy, who in a small way, "has made good in the city."

After the family left North Loup Harold graduated from high school and wanted to go to college. Being very short of money, this college business was somewhat of a problem. However, he went to Chadron, hoping to enter the normal school, there, all of which he did largely on faith and hope that he could make it somehow.

Even in high school days he was quite a good musician, but this music ran more to less classical type and band playing. At Chadron he solicited a job playing in an orchestra. He was offered the job playing the trumpet providing he could play swing music. This he had never done, for swing music, in the minds of the people he had usually been with, had always been considered a sacrilege.

He was faced with the fact of learning to play swing music or going home so he put himself to it and in a few days he had that <?> conquered. He played with that orchestra the whole year making fifty dollars a month under the other leader.

The next year he organized his own orchestra and for that and the following year he was the leader. By some accident the fellows got to calling him Johnnie Green and everywhere in the western part of the state after that he was known as Johnnie Green and it was Johnnie Green's orchestra. They had regular schedules for playing and no doubt many of you have heard Johnnie Green's orchestra from the west state radio programs.

Times got hard the last two years and he did not make so much as at first. They played mostly by ear, but he trained his players until they could buy a sheet of music and after the pianist had gone through it a few times the rest would join in and "away they would go."

This is not quite all of the story either. Besides earning his way and going to summer school, Harold finished and got his degree in three years and was offered a scholarship to the University of Nebraska in physics on account of his excellent work in that subject. He put in all his spare time (I was amused when he said spare time) studying different musical instruments and now he can play every instrument some, and a few good.

This year he has a position in the Ewing high school, teaching music, band, mathematics and physics.

Vignettes Of A Dry Country.

I have been told that Mira creek is running again after many years of dormancy. Many of the springs have opened up that for many years have been nearly forgotten.

It all seems quite mysterious considering the present drouth. Some folks think it is because of the irrigation water that has been spread in the valley. One fellow thought that the tapping of the oil wells in Richardson county released pressure that turned a spigot or gadget under the ground somewhere and started the springs again.

On the east side of the river there is a little creek named Stewart creek. It ends on the Schudel farm and heads up northeast of Sumter. Ever since I have known it, it has been dry except after rains. But Otto Bartz says years ago it ran a continuous small stream and there were springs all along to furnish that water. More mystery. Why did they dry up?

The farm on which Lyle Abney lives has a river bottom tract that never has failed to produce a crop of corn on account of the closeness of the moisture to the surface of the ground. But this year it came nearer failing than ever and the reason is laid to the fact that the river was low in the summer and consequently not the seepage.

Whenever I pass the Payzant farm I think of the drainage tile he has implanted in his field to drain off the surplus water.

Short Shavings.

Doug Barber tells the story of how Ed Brace owed him some money once and Ed could and would pay if he just had a check book, which he didn't have out on the farm where he was. It was a long way to town and back and Doug needed the money at once.

So. Ed took a shingle, a nice clean one, and wrote out a check on it and gave it to Doug. Doug took this shingle to town and presented it to the bank. The bankers studied over it a while and finally cashed the check, taking it and putting it in their files.

I read a story once how a couple of men were shipwrecked on a desert island. One man was about to die (and did) but first he wrote on the back of the other man, his will. The other man was saved and can you imagine the hellova time he had with the lawyers and county clerks office to file that will.

Then Doug told another story that he heard somewhere. It seems the bride had roasted a chicken for the Thanksgiving dinner. When the young husband sat down to dinner he asked about the dressing and the bride answered that there is no dressing, there was no place for it because this chicken was not hollow.

September 20, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A Horse! A Horse!
Growing Farmers
A Lucky Lad
Doug Succeeds Too

Random Thoughts Gathered at the Fair.

A Horse! A Horse!

Bill Fuss and his riding horse at the fair, are about as much a fixture as the ticket stand, and he has a fine horse this year too. It is dark bay with a star in her face; a three year old and broke like no one's business. She will shake hands, and lie down, and when Bill asked her if she liked Mr. Gowen, she nodded her head. Now that was gratifying, for after these five years of writing this bunk, I was not sure there was even a horse that liked me.

Bill and his nag took first among the saddle horses. The judge said that the horse in itself only counted 40% and the rider and the way the horse acted counted 60%. So one can see that the judge must have had a good opinion of Bill to have awarded him the big ribbon. Walt Fuss took the red ribbon, so one would conclude Bill a little the best looking of the two. But then it would not be quite policy to take the prizes away from the police.

Regardless of the jokes, these boys have for years made a hobby of their saddle horses, and a person would be a good one who would get far against them. Bill picks up cold-blooded colts that look like they have the stuff, breaks them and sells them at much better prices. One last year brought over \$150 at the G. I. saddle horse sale. On another occasion he sold one to a commission man. He usually does not keep his horses long, once they are broke.

Growing Farmers.

The baby beef belonging to the 4-H calf clubs were something a little more than ordinary. These calves were in very good shape, of good quality and I did not see a one that was not a credit to the owner. Just how much practical knowledge of cattle feeding the youngsters get from such things is a question, but if it does no more than keep the child's interest, keeping him away from undesirable influences, keeping his interest at home in place of away, it is worth the candy.

It is a question too, whether we want our children to grow up to be farmers. Surely if we thought they would have to go through what the farmers have gone through in this section for the last ten years, there are many things better than farming. I have heard it commented on many times; the fact of our extensive 4-H clubs, our expensive agriculture teaching in schools, putting a kid out into a business that, in this country, comes about as near being a universal failure as anything on earth. The only person who can make a decent living in such times as these in the agriculture line, is the teacher or those government employees who are telling us what to do; telling us everything but how to make it rain.

A Lucky Lad.

While walking about the displays I saw Dr. McGinnis and a young, fine looking fellow with him. Dr. caught my arm and introduced me to his son, and there is a strong resemblance between the two, although (don't tell Dr.) I believe the son is the best looking.

The boy is going to medical college now, in Omaha. We talked a little of football and other things, and I told him he is a lucky lad to be able to go so long to school. There are many boys who would give their right hand to be able to go if the right hand would only pay the bill.

I told him too, now that it is too late and my schooling days are gone forever, that if I had it to do over again, I believe I'd take up medicine. But I feel a little as I heard a man say not long ago. Should he do it over he would be a missionary, and a medical missionary would be better. A person might be a missionary in our own land, in our own community. It is so disappointing to think only of the money one makes.

Should one take up medicine with the prime object of helping the other fellow, the secondary object to make money, it is far better. Nine out of ten people fail in a financial way, but when one's object is service, even if he does fail financially, his life and efforts have not been wasted. One doctor I know, living close by, must have acted under that spirit. He never has refused to give his services even in cases where he knew there would be no pay; he never has sued a person for a bill.

When the chances of our own success seem almost nil, our hope centers on our children, and I would think I had succeeded quite materially if I could help my son go through medical college. Things will have to change in the farming line, or we'll have to change our line before there will be many doctors blossoming out of these hills.

Doug Succeeds Too.

It is difficult to mention a few things at the fair without offending some who are not mentioned, but at that, it hardly seems we should pass up Doug Barber and the display he and his wife arrange every year for the State fair and the Ak-sar-ben. It is a hobby with them and Doug says they never get paid if they figure their time. They gather their exhibits and specimens from over the county as he goes about, and it really is quite an honor to win third in a state as large as Nebraska.

Each Cow For Its Place.

Something should also be said about the dairy division of the fair. There was a nice display of Holsteins and Jerseys, most of them displayed by 4-H club members.

It is the height of foolishness, many think, to try to make a business of milking beef cows. One would proclaim a lad crazy to take a Holstein or Jersey calf and try to feed it for a prize winning beef. The same argument applies to milking whitefaces or shorthorns. They just aren't made for milk. On account of the ridicule the beef men have made of the dairy breeds many men insist on yet trying to make milk cows of the wrong kind of cattle.

Fred Coe asked me to take a look at the Holstein bull belonging to the creamery displayed at the fair. I gave him a look but all bulls look alike to me. However the record of the dam of the bull did impress me. This mother cow gave 10 gallons of milk a day for 90 days and that is a lot of milk for one cow. That is more than many people can say for three cows.

As a final word to the fair management, I heard several say they thought it would be better if a good rain storm were ordered on fair days in place of wind storms. The managers were indeed unfortunate to run into such terrible days.

September 27, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Pop Corn Days

Fan Mail

Short Shavings

Pop Corn Days.

Just what the secret is that makes the Popcorn Days bring such crowds of people to the town of North Loup is a mystery to almost everyone, and anyone who claims that city is sleepy, surely would take it back were they there at that celebration.

J. A. Barber, with others, attempted to count the cars about town Thursday and the count was around 750. Multiplied by five would give between 3,000 and 4,000 people. One may see people from every corner of the county, from every nearby county. It is as much a homecoming fete as anything and almost every way you may look you see someone shaking hands, laughing and saying "How are you anyway? I haven't seen you in a coon's age."

Many people, once from N. L., arrange their vacations so they may take in the celebration. Local salesmen likewise arrange their vacations so they can stay home. Two families at least were there from California, many from Grand Island, Dr. O'Neal from Bluehill, Gerald Hogan from Omaha and other places beyond number. The people on the street, both afternoon and evening, were like flies around a molasses barrel.

The exhibits are small but quite good. They were not better than the county fair, but different. There was a hobby show and it was quite interesting, it promising to be better another year. A quilting exhibit too, and a hooked rug display were interesting. Mrs. Dave Bredthauer was asked how this compared with the Worlds fair in New York City, and she replied, "I saw nothing like this there."

The open air program at night is nothing to go miles to see, but they go anyway. The Popcorn Queen is crowned each year, the same thing over and over again, but a new queen each time, and it is an honor, coveted secretly no doubt, by all the girls. She rules Popcorn land for the coming year with an iron hand, and this work is the most trying in these strenuous times. Three bands, N. L., Burwell and Scotia, all tooted together for part of one program and that was a lot of music piled in a heap. The KMMJ entertainers were all that were paid. Some thought them fine, some not so fine, but everyone stayed to hear it out.

The floats, outside the homecoming feature, is probably the big thing of the celebration. Almost every school, church and club in this section stages a float, they even come from as far as Horace, Scotia and Mira Valley at times. Dozens of people chip in to build these floating pictures, the making taking hours for many people, the display taking only a few minutes. But everyone likes them, those that see them as well as those that build them.

It is a big time too for romance. Geo. Round said there was no law against romancing on Popcorn Days and I guess the young folks must have found that out too. While the old folks are "how are you anywaying" the youngsters are making eyes at each other, grabbing hands, and "snuckin' off" up and down, up and down, up and down the street.

Another thing that helps bring the people is that there are no gate tickets. The business men all have to kick in a little and tickets are sold for a quarter. However, if a man is poor enough, and we all are

around here, he can bring his family, see the parade, entertainments and exhibits without spending a cent. He can turn his kids loose, and unless they fall in love, they are about as safe as they would be at home, and at home you know, there is the danger they may never fall in love, which might be worse.

The different merchants offered prizes to be drawn by lottery for the tickets purchased. Some of these lucky ones were interesting. Geo. Boettger got the first prize. Win. Darges drew a finger wave and shampoo at Ann's beauty shop. John Urban got an electric radio and he does not have electricity. A man in Hastings received two family tickets to the N. L. movie. Dickie Hutchins drew a free meal at Hawkes cafe.

After years of running P. C. Days, a system has been worked out so it is not such a task. Most everyone has something to do during those days and most everyone enjoys it too. If it is nothing else we forget our troubles for a while. The same men usually put up the lights, the same pop the corn, the same act as policemen, of which up to date there has been little use.

And that brings me up to Clark Roby. He was awarded the ribbon, as usual, of being special police. Someone doubted his qualifications for that task saying, "You're too shallow chested for a policeman." The questioner patted Clark's protruding stomach. "See there, your chest has slipped down. Pull it up."

"Nope," Clark replied. "That's just where it belongs. I'm one of these underslung models. I'm built for speed."

Fan Mail.

The following letter was received the other day:

Sterling, Colo.

Dear George:

You touched on a subject that has been a jam on my mind for a long time. It is nothing more than Nebraska, so called white spot, and advertised on big billboards down the Republican valley.

It is a joke to anyone who has paid taxes in Nebraska. We have a sales tax in Colorado (also a service tax) and it is a just tax as everyone helps pay it, relief workers, visitors and all.

Nebraska saddles a cent extra on gas to pay it's relief and old age pensions; then crows about it."

Yours truly,

Ed Helbig.

Short Shavings.

Edgar Davis says he remembers a governor saying a few years ago in regard to the roads of the state, "We have finally got Nebraska out of the mud."

It was told me that Chas. Johnson cut and put into a silo 90 acres of corn fodder and from that 90 acres one small nubbin was found. That's not bad. Some didn't even get fodder. What's Charley got to howl about?

The N. L. Loyalist says, concerning the poultry show at the Co. fair, "Including the famous turkens, a cross between the turkey and the hen." This is not true. Turkens are not a hybrid of the turkey and hen. Turkens are a breed of poultry.

Mrs. Gus Wetzel says it will not freeze until it rains. Now, now, Mrs. Wetzel. I have known it to go nine months with *[the rest is missing]*

October 4, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A Guest Writer.

Note: The following are a few high points brought out at Fort-nightly club where my wife was leader for the day on the subject of International Relations. She deserves the credit for this. G.G.G.

Part of the lesson was a talk by Frank Lilenthal of which is quoted. It was an informal talk, he trying to convey the thought that we should by all effort stay out of war. The height of his enthusiasm came when the Jews were mentioned. He likes them little better than the famous Hitler.

Frank Has Had Enough War.

My mother died when I was small. My father was killed in action six weeks before the close of the war. Had the war closed six weeks sooner, no doubt my father would be alive today.

"I became aware, as I grew up, that there would surely be another war. Upon receipt of funds from my aunt in America, I came here in 1925 to try to escape that war.

"There are comparatively few rich people in Germany. A person's status is pretty much sealed at birth. If one is born a farmer, there is little chance of ever becoming anything else.

"Another reason for the move was the uncertainty of life and friendship. Already in 1925 secret police were operating. One dared say nothing against anything for one's closest friend might be one of the secret police. Hitler had begun his climb for power before I left and I saw him once and heard him speak, although it was a big crowd and I was in the background.

"A couple of years ago I was visiting with my brother. The question of naturalization papers arose, and I advised my brother that the two dollars for the first papers were too cheap to take the chance of being called back.

"Here I have a car, can come and go, eat and talk almost as I please. In Germany, the well-to-do had bicycles to ride. Our meat and provisions were portioned out. We farmers never went hungry but many city people did during the other war on account of the blockade. It was the economic situation that whipped Germany.

"There were various ways to get food. A permit had to be obtained to even butcher our own beef. My uncle had a steer die, by accident (the accident purposely arranged). After dark we carried the meat into the house by lantern light.

"Here we go to bed at night with all assurance that we will arise safely in the morning. There, we never knew or felt safe upon retiring, what would be in store for us before dawn.

"The German people are very religious. My last letter from my uncle said they were still going to the same church exactly as we used to. He says nothing to the effect that religion has been interfered with. As far as I could tell the letters were never censored. However, I have not heard from there for almost a year now.

"The Versailles treaty is given the blame for this war. Had President Wilson his way the treaty would have been different. But he was taken sick and did not return to put his principles into the instrument. As a result it was a grab-bag for everyone."

High Points from Other Talks:

After the Munich conference, and Germany was taking Sudeten section, Poland grabbed a chunk from Czechoslovakia. She planted her army near the border and said, "give it over or else." It was different when Hitler wanted Danzig.

Danzig was the capital of West Prussia before the Versailles Treaty. It is largely of German population. There are more Jews in Poland in proportion to the population than any other country on earth. Some cities and towns there are nothing but Jews.

Many think the pact of Hitler with Stalin will result in Hitler's downfall. The price he has to pay for the friendship will cost Hitler too much and will eventually cause trouble.

One of the smart things Hitler has done is to keep Italy out of the war. If Italy would go to war with either side, it would benefit the Democracies.

The Brenner pass in Italy is the one weak point on the border and the easiest way for France to enter Germany. If Italy were fighting with Hitler, France could whip her easily, it is thought, and that way get access to that pass. If Italy was with the democracies, they would have access to that pass. Adolf should go to the head of the class for that move of keeping Italy out.

The fortifications along the French-German border are the most extensive in the world. It is thought the Maginot line is stronger than the Siegfried, although both are strong.

Most of these forts are built under ground. Along the surface are many barbed wire fences, pitfalls, mines and strong cement barriers to stop tanks. Should the enemy pierce the line, the defenders may run back underground and catch a segment of the enemy ahead of them and mow them down with machine guns. One of the biggest slaughters of the American Army in the World War was made by this scheme.

Billions of dollars are being spent on these fortifications. We might compare our own borders between Canada and U. S. where only roads are watched for criminals and duties, where there are no cannons or no fear of invasion.

Wholesale Counterfeiting.

The last Statepost has an article telling of the huge counterfeit scheme Stalin engineered. He had printed and put into circulation great quantities of U. S. \$100 bills and they were made so expertly that no one in Europe could tell the difference. Counterfeit experts in U. S. discovered them and proclaimed them the most perfect they ever saw. The Russians even bought a bank in Germany to distribute the bills. They were sent from this bank to New York where the bills were detected and returned. It broke the bank in Germany. The scheme caused great trouble everywhere but the Russians seemed to enjoy the venture.

It will be much harder to starve Germany in this war than the World War by the blockade of England, although this blockade will make life miserable for them. No important country can live unto itself without outside trade. English ships have carried a large percent of German trade and now the few German ships are in great danger by leaving port. The English navy may go further toward winning the war (if they do win) than we think.

We Are In Luck.

If we would take the United States and have each state a sovereignty unto itself, with borders guarded and fortified, with different races and languages, and each state jealous of the other, and each ruler selfish beyond measure, one would see the mess Europe is in.

Every day we should thank the Almighty powers that we live in a country like this, one off the pathways of the world, one where we are not desirous of grabbing another country to make slaves of the people, one where we can talk, eat and act more or less as we please, one where we can plead with the governing powers how to act, one where if they do not act as the majority wish, we can vote them out without losing our heads.

October 11, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

From Farm to City.

Ivan Canedy, who recently had a sale and moved away to Missouri, and who lived south of North Loup on what was called the Old Cress place (the one where years ago the horse thieves stayed all night) told someone and they told me that right there in a group are now seven idle farms. I was talking with someone else and that someone else started counting the idle farms in that vicinity and he counted ten.

Harry Miller had a trip to Albion the other day and began to notice the idle farms as they drove along. Repeatedly they noticed fine large sets of buildings with no curtains on the house windows. They started counting and the first ten they passed, eight were idle. I have been told by peddlers and agents that Boone county is the worst hit and this same someone told me that the last hardware store in Albion is closing out.

Most of these farms have once been prosperous as can be proved by the improvements standing on them. Some of the land should never have been broken up. The rough land that has been broken is practically worthless in times like these. Nothing will grow there that is eatable and it is doubtful if grass will ever come back again.

Another peculiar coincidence is that for the first time in many years the houses in the town of North Loup are practically all filled. Just who these people are and where they came from we don't quite know but some are farmers or farm hands that have moved in.

News From Afar.

Following are a few sentences from my mother's letter from Long Beach, Calif., written September 25:

"We have had 10 days of hot weather here, "unusual" 96 to 98 degrees. It was hard on everyone. 34 deaths in Los Angeles. Then yesterday it commenced to rain. A big wind at sea. Today floods. It did not seem to be a storm at all. Just a nice drizzle. No wind to speak of, no lightning, no thunder. The waves were high and houses, stores and streets on sea level flooded. Where Nola lives is a high bank at the ocean so they did not get flooded. All schools out for two days. 34 drowned and missing.

Where I was working I could see the waves. It was grand but when one thinks of the depths and extent of the ocean it is terrifying.

Another note sent on Sept. 27 said: "Mercury has fallen. It looks like another storm. Over a hundred have perished already. I am working at the Kennedy rest home and went home to bed and thought I was going to have an attack of rheumatism again but did not go clear down as before."

Got a chance to work for \$3.00 a day and it cured me almost entirely."

Real Policing

At the musical festival at Grand Island last week, the story became circulated that at some place in the city the visitors could get a free lunch at noon. Annabelle Kirk and Thelma Burton of Scotia wanted that free lunch very badly but had no idea where to go to get it. Spying a policeman, Thelma, with trepidation, walked up and asked him where the place was.

This policeman knew the location but told the girls to just walk into the police station and ask them. The girls demurred at going in there but the policeman insisted, saying "Go on in, they won't bite." They hardly dared not obey an officer.

So they went carefully in, fearing dire results, such as jail, publicity, disgrace, and told the chief their troubles. The chief was polite and asked the girls to be seated a minute. He then called a cruiser car to the door, put the girls in the back seat and they were transported "with police protection" to the free dinner.

Worth Trying.

A lady told me the other day that her family never thought they liked tomatoes. She also said that it seemed that one or all of her children had a cold all the time in the winter. More, she said that somewhere she read that tomatoes were one of the best antidotes for colds that there was.

As a consequence she canned up a lot of tomatoes and required her kids to eat them whether they liked them or not. She said she did not know whether the tomatoes were the cause of it or not but her family ceased having colds and when one would get a cold they would discover they had neglected the tomato juice. Another feature of the story was that the kids came to the point where they liked tomatoes, which was worth the trouble even though the cold idea might have been imagination.

Short Shavings

The report is that Art Stillman is moving to a farm south of Scotton next spring; Chas. Otto is moving to an irrigated farm west of Burwell; Henry Geweke has rented the Wetzel land that Mr. Otto works and his hired man will live in the Paddock house; Eugene Brown is moving to farm north of the Scotia cemetery; Chas. Otto's boy will continue to farm the Cunningham land, batching it while he works.

Mrs. Hemphill says in regard to the war that she is neutral. She says she does not care which one whips Hitler.

My daughter's name is Geraldine. Merril Sample's son's name is Gerald Dean.

Dr. George Thorngate, once a North Loup boy, (brother of Mrs. J. A. Barber) who recently went to China by the way of Europe was arrested in Germany for taking pictures with his camera. He was unharmed by the arrest but his pictures and films were taken and destroyed.

Art Babcock, who has always been the most ardent republican in the county (with the possible exception of Claud Romans) and who dislikes Roosevelt thoroughly and continually, is for him in his foreign policy and neutrality ideas, and Art now is even caught saying a good word for the President now and then.

Annuel Frazer said that in one instance grasshoppers actually did him good. He had a corn field, a pretty good one too, that the grasshoppers attacked. As fast as they would eat off an acre of corn from the edge, Annuel would go out and plant sorghum where it was eaten off. Before the first of July he had planted the whole field of corn to sorghum. Now he has a nice crop of sorghum, while if the grasshoppers had not eaten the corn, it would have still been there and the drouth would have taken it.

October 18, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Poultry Column
Good Samaritan
Short Shavings

Over Forty- W. P. A.

In writing to the World-Herald Mary Lane department a few days ago, a forty year old man who had had several very responsible positions was in the depths of despair because he could find no one

to hire him again. He said to Mary Lane, "The government should take us old men to war, leave the young ones at home to work. No one will hire anyone over forty here and we old men could fire the cannons as well as the young."

Cal Homer, who came from Kansas last spring to work for Alfred Christensen, was working for a wholesale house. On his fortieth birthday the paymaster came around and said, "We're sorry. You're a good hand but you're forty." Three others were laid off that week because of their birthdays and younger men were hired in their place. The main reason for laying off these men is that the insurance rate is much higher on men over forty, so consequently only young men are hired.

Harry Johnson, who has been around, says the same. The only kind of work he can get is some job that he creates himself or salesman's jobs. He says there is no use trying to get anything else.

Although we have no use for Hitler and none of us want this country to go to war above all things, still the administration of affairs in Germany might be a little food for thought. Letters that come from there say that everyone is busy in that country and they work far more than forty hours a week. They are building forts, armaments, guns, battleships, and the young men are going to war.

Here, great numbers of men are seeking anything to do. Although we boast of having such a wonderful country, still there are many of our people who are not having these fine things, hardly enough to eat and wear.

It seems funny a country not drained by the ravages of war has the prosperity of a great portion of people at such a low level.

Garden of Eden

Henry Sautter, of Scotia, is moving to Missouri. He has bought a farm within a mile of Morris Rendall. While there he saw Collins, Arch Jefferies and other Valley county people.

I haven't room here to tell of the wonders of that Garden of Eden, as told by Henry. I can't help but think that he saw the best side of it first, but we'll not argue the point at this time. I asked him how high the taxes were there. He said on the 180 acres he bought, the taxes were \$80.00, or about 44 cents an acre.

Then I asked about the schools and he said they were consolidated and the busses ran close to his door. He said the bonds were paid on the buildings and they planned to build another building with Federal help.

Even yet I could not understand it all. In the North Loup district where there are no busses the taxes are around \$1.50 an acre. In the Scotia consolidated district, where they run busses, the taxes are higher yet and the unpaid bonds and taxes in both places are enormous. Efforts have been made in both places to cut expenses, shaving the teachers' salaries etc, and still maintain a good school.

"There is a nigger in the wood pile somewhere," I said, "if they have fine consolidated schools there with busses hauling the children back and forth, at 44 cents an acre."

He smiled and said, "They have a sales tax there. When one buys something he hardly thinks of the extra cost of the pennies, but they count up like everything in the treasurer's office."

Needs an Adding Machine

Joe Fisher got out his pencil and the advertised delinquent tax lists published lately and added up the unpaid real estate taxes in the city of North Loup and in that one little hamlet alone there are nearly \$16,000.00. Every real estate owner complains that his taxes are oppressive and they are, too. One or two houses are taxed nearly a hundred dollars and those same houses will not rent for \$10.00 a month.

Joe says that this is not all the story either. He says that the list grows larger and larger each year, and the total is the biggest this year of ever. Joe is well informed on such matters. He has been on the county board, township board, city board, assessor and many other public offices. He maintains that under conditions like these, it is time to retrench on the spending program and give the tax payer a breathing spell.

Some people do not quite agree with Joe. As a whole, officials are attempting to make the money do the most possible. The trouble is that the income is not enough. The trouble is that the property will not carry the tax load. There must be some other way to raise money than to simply saddle more

each time on the realty or soon we will come to the point that the taxes will confiscate our whole set up.

Here we live in the so called white-spot of the nation. There is no state bonded debt, no income tax, no sales tax. The state is in good shape but our local units are so far behind and so heavily taxed that it off-sets all the good shape the state is in.

The Finis

George Jackson, who lives south of North Loup, tells me that he has concluded he is not smart. He says he read in the Quiz how some people got their groceries and rent paid and he has not been able to get his. I disagreed with George that he wasn't smart so he modified that and said both he and I are smart enough; the trouble is we can't get anyone to pay any attention to what we say.

October 25, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Can't Believe 'Em
Makes It Nice
Advisory Column
Whoppers

Can't Believe 'Em

Albert Brown and his family are moving to Washington, after having lived on the same farm on the east side of Valley county for nearly sixty years. After visiting Washington for two years he returned and had a sale the other day selling the accumulation of things from all those years. Furniture dating back a hundred years was sold and Bibles and books, written in Germany, over a hundred years old were put under the hammer at one dollar a hundred.

Bert was not too anxious to go but his folks are all in Washington and he would not leave them and come back alone. When he and Mrs. Brown arrived here the other day and looked around a little they said they never realized things were as bad as they are.

In telling of the great quantities of fruit in that country they told the story of a lady who came from Nebraska and had the feeling she should can all the fruit she could get her hands on. Her son had a job in a fruit sacking plant and before the lady knew it she had 90 quarts of pears canned and fifteen bushels wrapped in paper in the cellar to eat fresh.

About that time her son came home one day and said to his mother, "There has just been 250 bushels of pears turned down at the packing plant and they will be dumped out."

"Get them and I'll can them," the woman exclaimed not thinking of the quantity she already had and how many 250 bushels really were.

Mrs. Brown laughed and went on to say. "I do not know about the truth of that story. It was just one of those jokes that was told on a Nebraskan and probably was pretty big. Something like the grasshopper stories of this country you folks tell." Just as if we might be stretching things a little.

Makes It Nice

The contest between the two cities of New York and San Francisco in being able to find no year but 1939 to have a World's Fair and both staging it the same time have nothing on the towns of Valley county. Both Pop Corn days at North Loup and the County Fair at Ord have their dates set to occur on the same days.

Those people in charge of P. C. Days at North Loup are a little peeved at the incident and at the last consultation there was no disposition on the part of those in charge to change the dates on account of

the fair. They say they set their dates for their next years celebration almost a month ago and the fair board came out much later with their dates.

It makes an interesting incident for us outsiders but it puts us, too, in a quandary to know which way to turn our cars on those one and only days for a celebration in Valley County.

Advisory Column

A rather peculiar incident occurred a while ago to Lloyd Van Horn upon his purchase of a residence property in North Loup. He said to me, and he was a little put out about it too, that he thought he was buying six lots but when it come to the real purchase act, the owner said he was going to sell only four and he was trying to hold out two lots on the back.

I took Lloyd gently by the arm with one hand and placed my other firmly over his mouth. I lead him carefully away from the curious mob. I was fearful that the insanity board would hear him complaining. I soon saw that Lloyd was capable of sound reasoning and he just had things twisted for the nounce.

"For gosh sakes man," I said "be quiet, he is only trying to be honest with you. All the good on earth those extra two lots would be to you would be to pay taxes on and they will be appraised at fifty dollars a piece. It is a little like the sand-hill land deed story where a man bought one section but when he looked at the deed he found the seller had pulled a fast one and deeded him two."

Lloyd went off a much happier man and a much quieter one. Now if there is anyone else who needs some good advice

Whoppers

The first man has no chance and now I'll have to tell the last ones about vacant farms in this country. Someone figured up that Bert Cummin's farm to North Loup about 12 miles going east from his place and then north into town, there are 25 idle farms.

Roy Williams says from his place into town which is about 8 miles there are 21 idle farms but I do not know how far off the road he counts.

Cliff Goodrich, who runs the mail route down that way, says he has 50 less mail boxes than at his high time a few years ago.

Vein Robbins, who runs around the country just a little bit now and then, says it is worse in Greeley and Boone County.

And here are a few prize packages about the big harvests in this country. If anyone can report to me a better (or worse) story, I'll be their Dutch Uncle and give them one week's subscription to the Quiz.

Ford Eyerly said that from Jake Earnest's farm (we always thought a pretty good farm too) his taxes were over \$200.00 on the quarter and he got for his share 7 bushels of rye this year.

Ed Lee said from three quarters he got a few loads of cane. He [*the rest is missing*]

November 1, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Something Extra
Loyalty
Times Not So Bad
Short Shavings

Something Extraordinary

At the Fortnightly Ladies club last week my wife reports that Mrs. Fred Bartz read a short one act play that she had written and Mrs. Gowen, who enjoys such things, said that for an amateur it was something extra.

It was a story of a woman who had always felt it a duty to stay at home and care for her family, never going away from her work. Suddenly she decided to go to a club meeting in another town but did not dare tell her folks. She went, leaving them on their own.

The men at home encountered all manner of difficulties, one trying to boil hamburger. They finally realized the mother who they had never thought much of before, was indispensable, and just then there came word that a car with a group of ladies in route from the club meeting had been wrecked, injuring several. The story has a happy ending however.

Mrs. Gowen says there were climaxes and sub-climaxes at the proper places and characterizations that were fine. It was humorous too, and the contrast of Mrs. Bartz, proper and precise as she is, writing and reading slang phrases of the men was very amusing.

Loyalty

A discussion in the oil station the other day resulted in quite a little feeling. The feeling arose when it was said that certain people in the community thought Hitler and his government was all right and they hoped he would win the war etc. One man in the vicinity is a communist, or at least he talks like one.

The preponderance of opinion in the oil station was that these people should go back there to live if they think it is so fine. We have come, in this country, to have a better feeling than before of our land of liberty. We are all thankful that we live here in place of there, and these folks who talk in sympathy with Hitler and Stalin, and their doxies, are not making themselves very popular.

We have a land here of free speech, and rightfully these people can talk as they please. It is not that altogether. It is loyalty that we expect, loyalty to the best and nicest country yet devised, imperfect as it may be. We are trying too, to set an example to the other nations, that along with the freedom of speech and actions unknown in other places, we can, with God's help keep out of war.

Times Not So Bad

When John Shultz, who has been living on the Bert Brown farm and who is really an old timer of this territory, decided to move to Washington with Brown's, John felt he must first make a trip to Lincoln and see his brother there. Upon that decision, Mrs. Shultz proclaimed, "In that event I'll have to get my hair curled. I simply will not go down to Lincoln looking like a wild Indian." (You remember wild Indians have straight hair.)

So Friday morning John and Mrs. Shultz went to North Loup to get her hair curled. They found the beauty woman so busy she could not get to Mrs. Shultz for several days. Not to be outdone, Shultzs then drove on to Ord.

At Ord they visited three beauty parlors and found each one of them as busy as the one in North Loup. Finally at the fourth one where four operators were working under high pressure, Mrs. Shultz found a booth at which by waiting a while, she could get transformed from looking like a wild Indian to an American with curly hair.

Now several deductions can be drawn from this little incident. Mrs. Shultz says she knows now what business she would advise a girl getting into. No other places in town had the trade that these had.

Someone else deducted that I was all wrong when I said that times are hard in this country. There seems to be money for hair dressing, for movies, for beer, for football games, for automobiles, for gasoline. This someone said these things are not essentials of life and surely would not come before the purchase of potatoes, clothes and the like. Times are not so bad here after all.

Short Shavings

Jim Leth, who lives north of Scotia, has been picking his corn, and inasmuch as fractions always were troublesome to him he is in a little difficulty. From one fifty-seven acre field he picked six and a third bushels of corn and he has to give two-fifths to the landlord and he hardly knows how much to give. Of course he could weigh it but hated to drive his team to town just for that. Then too he was a little troubled to know how much an acre the field made.

Mrs. E. J. Babcock who fell down cellar the other day and broke her arm said she has lived in that same house with the same stairway for fifty years and no accident has ever occurred there before. She says that they always knew it was a dangerous passage and always used care in mounting it and now after all these years the accident occurred.

In digging up the Indians west of North Loup, someone asked the man in charge how long it would be before someone would start digging us up. He was asked too if he did not think those live Indians who buried their dead there did not think at the time their folks were buried for good. The thought occurred to another that with people in the country so poor they were going without the necessities of life, that this is a funny way to spend the money of the state.

November ?, 1939-1

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Farmers All Wrong

Alfred Christensen, who lives on the fringe of Valley county to the east has some of the best white hogs in this section of the state. He showed at three different fairs this fall and never won prize lower than third place at any fair. At Ord there were three competitors but the judge said that Alfred's were so much better than any of the others they need not bother to take them out of the pen in the wind and dust to be awarded. He also said one hog of Alfred's was good enough to make competition at any show in the United States.

Granting from these reports that his hogs must be especially high powered hogs, an interesting situation develops. Every year Alfred has some boars to sell. When the farmer comes to buy a hog, Alfred can hardly sell anything but a short chuffy type. Only as a last resort can he sell a rangy rainbow type of hog, and frequently has not been able to sell them at all.

But to take the prize at the fairs, Alfred has to have the rangy type, or at least not too chuffy. It puts Alfred in a peculiar position to be able to win prizes at the fairs and to sell his hogs after he does win.

It is too bad the farmers in this section do not know a good kind of hog to raise and have on the farms. Perhaps a little educational program along that line would be in order; or is it the judges that need the education?

Fish Stories

Harry Miller of Scotia says he was invited to Burwell to a fishing party by Dr. Holson, who used to live in Scotia, and who, Harry says, does little else except practice his dentistry and fish. Harry says Dr. Holson knows more about fishing than anyone he ever saw.

They tried fishing in the afternoon but with little luck. Then as it began to get dark the fish began to bite. Harry said they caught rock bass as fast as they could pull them out. He said the darker the better and the fishermen couldn't see the bobber or lines at all. The only way they could tell they had a bite was to hold the lines tight and pull when the fish started away with them.

And now here is a real fish story told by Bert Brown who lives in Washington, having just moved there from here. He says it is no fun to fish there for the limit one can catch is 25 pounds. He says at certain times the fish go up stream so thick and fast all one has to do it to reach over in the water with the dipnets and throw the big fish on the bank.

A Few War Facts

By Mrs. Gowen

To fight a defensive war is far the easiest and the most economical. Both sides along the western front appear to be waiting for the other to take offensive. If one should start, the other would simply proceed to mow them down from their mechanical fortifications. As a result, neither starts. With machine guns now days, an army does not fire so many more bullets than in former wars as one would think. A machine gun, of course, is capable of firing hundreds of bullets a minute, but soon the chamber is empty and more shells are needed. It takes one small army to fire the guns, another bigger one to carry the shells up to the gunner from the rear. And these shells are heavy. A soldier can carry ammunition to last only a short time.

About all the war there is now is on the sea and among the diplomats. Although the English have lost quite a few ships, they claim they have captured enough German ships and goods to offset the loss.

The longer the war lasts the way it is going the better it is for the French and English. Germany keeps getting hungrier and the opponents better prepared. It is a fact that Germany never lost a quick war; she never won a long one. Both sides know this and this is the reason it is thought Germany will try to make a lightning campaign soon.

It is not thought Russia will be much help to Germany. Russia is the most backward nation in Europe and never has been able to feed her own people, say nothing of shipping food out to Germany. The people are not loyal either and subject to revolution.

In spite of the submarines, England still is mistress of the seas. The place where this pinches Germany most is that they do not have oil enough to begin to operate their mechanized army. They have tried other fuels in their thousands of airplanes but they do not operate as they should on anything but gasoline.

Hitler lately has been trying to pick a fight with Holland. One reason, probably a poor one, is that he might establish an airplane base there to hop over and bomb England. It would give him a direct route to London and make it so his heavy bombers could sail through and as it is they can hardly make the round trip without refueling. This reason is not so sound for if he did establish a base there, it would give England the same advantage he has.

Perhaps the principal reason for picking a fight with Holland is that Holland has many foreign possessions and some of them are rich in oil. It puts Holland in a very vulnerable position in that Japan may pounce on some of the possessions, and Japan too lacks oil and money and other things and that is the reason for her grabbing.

Japan seems to be making little headway in China now. It is said that the Japanese soldiers are wearing ragged clothes and the Japanese officers are wearing patched ones. When army officers wear patched clothing, it is tough. One of the biggest blows to Japan's success is the war in Europe.

Japan had big orders, in Germany, some paid for in advance, now she cannot get the goods or the money back either.

Football

Don't think for a minute one did not get his money's worth at Scotia at the football game last Friday night when the local team played Taylor. And there was not only one game; there were two.

Besides the main bout, which was packed with thrills and tumbles (no one killed however) there was an exciting fire in the hamburger stand when the gasoline stove ignited and blazed to the ceiling. That was thrilling for the minute but nothing was harmed only the stove.

Then on the east side, where I hovered about a weed fire to keep from freezing to death, two girls, Doris Mae West and Leverna Beck whirled batons to likewise keep from freezing. It seemed to me they were a little extra good at it. A man standing close along the wire said he was at the auto show at Omaha last week and there were some baton whirlers there but they were no better (as he could see) than these two ladies in front of us trying only to keep warm.

Then there was the crowning of the grid queen, Margaret Murphy, and a drill by the girl cadets who were dressed in white sweaters and white knit caps and they marched into stars and formations like tin soldiers.

Oh, yes. The second game. I about forgot. They played at least three quarters. On the side lines by the fire about a dozen boys played tag or football against two girls. The girls were very much outnumbered but they fought a gallant fight just the same. They pulled, wrestled, made passes and fell in the dust until one would think there would be nothing left of the ball they were playing with.

The girls worried over the outcome of the ball but no such anxiety seemed to enter the boys' head. About the ball, you ask? Oh yes. It was one of the white knit caps worn by the girl cadets.

November ?, 1939-2

[no date]

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

I Must Be Wrong
Rattlesnake Story
Short Shavings

I must Be Wrong

There has been a wild discussion over the question of whether the people of Valley county are really, in fact, hard up as the editor of this column has indicated a few times, or whether, for a fact, he is mistaken and the populace are not so bad off, after all.

On the one side of the argument is the fact that the busiest place in the county is the Valley county relief office. There are times when the whole lower lobby of the court house will be like a swarm of bees; that is, swarmed with people waiting to get audience into the relief office or commodities.

I was told that people wait for hours sometimes to get their turn to see director Kruml. I was told that one woman came to the office a few days ago early in the forenoon and found when she got there that she had not arrived early enough; that there were a big number ahead of her. She waited and waited and sat right there through the noon hour and it was not until three o'clock that her turn came.

Besides the director, there are no less than five typists or helpers and sometimes more passing out aid and still besides this, it is said there are many people in the county who are too proud to ask for

relief and, in fact, are going hungry and cold. Some people proclaim that here in central Nebraska, times are, for a fact, Hard.

But in spite of all this factual evidence, I was called to a halt in a place of business in Ord the other day, and the manager gave me a little evidence that I was all wrong about this hard up affair.

This man said he went back to his business after supper a few nights ago and worked until about ten o'clock. On his way home he passed the picture show and from the many, many cars around he was sure there was a good house-full in attendance. He passed two beer parlors and both were having a land office business. Also he passed the new bowling alley and so many people were there that he could not crowd in. Further on he passed the dance hall and there too was a full house hoeing it down. Shining cars were strewn about all over. This man told me, in no uncertain terms, that a land that is as hard up as I have been maintaining could not carry on in gayety as those Valley county people were doing. It costs money to partake of such entertainment and these places do no credit business.

I give it up. I will never again state that anything is this or that. I was under the impression that folks here are hard put but I must be wrong. I was told that many of the same people who are making so much business for Mr. Kruml are the identical ones seen at these before mentioned places. I must be wrong, strange as that may seem, for people surely would not spend their money for dances, beer, shows, et cetera, and then go home to a cold house where the cupboard is bare.

Rattlesnake Story Number 3

Finding the rattlesnakes mentioned in the paper last week reminds me of a story my father used to tell. I have repeated it since he died and in several instances I was given the horselaugh and told that that story was not true.

This is it. On the way to Horace, through the hills, is a high hill called Dry Lake. One time about 1900 (long after the country was thought to be free of rattlesnakes) some of my father's men were working there and found a den of rattlesnakes.

These two men drove their team to town and told of the snakes. Few people would believe the story thinking it a hoax. Finally a buggy full of men were convinced and drove back. They killed hundreds of rattlesnakes on that hill that afternoon.

Before that, for years there had been no rattlesnakes in the country and never since that has there been any known until these were found west of Ord. As one passes the third little bridge east and north of Claud Thomes', if he looks up on the north side of the road he will see a different kind of dirt spewed out from the edge of the hill top and that is where the snakes were dug out. Old timers in North Loup will vouch the truth of this story.

Another rattlesnake story is told by Charley Barnhart, jr. He said when his folks were employed for Sibbersen's about ten years ago, he found a rattlesnake in the pasture north of Sternecker's. I have no reason not to believe it although there was no den found.

Short Shavings

Jim McCall has imported from Wisconsin a few Brown Swiss heifers and a young bull. I was told they are pure-bred and that as a breed, they are very good milk cows and grow much larger than the Jerseys, although not quite as large as the Holsteins. They are pretty animals: sort of tan or grey color similar to the color of the Brahma steers at the rodeo.

Fred Coe asked me if I had read the article in the Saturday Evening Post of Oct. 28, by Herbert Hoover entitled "We Must Keep Out." I replied that I had and I thought it one of the best I had read about why we should stay out of war.

Fred said he believed that the school teachers should require every student to read that article and pass examinations on it. Regardless of one's love for Hoover, we must admit he probably had as much to do with the other war as any living American and this article is strictly non-partisan. For once in my life I agreed with Fred.

While singing in the S. D. B. choir, Gene Barber had trouble reaching a high note in the word Messiah, so he said, "I sure made a mess of Messiah that time."

After the game at Scotia the other night between that town and Greeley (score 7-0 favor Scotia) the Greeley team met at Gillian's Cafe and were pretty mad, so it was said. Greeley boys had come to Scotia with the determination to win. They felt several decisions were rotten and one touchdown was made an instant after the bell had rung. They were not happy at all, so they say.

It is a question with many whether such hot competition between close towns is the thing or not. When hard feelings are made it is surely not. Since North Loup and Ord have ceased to compete in athletics, the feelings between the towns has been much better.

One man said that in this county we are living on hopes now and nothing else. If we gave up hopes that it would not rain again, and that the ground would remain as dry for another ten years as it is now, ninety per cent of the people would move away before spring.

Roy Williams says I am wrong about there being 21 idle farms between his place and town for there are not 21 in all and a few are occupied. However, he did admit there are 21 and more idle if one counts back from the road a ways.

November ?, 1939-3

[no date]

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Road Building
Sounds Better
News From Afar
Short Shavings

Road Building

Frank Miller told me the other day of the building of a road between Farwell and Loup City and this along with a few more illustrations will at least let the folks know who have moved away and who seem to think we folks here are stretching the truth slightly, something of how dry it is here.

The road people hired water wagons to haul water to soak up the dirt so that it would stay put and pack and so that the grades could be traveled over after it was built. In building the road there were two shifts each working 8 hours to a shift but the water wagons ran continuously and then had trouble getting water enough to pack the dirt as it should be.

They hauled from an irrigation ditch and put 2½ million gallons to 2½ miles of road. In other words they put 22 gallons of water to a cubic yard. There is about a cubic yard in a single wagon box.

In the cuts, in many places, they would find no moisture at all, but when they did it would be at about fourteen feet below the surface.

In digging post holes one finds no sign of moisture at all. In digging silos, one runs into difficulties, for after one gets down a few feet the dirt becomes so fine and dusty that it is hard to get out. It flies and splashes out of the scrapers or the shovels like water.

On the other hand, Henry Lee, who lives near Mira Creek west of North Loup, says that the water is coming up in the creek bed lately more than at any time for a long while.

This Sounds Better

There is a rumor about that an oil company plans to drill for oil west of North Loup very soon. The rumor is also that one of the head engineers has approached George Mayo trying to lease the Matt Ernest house with the option of buying it if oil is really found.

It is a fact that Henry Bredthauer has been working on this oil proposition for several years and also has been working with it again lately getting leases from different people west of town. It is said they have all the land near the proposed drilling sight under contract now. Albert has had some oil experience in Wyoming and this may all turn out to be something after all.

News From Afar

Kent Manchester writes from Turlock, Calif., that Otto Hill came into the oil station where he works and asked for a road map. Kent said both recognized each other at once and Kent called him by name but Otto (or the other man) turned and beat it for his car, leaving immediately.

Kent wrote to his brother, Sterling not to let anyone tell you it was not him either. He says that he might have been mistaken, of course, but it is not likely that the other man and he both would have been mistaken and dumfounded. It is said that Kent got the car number the other man was driving.

The story is told by some of the people who are living in Missouri that Walt Finch is there too, looking at land and thinking of settling there.

And right now, on top of the "Garden of Eden" stories we have heard of that place, Herman Dazel has come back from there. Someone asked him if this country did not look pretty tough compared with Missouri and he replied that it did not take him long to get his fill of the rocks and stumps.

Ira "Dutch" Manchester is back from Parkdale, Wash., to straighten up some business deals left unfinished. He expects to return soon. He brought some fancy apples and some passengers to help pay his way.

He says that times are hard there too, and it is as difficult there to get work as here. He says the farmers there are having a hard time of it. He says it would be like as if we had an enormous crop here but could get nothing for it. There is plenty of fruit and things to eat and fuel to burn but after one's cellar is full he cannot sell what is left.

My mother writes from Long Beach, Calif., "Your column is fine, (she would say that whether she thought it or not) but I wish you would not say any more about the conditions there, it gives me the willies."

Perhaps this is a good idea. We hate to think of her having such troubles.

A letter from Ward Gowen at a little town named Avernal, Calif. near Bakersfield, says that the town is booming on account of new oil fields having been started there. Wages are 5 to 7 to 10 dollars a day but expenses are also high. He says there are a few men out of work there but it is so expensive to live that the drifters move on. He says his son, Forrest, is going to the University at Berkley and that in some of his classes there are 600 students and that there are 17,000 students in all attending the university.

Harry Johnson says that his brother-in-law, Raymond Dunham, who previously lived in North Loup and Ord, is really making good now in Beverly Hills, Calif. He has organized a Building and Loan Association there and recently was a delegate to Boston to a Building and Loan convention.

Short Shavings

At the schoolhouse program last week a newspaper was read and the following was the item concerning the author.

To Mr. Gowen the question was asked, "Are you fond of bathing beauties?"

Answer, "I don't know I never tried it."

November ?, 1939-4

[no date]

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS

TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Vignettes Of A Dry Country.

One man tells of the foreclosure on his place and of the stay he took. He hired a lawyer to do the legal work that he might hold the farm another year but he lacked \$15 of having enough money to pay the bill. The lawyer agreed to wait and take the balance of the money from the crop, etc.

So by the end of the season the mortgagor went to the lawyer and said. "I haven't the \$15 but I'll do the next best thing. I'll give you every bit of rent I received from the place this year." The lawyer would not accept the offer for there had not been one dollar's worth of rent received.

Old timers say the ground never was so dry. The fields are all covered with two to four inches of dust.

At the community sale at North Loup a merchant brought some new rubbers to sell. Repeatedly the manager has tried to sell these rubbers and they are very good articles too, but he cannot get one bid on them. No one will buy things they do not need.

Mornings in the fall of most seasons when one goes out to husk corn there is frost on the fodder until one's clothes get wet and cold and in all very disagreeable. Frequently on frosty mornings the husker waits a few hours before he begins work.

This year there has been no frost to bother those pickers under the ditch where there is corn. No frost or no moisture at all to bother.

And speaking of husking corn, this is the standard joke. "Hello, Bill," a friend will say. "Why aren't you home husking corn?"

"Got my corn all out," will be the answer. "Fact is, I got it shucked last August. Did it up early this year."

And then there will be guffaws and haw haws, and an occasional slap on the back. Yes, I have heard that so called joke a hundred times, always accompanied with the same laughter, and each time I muse to myself, "Good sports, good sports." The fact is, there is not much joke to it; it is really not a laughing matter.

Walt Cummins tells the story that he thought would work very well for this country. The tenant farmer went to a lawyer and asked him who owned the farm he was living on.

The lawyer asked who he had been paying his rent to and the tenant said for nine years there had been no crop and consequently there had been nothing to pay. "Well," the lawyer, said, "if there is no rent to pay what difference does it make; what do you want?"

"It is this way," the tenant re plied, "The roof leaks and if it is not fixed at once I'm going to move out."

News From Afar

A letter from Ward Gowen at Avenal, Calif., contained the following paragraphs.

"We went to Treasure Island and saw the World's Fair last week." He tells of many sights here. Then—"There were two large theatres on Treasure Island. We went to both of them. The Calvacade of the west was a great play. It took in all the making of the west— stage coach, pony express and the reunion of the east and west roads.

"The stage was over a block long. One scene was of a gold rush and of the different modes of travel in 1849 that came to California."

'There were three 4-horse teams and prairie schooners all on the stage at one time, two 4-yoke oxen wagons on prairie schooners, two wheel carts, old hacks and buggies, bicycles and pack mules."

"The stage curtain was a large pipe on the ground hooked to water pressure. This was full of holes and to raise the curtain they turned on the pressure and this stream of water shot into the air about fifteen feet. There were different colored lights that automatically changed colors every few seconds, making this wall of water look like rainbows."

"There were forty acres of gay-way and amusements."

A few lines from a letter from my mother in Long Beach is in a different tenor.

"I am reading 'Europe Going, Going, Gone,' by Cyernin. It is much talked about here. It says, 'Democracy freed of fear of war, stripped of it's half heartedness ready to resist an attack, is yet sure to carry the day,' Democracy might win by trade but must be ready to fight if necessary. You should read the last chapter at least."

Again she writes, reprimanding me like only mothers do, sympathizing in a way with our troubles, and still telling me to stand up and take it on the chin. "I have been reading a story by Harry Leon Wilson and he says, 'The stops come to everyone in life and it is the way we take it that count.' "

In regard to moving to California she writes, "It seems to me you just as well flip a penny. There is the climate here and more opportunities but more people looking for such and I guess there is no place where there are so many unemployed."

"But I think you should make up your minds and stop worrying. That does no good and hurts yourselves, and children, and will ruin your health, usefulness and judgment. Make up your minds and then forget the other way."

"They are having a large building boom here of airplanes which will provide work for many, but here you would have to work for someone else. Sometimes that is better as one has only to worry about holding his job."

December ?, 1939

[no date]

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Better Go Too Often
Vignettes of a Dry Country
News From Afar

Better Go Too Often

At a call to Dr. Hemphill's a few days ago and at the inquiry in regard to the ailment of my son I found out that I was too late and should have come several weeks sooner. It was too late to make the correction at that time. It seemed I had been there a dozen times for matters of no consequence and he cheerfully sent me on with no charge. (That was the best part.)

I was a little chagrinned at this last call. "I come here time and again" I said, "for nothing of consequence and this time pass up when I should have come. You will grow weary of me before long."

"It's all right," he said. "You better come a dozen times when it isn't necessary than to miss one when you should. It reminds me of a story."

The old doctor was called out in the middle of the night to see a sick baby. The mother exclaimed over the phone, "He cries all the time at the top of his voice. I am distracted. I don't know the trouble but I am sure there is something bad."

So the doctor hitched up his horse and drove out several miles when he might have been sleeping. The baby was still whooping it up with wild screams. After a little investigation the doctor found a pin in the diaper that was pricking the child. (It was in the days when straight pins were used.)

The mother was then mortified that she had called the doctor in the night for such a trifle and for something that was not really serious. She apologized profusely.

"That's all right Mrs. Jones," he said. "I'd rather come a dozen times for something like this than to come once and find the baby sick with pneumonia or some bad trouble. I am glad there was nothing more wrong, I can rest better when I get home."

Vignettes Of A Dry Country

There is much speculation as to when if ever this country will come back and it will rain again. Some pessimists claim never; that certain geographical conditions in the Yukon or elsewhere have changed, causing the trade winds to change and consequently causing the rainfall to change in this country. It all seems a little too deep for the ordinary fellow to understand.

Many folks claim there is no hope for a crop next year; that the ground is so dry that there is not one chance in a thousand of there being rain fall enough in one season to produce a crop next year. We will admit there will be no pasture next year without considerable moisture between now and grass time.

This doleful outlook is not universal however. Clarence Breasly was saying just the other day, "This country will come back mighty quick when it gets started. A rainy season like we have had (I believe it was '23) would almost soak up our soil." That year at one time it rained for almost steady for three weeks. The women had trouble drying their clothes, we men had trouble planting our corn and when we did get it planted it was so wet the fields grew up to weeds before we could get them cultivated. From any little cloud we would get a rain.

Also this change in condition theory seems wrong for just this last year, north of us in the sand hills it rained a plenty, and in many places they have not had better grass for years. The distance is not so far apart but what it might rain here.

In some ways our country here has been one of the best. Our soil dries quickly and the rain, when it does come, is not so excessive but what we can easily farm large acreages. In the end, in years like we used to call normal, our total crops would be as large as where there was more rain and smaller fields.

News From Afar

A letter from Ralph Comstock at St. Charles, Ill., formerly of North Loup who is caretaker of the Babson estate there contained the following clipping from the Joliet paper.

"First of all one drives through the entrance to the caretaker's cottage. Mass planting of tulips, iris, bleeding hearts and Shirley poppies make the drive to the cottage truly beautiful. Then guided by the extremely clever, well-informed and hospitable Mr. Comstock, one is taken to a spot, covering 200 acres, which has been made into an acreage of breath-taking beauty, far exceeding any gardens to be seen in this area. Lovely winding paths, rock gardens, cliffs, wild planting of well known and rare species of flowers, vistas of spectacular beauty — small picturesque bridges, and logs arranged that the guests may be seated to rest — all are factors in making it a rare treat. No effort spared to make it seem an area of natural beauty, untouched by human hands, whereas in reality most of it is the work of landscape gardeners and creative artists."

As I have said before, "Ralph is another of our Valley county boys who has made good in the city." Besides other relatives in the south end of the county, there too is his sister, Mrs. Will Davis of Davis Creek.

On the cover page of This Week magazine, there is a picture very much like that of Estelle Bredthauer. She is the normal training teacher in the Scotia high school.

December 27, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

More About Taxes

Tiny Tim

One Small Detail

Short Shavings

More, More About Taxes.

Following are a few of the remarks gleaned from the talk of Mr. Cadwallader of Oxford who spoke to the Farm Bureau in regard to tax referendum which they hope to put on the ballot next November.

He started his talk stating that he took it for granted that we all felt everyone should pay some thing, even though it may be small, in taxes, for the support of our government. But the fact of the matter is, only half the people are contributing toward our state, county and school direct taxes. One half of the people do not pay at all.

42% of the people live on farms and have 24% of the income. This 42% paid last year, 70% of the money raised for state expense. The total 1937 agriculture income of Nebraska was approximately \$112,000,000. The tax collector took about $\frac{1}{4}$ of that and this has been relatively true since 1919."

Although Mr. Cadwallader was speaking to farmers, he said that small town businessmen were worse off than the farmer.

"The salaries paid in Nebraska are approximately \$260,000,000 a year. This is more by 30% than the total income of all farmers, merchants, and businessmen who own their own business. Frequently salaried men pay no or very few taxes.

"47 states of the union have broadened their tax base some way or another. Nebraska is the only state that depends entirely on direct taxes.

"Any tax system is better than the one we have. No system could be more unfair.

"Out of the 47 states that have broadened their tax base, there has been only one that had fore sight enough to, at the same time, make a tax limitation on the real property. In other words in most cases the extra broadened taxes were just added on.

"Non-taxpayers can about outvote the tax payers and vote whatever they want.

"Eleven years ago, in 1927, the ratio of tax payers to non-taxpayers was about 64-36. Now it is about 50-50. There is no reason why this ratio might not continue in a few years to 45-55.

"On top of that the Supreme Court has now ruled that lands owned by Federal Land Bank, the H. O. L. C., and other government organizations are exempt from taxation.

"It is beyond question that some sort of tax broadening will be added to our tax system in a few years. The thing to do is, before that time comes, to put a limitation to our tax le vies so that these new forms of taxation will not merely be added on to our already overtaxed state."

The petitions that are being circulated now are merely to put the referendum on the ballot next November. One need not be afraid to sign it for one might sign the petition and then later if he wishes vote against the petition as it appears on the ballot.

The petition places a limit that may be assessed on farm lands at 7 mills and 15 on city property. The extra seven mills allowed to city property is for water, lights, sewerage, etc.

There is a provision too for the appraisement of the property so a county board cannot, because of the need of money, raise the valuations beyond the actual value.

There are a few exceptions. One is where the district is already bonded. We cannot vote away debts we have already contracted. However, this may hinder further indebtedness.

Also there is another exception. If there is dire need for a bond issue, the 7 or 16 mill limit may be exceeded by a vote of 60% of the people.

Omaha, Lincoln and Grand Island are also excepted for they have Home Rule charters.

There is not much question but what there will be enough signers to put this referendum on the ballot next November. Some predict if it gets on the ballot it will pass beyond question. There will be much more discussion of it in the future and the Farm Bureau, who is sponsoring it, only want to put the question where people can decide. At the last two legislatures, a similar bill proposed was killed in the banking committee before it had a chance. Now the Farm Bureau is trying a different scheme.

Tiny Tim.

At the school Christmas program at Scotia Thursday evening, Santa Claus was not the only famous character represented. I was a little late and when I sat down, Mrs. Gowen nodded to a lad on the balcony and said, "there is Tiny Tim up there."

Billy Kersch had dark brown eyes that sparkled like agates and he smiled and laughed at the other children all the time. One would never think "he bore a little crutch," and cannot walk up and down stairs. Miss Palmer acted as Bob Cratchett and must have thought him as good as gold, for after she had carried him down the treacherous steps, she patted his back and whispered caution to him as he hobbled off in the crowd.

"Sure it's Tiny Tim," I said. "No doubt no one else but Tiny Tim could be crippled and so happy too on Christmas day." It was he who told Bob Cratchett coming home from church, "that he hoped people saw him, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas day, who made the lame beggars walk, and the blind to see."

Little Billy Kersch must think that, for my daughter says he has had many operations, and he can walk too, after a fashion.

One Small Detail.

Mrs. Frank J. Monahan, whose husband is 1939 master farmer and whose picture is on the front of the last Nebraska Farmer, is a first cousin to Claud Thomas. Claud has visited Monahan's and they have been at his place many times. Claud has known them ever since they were married years ago. Claud says the history of Mr. and Mrs. Monahan is quite accurate except for one little detail.

He was a very thrifty man and they have owned for years a very fine farm. One son has always stayed at home and the two have been very successful. All during the years, except the last few, they have had good crops and made and saved money.

What was the little detail that was not mentioned, you say. Oh yes, I about forgot, it was so unimportant. But after he and his wife had worked several years and saved their money (\$500) and started farming for themselves, their parents gave them \$4000 additional. You know \$4000 at a time when one is starting up is hardly worth mentioning.

Short Shavings.

At the North Loup theatre the show this week is "Night Work" and it comes on work night.

Should Philip Seefus of Scotia have a son, it might be well to name him Joe.

January 10, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

No Quarrel
Lake Babcock
Short Shavings

No Quarrel.

Clair Clement who is one of the ranking members of the fair board said to me that he (and the other members of the board) are quite distressed over the fact that the fair dates and Pop Corn dates have been set upon the same days for next year. He said there was no intention to interfere with Pop corn days when it was done.

To substantiate this fact Clair says he always sort of felt he was a North Loup man. He belongs to the church in North Loup, he tries always to attend their celebrations, he always yells for North Loup In athletic contests. Cliff McClellan too is a North Loup man and was for years president of the Pop Corn Days board. It is the height of foolishness to think that the dates were set purposely to spite the North Loup people.

Clair says if the Pop Corn dates were set prior to the fair dates, he nor any of the fairs board knew it and the first they were aware of the trouble was from this column. He is sure that the fact was never published in the Quiz and Melvin Cornell and Myra Barber (so Clair says) admitted to Cliff McClellan that the Pop Corn dates were never published in the Loyalist. Clair says that he learned years ago to read the printed page but never has mastered the art of reading men's minds.

The reason the fair dates were, set where they were was to convenience the auto racers. The Ord fair tries to cooperate with other auto racing events so the racers can make a circuit and not be to much expense traveling back and forth over the country. More than that if the racers cannot catch the Valley county fair along with other events in this section of the country they will not come at all.

The Valley county fair board would gladly change their dates on account of the mix-up if it were possible but because of the above mentioned fact those dates are about the only ones available and still have races. Clair is very sorry it all happened but because of the Pop Corn dates never having been published, he does not feel altogether guilty as some have indicated.

Clair also goes on to say that he thinks both cities can have their celebration and both can cooperate to help each other in the place of perhaps quarreling. Ord has its races and the 4-H exhibits and agriculture displays. North Loup has its floats, free pop corn and free entertainments. He hopes North Loup exhibitors will come to Ord and he can see no reason why the Ord people might not arrange for a float and help with the entertainment as does the city of Scotia each year.

And after this talk with Clair I am sure there has been no ill-will felt by the Ord people on account of the date conflict; "it was just one of those things," as Joe Knezecek says to me so often.

Lake Babcock

In the Dec. 20 Quiz, in the "You and I were Young," department; it mentioned how on Dec. 23, 1909, H. E. Babcock of Columbus gave a talk before the Commercial club in regard to the Loup River project there. The writer wondered if that is why they called the reservoir Lake Babcock.

Yes, that is the reason. H. E. Babcock tried to promote almost the same project that now is erected at Columbus. He tried to finance it with private funds and failed because he could not raise the

money. Now the government has furnished most of the money and the project is a reality that was this man's life dream.

And bringing it a little closer home, H. E. Babcock was raised in Valley county, his mother living in the Big Bend country, Ord and North Loup. Her name was Mrs. Plummer Horr.

H. E. "Earnie" Babcock was the only son from his mother's first marriage, his father having been killed in the Civil war before he was born. Mrs. Babcock later married Mr. Horr, all old timers. There was a provision in the homestead laws that such children could homestead land before they were of age, so Ernest when he was a small boy, homesteaded the old Hughes place next to the river straight east of the Olean schoolhouse.

He was a very gifted conversationalist and bright man, but everyone thought him somewhat of a dreamer and more or less impractical with his aspirations for irrigation projects. That might have been true, but still the very scheme that he spent his life trying to promote and develop, and which failed for him, is now a reality, and the people of Columbus must have recognized and remembered the fact, for years after he is dead, and his children have all moved away, they have honored that man by naming the reservoir for him.

Short Shavings

The prevailing thought of conversation at Will Wheatcraft's sale was, "What is the country coming to when such fellows as Will, Rube McCune, and other men of similar fortitude have to give up and move away."

G. L. Hutchins, upon noting a man with a fourteen year old son walking along the street was astonished at the size the boy had grown. G. L. remarked, "That boy will soon be a big help to his father—yes a big help in spending money if nothing else."

A lady in Chicago, a Miss Lyman my daughter heard, and my daughter also heard that she was rich and a nurse, and more than that she is an alumnus of the Scotia high school, well, anyway, she sent a sack of candy as a Christmas gift, to each and every student of the Scotia school.

Someone asked John Manchester if he read wild west stories, "Naw," he replied in disgust. "I used to read them and liked them too, but lately I have been busy reading the president's speeches."

The sorrel team of mares sold at Will Wheatcraft's sale was the big attraction there. It is seldom one sees as nice a team as that. They sold for \$151.00 each and went over toward Greeley. Few of us would feel we could afford to buy such a team in these times, and no doubt Will would not have had them had he not raised them.

Roy Cox tells of a sign he noticed in a restaurant: "Do not take our napkins or silverware—they are not medicine."

Edgar Stillman's small son, Gregory (whose grandfather is Elmer Duryea, the garageman of Scotia) stood on the sidelines and watched his folks have trouble starting their car. (You know, ten below, hitching the team on etc.) Finally the little lad, said, "Lets f'row it in the junk pile."

January 17, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Help One Kill Another
The Other Side
Short Shavings

Help One Kill Another.

A stockman said to me the other day that if the drouth does not break the farmers in this section on this corn sealing program will. He said that the government lending the money on corn in Iowa and other parts, is putting the price to where the farmers in the drouth sections cannot buy it.

At one time, I and most people thought this corn sealing idea was hot stuff. Many people have come to the conclusion now they are not so sure. Ninety per cent of the corn raised is fed by the farmer himself to his livestock, or if not by the farmer that raised it, by a neighbor farmer, or if not by him, by a farmer in a neighboring state where there has been a poor crop. As a result of this sealing, the farmer is not pegging the price on the rest of the world, but on himself or his own organization.

Men who have been hauling corn from Iowa say that men there who have raised big crops are sealing it and then are buying corn from non-cooperators at a cheaper price to feed. That way they are making a little money on their own corn (off the government) and booming the price of the cheaper corn to a place the poor drouth stricken man cannot feed it. As a result, in place of using more of our surplus crop, the tendency is to hold it back and to increase the surplus another year.

It might be we will come to the point yet where we'll let the law of supply and demand take care of our corn crop, especially as long as we are our own market.

The Other Side.

A letter from my brother in Denver contained the following gem of literature. I might remind you that he owns no real estate, and has a good job working for the city water department of Denver.

"Have been making out my federal income tax this morning, That is going to cost me about \$25. Then I have the state income tax to make out the last of the month. That is going to cost me \$6. This income tax burns me up, but what is a fellow going to do? JUST PAY IT!"

"I do not mind the federal so much, but the state income tax gets my goat, besides sales, service, gas and oil and all the other hidden taxes. The sales and service is what peeves me the most. A person gets sick and has to pay the doctor a tax to turn over to the state. You pay a tax because it is fun to get sick. Or to have a tooth ache. A tax to have a tooth pulled. Some get up? Eh, what!"

After Mr. Caldwallader's talk and the circulation of the petitions to put the referendum on the ballot to limit the tax levy on real estate, opposition develops to the effect that this is a scheme of the insurance and loan companies to get out of paying taxes on the great quantities of land they have taken under foreclosure. The men who are opposing apparently have no love for the insurance and loan companies and oppose the idea largely to even a score.

It is true that these companies are the big land owners and will benefit the most. It is true that these companies are trying to get their money out of their investments without loss. But still, most of them are anxious to sell their holdings, some even at big losses, and if we folks want to live in this country, it would be much easier to buy and pay for land where the taxes are within our ability to pay.

And regardless of the "Shylockness" some feel of these mortgagees, which is a question somewhere in the Bible it says to "return good for evil," and we should vote for or against the referendum on its merits and not to spite some person or company we feel has done us wrong.

Short Shavings.

Mrs. John Shultz writes from Washington that they stopped to see Elno Hurley at Parkdale and he has sold his store there and has gone to California. She said Elno said he wanted to get to a country where he could see the sun and Mrs. Shultz told him he shouldn't have left Nebraska.

It is said that a man in these parts was losing his farm last spring and he deeded it to the loan company and for that they rented it to him for a year for one dollar. Even at that cheap rent of a dollar he lost money.

February 7, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS

TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Surely a Favorite Son
They Might Have Believed Him

SCOTIA EDITION

Surely A Favorite Son.

Jake Everetts, County Commissioner for the west one third (approx) of Greeley county, from the consensus of opinion of a number of people interviewed, seems to be making good at that arduous task.

The county commissioner job is a trying one at the best. The commissioner is in other words, the skipper for his section of the county. He tends to building all bridges and roads, spending county money, relief, equalization of taxes, county trials, and in fact, almost everything.

In a measure Jake has the edge over the average commissioner because he never ran for the office. He never asked a person to vote for him; he didn't know they were writing his name in until after the ballots were counted (he was on the election board too) and after his defeat at the primaries he did not know his next door neighbors were circulating a petition to put his name on the general election ballot until after it was all signed.

The folks in that section of the county wanted someone as commissioner to beat Teillman. Long having been known for his honesty, good judgment and kind heart, Jake had been asked three different times in his life to run for the commissioner job and each time had refused. Before his last election his friends came to him again and he finally said if they elected him he would take the job and do the best he could, but he would make no effort for it on his part. That's the way it went; that's the way he was elected.

As a consequence, he is not obligated to any person, clique or party because of pre-election promises. He has striven since he has taken office to treat everyone as fair as he could, keeping the welfare of the county and people paramount. Every day there is something new coming up, causing him to make decisions. He does the best he can with the feeling he is obligated to no one and with the feeling too if the people don't like it, they can get someone else.

More than that he does his work without the apparent worry that some have had. One commissioner worried over the affairs and the criticism so much that when re election time came he said he wouldn't have the job again under any circumstances.

It is a tough job and some wonder if they did him a favor to elect him to it.

They Might Have Believed Him.

At the Scotia Co-op Oil company this year they bought, to give away, a calender with the choice of four different scenes. The calenders were laid out on the table in four piles and anyone who wanted one could take it, picking the picture he liked best. One selection was a picture of a bathing beauty.

It was discovered before long that the calenders with the bathing beauty picture were all gone before any of the others were taken. In fact, the one calender was so noticeably the most popular that the employees began to talk about it.

It happened too, in this connection that the son of one of the directors grabbed one of these bathing beauty calenders and hurried home with it, hanging it up in the house, and absentmindedly not telling his folks of it.

The next day a neighbor lady dropped in. She had heard of this immodest picture and she sputtered considerably, voicing her opinion to the director for allowing the company to put out such an advertisement. The wife of the director sided in and between the two women they gave the director a real lacing for the vilen minded act of the business.

He tried to answer and say that it was not he, but the manager who had ordered the calenders, that he was innocent as could be, that his mind never wandered to such things, that had it been him all of those calenders would have been tossed into the fire pronto. His arguments against two women were quite futile however, (you know) two women against one man.

At that, he thought he about had them convinced of his innocence, when low and behold his wife began to open her eyes widely, she drew a deep breath and gasped. Was she seeing things? Were her eyes deceiving her? Where was she anyway? Yes, on the wall, her very own wall, her very own home, was a new calender, the very terrible one she had been talking about.

Heart Business, Not Purse.

My daughter, who is a member of the domestic science class in the Scotia high school came to her folks the other day to get help on a question her teacher asked for her to answer. It was, "How much money is necessary for a young couple to have before marrying?"

From a point of experience (not theory) and from observation, we could answer this question without difficulty. "A couple should have five dollars to buy the license with," I replied, "but if they haven't that fiver, no doubt they could borrow it for this purpose."

Bill Kildow came to see me a few days before he heard that I was going to get married. He held out a five dollar bill and offered to loan it to me. A little stumped at this he explained, "When I got married your father loaned me five dollars and I am just trying to return the compliment."

"Of course," we instructed the girl, "it would be nicer to have a few hundred, or a few thousand, but there are dozens and dozens of young folks who marry with no money, who work and save along, buying their furniture and things one piece at a time, and are wonderful people in the end."

We continued, "marrying is a matter of the heart, not the pocket book. When you find a lad that's so fine that life is not worth while without him, and he feels the same about you, you'll manage the marriage business somehow."

"There'd be mighty few marriages in this country now days if they all had to wait for a certain sum of money."

Short Shavings.

A lady north of Horace, who is one of the cheese factory's best customers, called a week ago after the roads had been blocked, and said she wished the trucker would hurry and come up there for she had on hand at that time, ten days milk saved up.

Someone expressed on the Scotia street the other day, that Senator Doyle had finally got his picture in the papers, even if it was without pants.

February 14, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Poultry Column

Good Samaritan

Short Shavings

Stories From WPA.

Time, tide and the WPA bus wait for no man. At least that seems to be the idea prevalent at North Loup.

So the story goes, it occurred to the boss that the men were getting a little later each morning upon their arrival at the power house for their take off to the hinterlands north of Ord where each day they perform their stint.

Consequently the boss issued the order to the bus driver, that when the morning whistle blew (7 o'clock) away they would go.

On this particular morning one worker was about a hundred feet late. It wouldn't have mattered if he had been five feet late, the bus driver followed instructions and moved off. The 100 foot late man turned and started to run to the corner at the highway thinking he would catch on when the bus stopped at the stop sign. He would have made it too had the bus stopped, but that morning it didn't. There was talk of filing a complaint for breaking the law, of having the boss fired and other terrible chastisements, but talk talk was all there was to it.

But the prize story is of the man two miles north near 42 school house who got a ticket to go to work. In place of trudging two miles to the power house he took his dinner and stood by the highway. When the bus came along he waved and yelled and ran about something terrible but the bus never slacked its pace. The bus driver simply said, "I have no instructions to stop for that man."

It seems too that there is one man (perhaps more) who does considerable talking, especially about religion. Finally the boss became weary of the clatter and tried to stop it but could not. So the story goes he appealed to the boss next higher up. He in turn wrote to his next higher brass collar at Lincoln, and he wrote on into Washington, each asking if there was anything that could be done about a fellow who talked too much. The question went to the top authority who ever he is, perhaps the president himself.

In Washington they studied the question from many angles, then wrote back and back and finally the word was relayed to the local boss that in as much as this is a free country, of free speech and religious convictions, that the only thing they knew of was to allow the man to talk.

The fact of the matter it is told, is there are two talkers of extraordinary ability, both using religious terms but of opposite context.

Then there is the question of the seats each one will sit on in the bus. Some around the edge are colder or warmer and ride better or worse than the row down the center. Wild arguments ensue over which rides where, some thinking the older men should have the choice, some thinking first there first serve. One big fat man made a wild run, the other day when the whistle blew, so the story goes, and got the choice corner seat. The bus boss ordered him to move and the corner seat man replied, "to heck with you. Just move me if you think you are big enough." The boss a little fellow, didn't.

In spite of all the jokes and stories about our WPA many people wonder what would have happened to many of these people and their families had it not been for this work. What would have

happened to these people had they lived in Russia. Let's just not think about it. Happy thoughts are better for the digestion.

Short Shavings.

Herman Desel for the last year or two has been traveling looking for a new location. He is back home again, after having been in at least twenty states and he says this section under normal conditions, is the best he has seen. He was not in California, but was in the northwest, in Missouri, Arkansas, and all stops in between. He says Missouri is not so wonderful and besides the rocks, after a rain, the soil becomes hard as cement.

At a party at the school house they had a spelling contest. Mrs. Hammond and Marion Maxson were the last to stand and Marion won. Marion is in the 9th grade and for two years was Valley county spelling champ. The last word that did the trick at the party was "archipelago" spelled backwards and Miss Marion spelled it in less than 20 seconds. She spelled it this way, "ogal epihcra."

Roberta Maxson, daughter of Nate Maxson, who for a few years has been working in Lincoln, is taking a vacation now in California, and, the story is, upon her return, plans to wed.

In the World-Herald, Feb. 6, in the nationally published column, "Explore Your Mind," by Albert Wiggam, he told of teaching children to read as follows, "At University of Nebraska, Dr. Roy Deal carried out an experiment—" Roy Deal was superintendent of schools at North Loup in the year of 1918 and '19, and was a very successful teacher, going from here to Wesleyan university and remaining ever since.

The Girl Cadets of the Scotia high school twirl flags along with their marching. Miss Estella Bredthauer, the teacher, said the idea came from Switzerland and as far as she has been able to find out, this is the only girls cadet team in the United States that does that. The flags are carried and twirled something the same as a drum major twirls a baton.

Henry Dulitz had his sale billed for last Thursday. On account of the storm Martin brothers called from St. Paul and said they could not come to do the auctioneering. Henry then called Ord and Bert Cummins and Chas. Burdick went tearing down to Hank's place below Scotia. They started the sale sometime after two and by five were done. Even at that I thought the prices were very good. A manure spreader that Henry bought two years ago for \$4 brought \$24, one cow brought \$80 and one new born calf brought \$16. I doubt if there were fifty people on the grounds and the snow blew so fiercely that everyone moved, inside the barn.

February 21, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Resolution Broken
That Resolution
Coming Home

Resolution Broken.

I was pleased last week when I read in the Quiz that Joe Knezacek had filed for the unicameral legislature. I have known Joe for a long time, the last few years having done considerable business at his office, and I will say in all truthfulness that he is one of the nicest men I ever knew.

I can say the same too for Clarence Davis and I hope too that he gets elected as a delegate to the Republican National Convention. That is an honor and an experience most any of us would like to have.

That Resolution.

Now I have broken the rule that I resolved on New Year's day last. It just goes to show the strength of character that I possess.

Never-the-less, that resolution was that I would do no more urging in this column for any political candidate. In the first place, I am not so sure but that if I urged the voting for some candidate to some office, but what the voters might react and vote for the other person. I am not so sure but what anything I might say would lose the candidate more votes than it made him.

It is pretty hard to get into an election campaign without condemning someone, or at least comparing one man with the other. The pay I get here (a dollar a word) is hardly high enough to justify making enemies. More than that, taking sides, might, even cause hard enough feelings so that the subscription list would drop, although I can hardly believe anyone would take me that seriously.

Several experiences the last year or two woke me up to make this resolution. First, I was waylaid one night in Greeley and a man with a fierce eye told me a thing or two, explaining in no definite terms, that I had said things wrong in this column. I don't believe yet that I did, but that man seemed to think so.

The sad part of it all is that in several instances the other candidate than I supported was elected. That is what made me wonder if what I said carried much weight. And when the other man is elected, one is in a little embarrassing position, should he ask for favors from the victor.

Perhaps I might mention another instance of politics, and that is of the contest for supervisor between Ed Lee and Jake Barber, a year ago. Both men had long been close friends of mine and I resolved to say nothing against either man during the campaign, which was about as much talked of as any contest we have had in this section of the country.

Frequently I mentioned the men in this column, as you may recall, and I tried to tell and prognosticate the situation as time went on. My wife checked the copy each time too for some word of slander that might get by me.

The votes in the end were less than five difference, and the funny part of it all was that both men came to me afterwards and thanked me for the help I gave them during the campaign. I have been wondering ever since just what influence I had, if any, in that affair.

Coming Home.

Carrol Thomas has been gone in Dakota and points as far west as Washington state since the middle of last summer. His folks had been expecting him home sometime this spring. The other night, long after his folks had gone to bed, a car drove into the yard and Claud sputtered to his wife, wondering who that could be, thinking it was someone who had encountered trouble in the hills to the east as so frequently happens.

"It is probably Carrol coming home," Mrs. Thomas joked, and in a few minutes they found it was their son and no one else, and there was rejoicing.

Carl Wolf is back from a year in California. He has been working, so they say, on a dairy farm for seventy dollars a month or more, but was unable to get rich at that. He says he liked California fine, but he likes Nebraska better.

Mrs. Win. Schudel gave a report at the local club of their recent trip to the deep south, New Orleans and Shreveport, La. She says that no place they saw did it look good enough to trade for Nebraska. They stopped in Missouri too, and although things are different there, it seemed to them no better if our country would just stage a come-back like ten and twenty years ago. The ground is so soggy and hard to till that twenty acres of corn is about one man's limit to tend and most of the work is milking cows and selling milk to the condenseries.

They saw almost all the local people who had gone there with the exception of Henry Sautter who was sick at the time with the flu. He also, so they understood, was sick with homesickness. He is batchin' it now, his folks expecting to leave Scotia when school is out.

Shreveport is in the center of an oil producing area, and Mrs. Schudel says, the nearer they came to the oil fields, the higher was the price of gasoline.

Negroes do most of the work in the south, the white ladies, many of them, not knowing or expecting to learn, even how to do dishes or cook. There is still that gentry class (like described in "Gone With the Wind") and much of the feeling toward northern people is that they are Damned Yankees and that the North really never won the war.

February 28, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

I Apologize
Not Such Bad Men
A Story

I Apologize.

I would like to offer here my apology and regret for the piece I wrote week before last regarding the incidents I mentioned about WPA. It was my error that I did not know there was such a strong undercurrent of feeling among the men, and had I known it, that piece never would have been written by me. I have endeavored for a long time to stay away from these problems where the sentiment runs high. Here is once I surely failed.

It simply goes to show how a person will get fooled once in a while. I was told those incidents, and heard them told a dozen or more times; and told too, by men who were on the spot. In every instance they were told as jokes accompanied with corresponding guffaws and he-haws. My only hesitation in writing them was that perhaps they might be old stuff and of no interest. However, the land is so full of jokes about the WPA and other such organizations that I thought these would be amusing additions to the already big list of stories.

After all, in another light, this is public business, supported from the public purse, and anything concerning it, or any person who is fortunate enough to be in charge of it, is bound to get more or less publicity in the papers whether they want it or not. If they can not take it they better get into their own business. In spite of this, I assume the blame for this affair, for I have tried to stay out of these controversial questions and here I most surely failed.

The paper had no more than been printed than I realized I was in for it. A dozen men spoke about the piece the first day. The third day one person cornered me on the street and among other terrible words, he offered to whip me. For a fact I didn't want to be whipped. I offered to print another piece and correct any statements that were wrong.

"Hell no," he shouted. "You have said too much already. And if I want anything written I'll do it myself or get someone to do it who knows how to write."

Well, that sorta took me down a notch. We were on main street when this occurred. Within a few minutes everyone in town and the countryside knew of the whipping I was going to get. Everyone stood ready to watch the fall thereof. However, that day passed, and another, and I am still sound, but still trembling.

More than that, the word of this last incident had no more than been circulated than a multitude of other men, WPA workers mostly, began to seek me out. "Come here George," they would whisper and lead me behind the corner, "Here's another story you can put in the paper, better than any you had there, but don't tell I told you."

The result was that I have stories enough now, similar to those told week before last, so that the Quiz might print a special WPA edition as far as quantity is concerned.

It has all been highly amusing to the countryside and, the city people, but not so funny for me. As I said last week, it is my constant endeavor not to say anything to make enemies. It seems there has been considerable grumbling among the WPA workers here, more about the transportation end than any other, and my piece week before last simply blew the cover off the seething pot.

Again I offer my apology and express my regret for it all, that I got into the mess that really was none of my business, only just as a taxpayer and a friend (or at least try to be) to everyone concerned.

Not Such Bad Men.

And mentioning the WPA workers, we should not speak too roughly of them in this country. For the most part these men are victims of misfortune, many of them victims of the misfortune of the weather over which no one has had any control.

There is hardly a one who would not take another job any place if he could get it. There was an opening some time ago in the cheese factory for a boy at \$40.00 a month. Several WPA workers begged for that job, at less pay than they were getting on the road. Let the word be known that a farmer wants a hand (the poorest paid help in the county) and that farmer will have a host of applicants before night.

Looking at it from this light, most of these men have been driven to this so called relief work to keep their families from going hungry. Some have operated big farms, worked at good jobs, managed well too, but in a land of drouths like we have had, the best men will lose, and most farmers will go under sure as fate. Another year like the past and we ourselves may be there too.

The bosses of these men have a more difficult time to manage their crews than if they were doing their own hiring and firing. The men are a little resentful and downhearted in the first place. They feel too, they are as smart as the boss, that he only has his job from a little luck, and he might be in their shoes had not that luck befallen him. They can see no future to their job, no advancement, and only the reward in sight, to keep from hunger.

As I said, we shouldn't be too rough on these men. They are a part of our people, part of our country, and some of them never had a chance to take much. Just let this organization grow a little bigger and become more dissatisfied, and they will form political parties and put their men in office. Men like Hitler and Stalin get their first holds among that kind of disheartened and dissatisfied classes. Our government must be one for all, all for one, or our system and government will fail as sure as the democracies of Germany and Russia failed.

A Story.

Art Babcock tells the story of a revival meeting held a few years ago, as I understood, at a little school house north of Horace. Art was apparently the chauffeur for the minister and the congregation that evening were quite prone to responding at different times with the expressions, "Praise the Lord."

It happened that they were short of a good organist, and as a consequence called on a lady who was not very expert at the art of music. She struggled along with the piece they were singing and finally in despair gave up the job, stopped the music, turned to the minister and said she would have to give it up.

"Praise the Lord, praise the Lord," several voices piped up as she walked back to her seat.

March 6, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Money Matters
One-Armed Bandits
Dream Model
A Necessity

Money Matters.

Albert Babcock of the North Loup Cooperative Credit Ass'n., says that he averages to ship into North Loup about a thousand dollars a week to cash checks with. More than that he seldom ships any money out. Only once or twice has he taken in enough money for that.

On the other hand he and the town of North Loup always have a surplus of pennies. Several times he has loaded up a batch of them and took them to Ord and traded them to the banks there where they seem to be glad to get them.

With nickles he just about plays even. A few times he has been short of them and when he is he goes to Scotia where he can buy all he needs. At Scotia there are several one armed bandits and slot machines and they gather the surplus nickles apparently.

With all the other pieces of money and coins he runs distressingly short all the time if he doesn't ship in currency. He made no attempt to explain the reason for it all; just told the situation that exists.

One-Armed Bandits.

And speaking of one-armed bandits, if a person wants to be held up by one of them, there are usually plenty in Scotia. Few cities allow them any more and Scotia has the distinction of being one of the few.

Not long ago I was in a place of business where one was in operation and the jack-pot got out of order. The proprietor took a key and opened the machine up. He tinkered it awhile, taking out about thirty-five nickles. When he finally had it repaired, he handed these thirty-five nickles to the lady clerk who delightedly consented to ring them back into the machine. She not only rung this \$1.75 worth of nickles back but as she won, she would ring back the winnings too.

In less than a half hour the thirty-five nickles were safely devoured by the one-armed bandit.

Dream Model.

Alfred Christensen, who has been winning most of the prizes with his Chester White hogs at the surrounding county fairs the last few years seems not to be entirely satisfied for recently he purchased and imported two small hogs from Iowa, and they promise to be something better yet than he has had.

The sire of the male pig he bought has a name of Rainbow Supreme and he has been world's champion at the International Show for three years. The mother of this pig of Alfred's was grand champion sow last year, so if blood lines have anything to do with it, this pig of Alfred's ought to be something extra to be sure.

Alfred bought a gilt too, the sire of this pig named Dream Modeler, and the heritage here is about as meritorious.

A Necessity.

No little complaint has been registered lately that the officials of the schools allow agents to solicit students and take orders for expensive articles. The most recent was that of an agent who took orders for eight dollar class rings.

It seems most of the students allowed him to take their names and then they rushed home for the eight dollars, as if eight dollars was an inconsequential sum, and any man who could not dig it up pronto was a tight wad of the highest order.

My daughter nearly wept alligator tears when I demurred slightly at the idea. I inquired who was buying those eight dollar rings anyway, and she informed me with a sigh of distress, "Why all the kids, Daddy."

Still I was stumped. Many of the families represented in her class (all classes for that matter) are on relief of some nature and many of those not on relief are having a heck of a time paying their bills for the necessary expenditures. But she seemed to think that an eight dollar class ring was an absolute necessity and that ended all arguments.

I wonder if Crawford will loan me eight dollars.

Short Shavings.

Ed Lee was a little put out because of the way the papers reported the election at the recent Farmer's Grain and Supply company. Ed said that he went to the officials before the election and absolutely refused to serve any longer. As a consequence his name was not voted on or hardly mentioned. He said the report, in one paper at least, indicated that he lost to Vodehnal when as a matter of fact he was not a candidate.

Earlow Babcock says that he does not work late at night in his garage because he particularly enjoys it or because he is just naturally slow. He says that when a boy he worked on a farm where the owner got up about nine in the morning and worked until nine or ten at night to make up for the loss in the morning. At that time it seemed foolish to Earlow.

Earlow says he can get more actual work done after eight o'clock at night than any other time during the day. At all other hours during the day, he just gets started at a repair job when someone runs in for a small job or comes and talks or figures on a job. About eight o'clock, this kind of trade almost ceases, and then Earlow can really make headway on a repair job.

One man told me that he always sets his alarm clock on Sunday morning the same as the other days. Not that he gets up on Sunday morning when the alarm goes off, but so he can sleep. The best sleep of the night, he says, is after the alarm goes off.

August Kriewald's dog can run 341/2 miles an hour by the speedometer of my car.

March 13, 1939

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

We May be Sorry
May Go Pop Too
News From Afar
His First Letter

We May Be Sorry.

A little discussion in the cheese factory the other day was carried on by an Ericson man and the local nestors who had congregated there. The Ericson man was asked about the abandonment of the branch line railroad to that town.

Most of the people, he said, are very opposed to the taking up of the line, but on the other hand, most of the hauling goes to the trucks. In other words, so some loafer offered, the people want the railroad to pay taxes.

The very same thing is going to happen in the N. L. valley that is happening to Ericson some of these days, so the opinion of this austere group decided, if the people do not take upon themselves a little more responsibility to see that the railroads get their share of the business. Regardless of whether we have any love for the railroads or not, or what they may have done in the past, or whether we like the truckers better, the fact remains that the railroads pay an enormous tax and without that tax payment, many districts would find themselves, in a bad plight.

There is another point about the railroads that deserves strong consideration and a responsibility on our part to keep them running their trains and that is from a military standpoint. Military men claim that one reason why our country is so invulnerable and so easy to protect from an invasion is because of our many railroads that can be used for transportation of supplies.

Perhaps we have come to a new order of transportation in this country; from railroads to trucks and busses. When we see the trains go steaming back and forth day after day with hardly enough freight for ballast, many people wonder if it is all for the best, and if in the end, when we are faced with the problem Ericson is, we will not be sorry.

We May Go Pop Too.

And still talking of taxes, two men in the second hand joint the other day, two men who are heavy land owners, and land without mortgages too, were claiming they were going to quit paying their taxes. They were going to hold on as long as they can, then let the county have the land. This has already been done with city property. They claim for the life of them, for the last ten years they could not take in enough money from the land to pay the taxes. They have now used up their surplus and are broke—land broke.

One man was sorry that he had not mortgaged his land a few years ago. That way he said he could have sold out. As it is he can neither sell or borrow on it now or take in enough to pay the expenses on it.

Some districts are much worse than others too: One man north of North Loup had taxes of about two dollars an acre. North of his land, less than a mile, in the 42 and Glean districts, the tax is a great deal less and all this because of the railroad land there. But in these districts the children are educated just as well, the roads are as good and the police protection is the same. It is not hardly a fair shake

for certain districts to get all the railroad tax, while others, a few miles away, who support the railroads as much as the first, get no railroad money.

Something has to be done about our land tax or the whole country will go pop.

News From Afar.

A letter from Paul Lee, who now lives at the Oddfellow's home at York says that he is getting along fine and likes it there. He has been busy ever since he has been there and among other things has helped butcher forty hogs and put down the meat. He expects to go to work soon in the gardens belonging to the home.

Mr. and Mrs. Vance Jones write also from northern California (Sunnyvale) that they have been having the biggest floods there for many years. "The beets, peas and small plants are all under water," she says. "We drove around to see it night before last and when the water went over the running board we changed our minds about going further. That was on the highway near Alviso. That town is built up on pegs as they often have high water, but not like this."

His First Letter.

And speaking of the letter from Paul Lee, Billings Clark thinks this is the first one Paul has ever written. And by the way, it was a nice letter, full of news of his work, spelled, punctuated and paragraphed properly.

Billings says Paul told him not long ago, when he (Paul) was a young fellow, there happened to be a girl in another town that his folks teased him about and among other things, about writing to her. Paul was always more or less bashful and as a consequence of this talk he balked on the writing business. He became a little stubborn and the occasion never arose since that he needed to write a letter and, in the end, last winter, when he was telling Billings about it he never in his life had written a letter.

Billings said, "All right. When you get down to York, you change your ways and write me a letter." This one to me was a result of that, for Paul instructed me to let Billings see the letter, along with his sister, brother and the Oddfellow lodge.

That's Fine.

In Scotia, they have Summers and Winters the year around.

March 20, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Farm Home
Taxes Again
Short Shavings

Tile Farm Home.

According to an article not long ago in the Daily, the University of Nebraska has no less than two homes equipped and maintained for the use and training of the Domestic Science classes. It is the plan now to establish a third home, this one to represent a farm home.

Heaven help the university if they do, for if they did that stunt it would be very unfair not to make that home like the average farm home, and in that event a girl would be a fit subject for the asylum if she chose that one in place of the other.

In the first place, a great percent of the farm homes now days are rented ones, and this situation is getting worse ... wait a minute, maybe it is better. Landlords, in these drouth times (or any other times for that matter) are not tumbling over themselves to repair the houses. Most of the farm homes over the country are getting a little nearer the ground each year. The tenant is not going to spend relief money, or any other money he might accidentally get, to buy repairs for the landlord and the landlord is not going to put out more money than he can help. He usually can help it too.

So far so good. The university should make a typical farm home. To make it conform to the average there should be an outside toilet and this need not be very elaborate nor need it be a fancy government structure. I think striking an average, there should be one, although there are some farm homes where there is none at all. I could elaborate much further here but I do not want this to become monotonous.

The farm home might have a sink to strike an average although many don't. To make it conform they should set a bucket under it to drain the water or for a pipe outside they might cut a hole in the floor and that would be a luxury far too great for a farm renter.

Although some farm homes have water piped into the house, surely the most of them do not. A well, twenty rods (or forty) from the house would be more natural. If the well is near the barn that is all that can be expected. I can think of two wells made recently (by loan companies too) and both of them were twenty rods or more from the house and down a steep hill to boot.

One outside door to the house is all that a farmer should ever need or want. What farmer would be so foolish as to desire a front door and back door both. To find one's way to the parlor, visitors of a farmer should expect to traipse through the back porch, past a dozen swill pails and shot guns, worm around the separator and a sick cat, then into the kitchen and from there to the front room. One who does not get about the country houses would be surprised as to how many places are just like that.

Clothes closets are unheard of in many farm homes. Why would a farmer need a clothes closet when he has such few clothes anyway and a Sunday suit lasts a lifetime?

The university farm home should have a chicken coop in the front yard and perhaps a calf pen too, as the livestock is handier fed there than off further. Some farm homes are fenced from the pigs and chickens but not many of the rented ones are and more often than not the cars are parked and left standing close to the door. Striking an average the university should not expect a lawn but a smooth highway to the front door. (No, the door)

Perhaps off a little distance as one approaches the farm home, the university might have a tough gate to open. This might not be necessary, but it is quite common.

Two dogs should greet the caller, barking until the welkin rings. The university might only have one dog, if he barks a plenty, but I rather think two would be the right number as many farm homes have many more. A litter of pups ... well maybe that would be too many. These dogs not only should bark but they smell of your tires and do other things too. There should be at least a dozen cats too.

The farm home should not be bothered with electricity or any of those foolish gadgets or monkey doodles. The university could buy a few kerosene lamps, a hand washing machine and an ice box without any ice. The farmer need not fret over the butter getting soft, because sure enough it will get hard when winter comes. If the well is not too far away a barrel might be fixed out there where the girls can get along fine with refrigeration.

Now I have just tried to strike an average. I have not taken up the subject of the tenant houses or the place the hired man and his wife and children live. I don't suppose the university would consider them as farmers, for no one else considers them as anything—that is judging from the homes many of them are supplied with. Mercy upon us, let's don't think about it.

Taxes Again.

Here is a new idea about taxes, propounded by Albert Babcock. He thinks, as many do, that we should have some new and different kind of taxes to supplant the present burdensome property tax. He was in favor of an income tax but was definitely opposed to a sales tax.

When I asked him why, he said, "The sales tax is too painless. We would all be paying them and not know it. What we want is a tax that will make us groan when we pay and then we will be a little more careful how the officers spend our money."

The idea is good enough, but under that theory, what's the trouble with the present system.

Short Shavings.

Will Davis writes his brother Edgar that they are well settled in Michigan. He said that their pasture land is so wet that it has to be tiled. Edgar said that after living in Nebraska as long as he has, if he should move back there he'd leave a little corner without the tile so as to continually know what wet weather was.

At a meeting in Scotia a month or so ago telling the farmers how to beautify their farmstead, the question arose where to plant the garden. Some smart alec said the best place to plant it is in the chicken yard. He maintained that is the only place one could expect to grow anything as the hoppers would take the garden any other place.

He was given a cold look by several, one woman in particular doing an extra good job of looking so the man said no more. Even at that he may have been right. Plant the garden in the chicken yard. Then the hoppers will eat the garden, the chickens will eat the hoppers and then the farmer can eat the chickens. That way a farmer might do well with a garden.

In Scotia there is a Husch all the time. On the other hand, in North Loup there are Noyes' all the time. In fact there are several big Noyes' and at least one little Noyes. And while we are mentioning it, there are several little Husch's down at Scotia besides the big Husch's.

March 27, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A Nice Ride
Everyone's Friend
Short Shavings
Oh My! Oh My!

A Nice Ride.

Several weeks ago, upon Thomas Dewey's first trip to this state, Clarence Davis, who had to make a trip to Omaha, made it a point to arrive in Grand Island at the proper time so that he rode on the same train with the candidate. Consequently, Clarence was with and visited with Mr. Dewey for about three hours.

Clarence says he was very well impressed with the candidate and as far as Clarence could detect, Mr. Dewey's ideas seemed very sound. Mr. Dewey told how he had worked on a farm as a young man. He also talked for some time of his work in New York City as district attorney. He told Clarence, along with the others, that in each speech, he tried to give some sound point of economics to brighten his talks.

It was stormy that day but as they came to Fremont Mr. Dewey said if there were only one person on the platform who had made the trip to the depot to see him, he would want to go out. Clarence was very much surprised at the items in the papers afterwards of how Mr. Dewey called different men down for speaking out of turn; for Clarence said nothing that he saw indicated any such attitude. He said that if it happened it must have been at some time before he got on the train.

There were a dozen or more men on the train riding with Mr. Dewey. He had a special compartment in the car and in turn the different local men were called in to visit with the candidate.

Clarence, being a candidate for delegate to the republican convention, made it plain that that ride with Mr. Dewey did not mean he was necessarily for Dewey for president in preference to any one else. He just said that Mr. Dewey impressed him favorably, that he was nice appearing, that his ideas seemed sound as far as Clarence could detect.

It is important that anyone who may be elected as a delegate to either national convention should find out all he can about all the candidates and we believe that Mr. Davis will do that very thing about each Republican candidate so that, if elected, he can use his best judgment in voting at the meeting in Philadelphia in June.

More, this was a short trip that any of us would be glad to have taken.

Everyone's Friend.

Joe Knezacek, after traveling to many of the different towns in his effort to win the nomination for the unicameral reports that things look good to him. He finds more friends than he expected, or at least he finds more people who pretend to be his friends, than he expected.

And who is there who has ever met Joe, who is not his friend?

Short Shavings.

And here is a little trick in voting that might help out a favorite candidate. If three men are running for two offices and we are anxious to nominate one of the three, in place of voting for two as the instructions say, if we only vote for one it would be better. Voting for two makes a half a vote against our man.

Regardless of the ridicule made of James Cromwell, the minister to Canada and his multi-millionaire wife Doris Duke, the worst thing about his recent speech was the truth it contained.

Oh My! Oh My!

Following are a few remarks gleaned from a talk with Alvin Brox, the county assessor.

What is going to happen to the cities like North Loup, Arcadia and Ord if we revalue the property this year down to where sales indicate the valuation should be? I replied, simply raise the levy and he replied there is a limit to the amount that can be levied and that in many cases the limit is reached. He said if the property levy is scaled down as some are talking it would throw the municipalities into bankruptcy, he is afraid.

He said many people are refusing to pay their taxes now, simply selling their property to the counties in that way. For every piece of property where the owners refuse to pay their taxes, the situation is just that much worse for those that are left who are paying.

He refused to speculate what would happen if the districts were thrown in bankruptcy.

There is a conflict in the statutes, one saying the valuation can be forced down if actual sales are established to prove the point, such as the Art Watts property (a good two story house in good repair) selling for \$300 and the elevator selling for \$500, and another statute says that the different properties should be kept in line.

He said it is a little wrong where extra lots are valued so high, making the tax on property with eight lots much higher than one with one lot (the houses the same) for the lots are of little value. In several instances persons have had their property divided and only pay on the lot on which the house stands.

He said farm lands outside the large school districts are not worrying him so much. He maintained that if we only had crops those taxes would not be so bad. He said that they average about 50c an acre. It is the property in the three large school districts that keeps him awake nights. Farm land there is about \$2.00 an acre. Small tracts in the city are taxed around \$6.00 an acre or at the rate of \$1000 a quarter.

He said too that at the court house, or at least in his, the treasurer's and clerk's office is not the place to howl about the high taxes. At the school meetings and township meetings the amount of money to run the affairs are voted and these officials only do their best to make the taxes collected, pay the bills.

He said he had been at most all the state meetings for County assessors and other tax gatherings and he does not believe there will be any sales or income tax placed in our laws. He says that in the eastern part of the state, the large municipalities, the sentiment is very strong against it. He says there is quite a sentiment in the country districts for some supplementary tax but even out here it is not unanimous.

He said too that it is a mistake that the H. O. L. C. and the Federal Land Bank properties are exempt from taxation as was reported in the daily papers. That happened back in an eastern state but these Federal institutions are still paying here. Grain held for government loans etc., is exempt however.

Mr. Brox at least gives us something to think about, should some of our districts be thrown into bankruptcy.

April 3, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

More About Taxes
Invited to Stay Away
Fine Plays, Fine Acting
Finis

More, More About Taxes.

The first fellow has no chance. Since I mentioned last week of a small acreage in the village of North Loup taxed at six dollars an acre or at the rate of about \$1000 a quarter, and the only income from this tract is agricultural or gardening or for pasture for the owners milk cows, I have been told of several other cases similar but the best story is as follows:

One lady owns four lots. She owns no buildings on or near the lots and the only value of them is to garden or to attempt to raise potatoes or corn. The taxes on these lots are \$18.56 a year. These four lots, figuring to the center of the street on three sides and to the center of the alley on the fourth, would be very close to a half an acre. At that rate, calling it a half an acre which it falls short of, this tract is taxed at the rate of \$6080.00 a quarter, a year.

The mention of the district being forced into bankruptcy another year if the valuations are lowered in line with recent sales, has brought many wild arguments in the village the last week. One heavy property owner proclaimed that for the district to go into bankruptcy is the best thing that can happen to it. He said he welcomed the time. He said it would simply bring pressure to bear and show the people that there is a limit to the taxes a country can stand and show them there has got to be some other system enacted besides saddling every little thing on to the property tax.

Another man in the crowd said too that perhaps it would be a good thing to let the bondholders worry a little over the situation. The bonds now draw five per cent and they are not optional. If they were, the district might refinance the money for around half the present rate or even less.

Those men present went on to say that should the bonds default and the bondholders take and close the schools or involve the district into bankruptcy or some other bad sounding action, that would not get the bondholders the money, and the money is what they want. And don't think for a minute that North Loup is the only town faced with this predicament. It is not always the same problem but

practically every small town is having its troubles and some are much worse off than North Loup. Even those towns that recently built new school houses with federal government help and cheaper bonds are beginning to worry and it looks like our troubles are only beginning if the valuations, soon to be established over again, are scaled down in accordance to recent sales.

Invited To Stay Away.

My attention was recently called to the fact that one of our local country ladies' club voted and refused to allow the fieldwoman for the A. A. A. to attend their meetings in the future.

There was nothing personal against the woman; in fact all the ladies spoke highly of her, thinking her very fine. But the objection was that it was only a propaganda program of the A. A. A. More than fact, the club had the idea that this woman received four dollars a day for these meetings and mileage and that this money was taken out of the Soil Conservation checks. It was the sentiment of the club women that they would rather have the money in the checks than the visits of the woman.

Fine Plays, Fine Acting.

At the recent dramatic contest at Scotia it seemed to be the opinion of the wise guys sitting in my group that the selection of the play or reading had more to do with winning the prize of superior rating than anything else.

Scotia won first on its play but it was a better story and a play that lent itself to character acting much more than any of the others. It was well done too, everyone thought.

Miss Esther Zanger of the North Loup school did her part superbly in a rather ordinary play and won the big prize as the best actress of the evening. Arnold Shoemaker of Scotia won the big prize as the best actor but his was a character part, and not so hard, it is usually thought to perform as one such as Esther Zanger's which had to be acted exactly right all the time.

It is quite the same with many of the children's contests such as calf and pig club contests. The prize calf invariably is the one that was selected best in the beginning. A boy with a poorly bred calf, regardless of the fine care given it, has no chance in the final rewards. And the school that fails to pick a good play, one that lends itself to acting, surely does not have a good chance of winning the big prize.

And speaking of the plays, it is difficult to get good plays without paying a high royalty. Every one of the five presented had a sad ending. It reminds me of the saying that when an author can not think of any other way to end his yarn he has the hero die. Every play there that evening left one without that friendly feeling; left one with the feeling that it did not end quite right; that there was not quite the proper wallop in the clinch. Even the Scotia play, which was far the best, ended with everyone weeping.

Well, that's that, and probably hell to pay next Wednesday.

Finis.

If the fortune be with us to elect Joe Knezacek to the unicameral legislature he'll probably get his picture in the paper a plenty, but we can rest assured if he does the reason will be some other than because he appeared in the legislative hall without his pants on.

April 17, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Coup d'etat
He Was Telling Her
Might Be

Coup d'etat.

The most clever and successful coup d'etat was staged in North Loup last week that one could imagine. Several men who were in business and on the street all day election day were completely surprised when the results were learned, one man saying he can usually tell when something like this is in the wind but this time he was entirely unawares. Eighty-four people went to the polls and wrote Melvin Cornell's name for town board, and no one but these eighty-four knew of it until the votes were counted.

Another peculiar thing about it all is that as yet the barbarians (so called) cannot figure out any issue at stake worth going to the trouble of this coup d'etat. No one knows who belong to the Greeks and who belong to the barbarians with the exception of course of the Greeks. Melvin Cornell and Erlo Cox, without doubt are of the Greeks order, and Otto Bartz, Glen Johnson and Fred Jackman are beyond question barbarians.

A few years ago a similar coup d'etat was staged and although many thought it then was the liquor issue, one man said to me that the nominees who were beaten were unsuccessful financially. Surely that cannot be the reason last Tuesday of Melvin's elevation to office over the others for everyone now days is worrying more or less, you know.

There has been considerable talk of late, since the taxes have become so burdensome, that more real estate owners should be on the board. It happens that in the past few years on the board there has only been one real estate owner and one very heavy tax payer. Some argue if these board members were real estate owners they might be a little more cautious of their expenditures. It all is rather mysterious for Fred Jackman, Glen Johnson and Otto Bartz are home owners, tax payers, and always considered very decent citizens, and always made their way in the world. It can hardly seem plausible such a successful coup d'etat could be staged solely for the purpose of placing non real estate owners on the board so that more money might be spent.

This Town of North Loup has always been quite a religious center and for years was without a pool hall, saloon or liquor sales except bootleggers. Within the last few years the people have apparently seen the light and reformed to two beer parlors and a pool hall. Although there was a fight a few years ago over it and a coup d'etat staged, at this last election, the beer parlor affair was hardly mentioned. More than that, Erlo Cox, who is a board member and running again is a voter for the licenses and he received votes from both barbarians and Greeks.

Someone suggested that the new occupation tax enacted in North Loup, which has caused a great deal of dissension, was the cause of this coup, but that could hardly be, because, although the law is still on the books there does not seem to be any attempt any more to enforce it.

There have been other points of discussion too about the city affairs but none that would warrant any such exercise as apparently took place in the dark of the night. Heaven help us when we think of the whisperings involved to inform 84 people to write in Melvin Cornell's name and not tell a soul.

The barbarians have finally come to the conclusion that this coup d'etat was staged because of the fear that if two of the three nominees were elected, in another year another dry man might get on and then the town would be without its beer.

Otto B., Fred J. and Glen J. have always been associated with the dry forces. However, should two of them have been elected in place of Cox and Cornell, there would have still been a control of the board in favor of liquor for the next year.

Well, anyway Melvin Cornell, so the barbarians say, saved the day and the beer parlors. One fellow greeted him yesterday as the Beer Baron of North Loup and at another instance it was suggested that he resign from the Oddfellow lodge because of his connection with the liquor interests. (It is said one cannot belong to the Oddfellows and be in the liquor business). Another man begged him for a cigar, saying that machine politics are always flush with favors.

It is all highly amusing. It is a happy thought to the Greeks that their elaborate planning was so successful; it is amusing to the barbarians that as far as they were concerned, the exercise was all for naught. Melvin is greatly elated that he won an office without ever being nominated and against such successful men as his opponents, even if the machine was responsible.

And that is not quite all Melvin is pleased about. He had had the nomination for police judge (for which he was defeated) and he had one fast friend (who was a Greek and of course his name was not divulged) that voted for Melvin for both jobs.

And I am pleased over the whole affair too, for it gave me something good to write about this week.

He Was Telling Her.

Dr. Grace Crandall, China missionary now in North Loup on a vacation, attended the travel lecture of Mr. Vance, Nebraska Farmer writer, and she says the pictures he showed of China and Shanghai were true enough of the city but he only showed the worst part of it. She says there is also a better section of the city where everything is modern, with paved streets, electric lights and automobiles which makes one think of America.

She expects to return to China in a few months, although she may go this time to interior China in place of the east coast.

Might Be.

In the April 6 Saturday Evening Post, on page 87, there is a reference to Edward Ord, an officer who was with General Grant and General Lee at the time of the surrender. Several have wondered if it is the man for whom the city of Ord was named.

April 24, 1940

The Ord Quiz

**A FEW THINGS
TO THINK ABOUT!**
Written by George Gowen

Are We Neutral?

Are We Neutral?

Following are a few of the reasons why we should stay out of the European war, or perhaps a few reasons why we might get in.

At the time Germany was grabbing Sudeten land from Czechoslovakia, Poland also grabbed a chunk. That was all right then for Poland but a hell of a note when Germany grabbed all of Poland later.

Frank Lillenthal, cheese maker at North Loup who was born and raised in Germany and whose father was killed in the World War, said that one reason for the antipathy of the Germans for the Poles was that the latter charged such heavy toll for the Germans to go across the bottleneck to Prussia, and this toll was not necessary or following the Golden Rule.

One man expressed little sympathy for Norway. A month ago they forbade England to cross their country to help Finland. Neither would she help Finland herself. Now she is begging for help.

When Finland was whipped and had to give Russia part of their land, the former tried to get the three Scandinavian countries to sign a non-aggression pact and to help one another in case of invasion. Norway was the country that would not sign it. Now she will have to have help or get whipped, and she is the first one to be invaded.

The same may be said for Sweden. Now she will not help her sister country Norway. She waits until the latter is conquered, then to stand ready to be whipped herself. In place of helping Norway, it seems like she does all she can to help Germany in selling Germany supplies and shipping the iron ore to her, one of the vital elements that may win or lose the German Empire.

The same may be said of Holland and Belgium. They wait and wait until their turn comes, to take their whipping. They not only do that; they sell all they can to Germany, the very country that will take them eventually. They even shoot at allied airplanes that happen to fly over their border.

All four Scandinavian countries, speaking a language very similar to one another, with interests much the same, would make a nation formidable to withstand most any assault, while separately they fall, like a bundle of sticks. But will they cooperate for the good of all? Not much? They will not even come to the others rescue when the oppressor attacks. One man said it served them right for their selfishness. The same might be said of Belgium and Holland. Together they would surely be much stronger.

Most authorities consider Mussolini to be the smartest of the dictators. They think too, he is too smart to pick a fight against England and France. With England holding the Rock of Gibraltar and France in control of the Suez, Italy could be too easily bottled up. With Italy's long coast line, she would be easy pickings for the two stronger nations and some think the Allies would welcome her entry into the war on either side, for or against.

Another point is that the Nile river heads in Ethiopia and should England and Italy go to war, Italy might divert the irrigation waters of Egypt.

Everything seems to be falling right for the Germans. It is just as Hitler wants that each small country wait her turn to be captured. All of them banding together would make an impossible situation for Germany, fighting at so many places at once. As it is, Kennedy came home from London and said the wagers were 40-60 in Germany's favor.

The new map recently issued in the National Geographic shows Germany by far the biggest nation in Europe outside of Russia and this does not show Denmark and Norway as German territory. Denmark has been captured now, and it looks like Norway is nearly so.

It is foolish to think Germany will ever give Denmark back her freedom unless she loses the war, any more than she will give Poland or Austria or Czechoslovakia their freedom. It is foolish to think Hitler will stop at Norway, or at England or France. It is just as foolish to think he will stop when he has all of Europe under his heel.

The United States has done quite nobly in their attempt to keep out of this war and still help the Allies subdue this oppressor. Yes we have done well in staying out. But in the orient had it not been for America's goods, ammunitions, shells, scrap iron, Japan could not have been as successful as she was. In a measure we have been an ally to Japan in her terrible carnage of the Chinese people. One group of our nation sells Japan bombs and wares to blow the Chinese into bits; another group of our own people loan money to the Chinese and send Red Cross aid to them. One of the most disgraceful things of our country has been our help to Japan in this way.

Barron's Weekly, through unbiased study, thinks it impossible for the Allies to starve Germany to victory. On the other hand however, if the Allies can keep Germany from getting Swedish iron and Balkan oil, these two items may win the war. There is neither oil or iron in Germany of any quantity.

Swedish iron is the best on earth and almost indispensable to the machinemade Germany the same as the oil.

English are not especially good land fighters although they are the best seamen on earth. The Germans are splendid land fighters, drilled to it for centuries, taking to the discipline with better grace than the Allies. They have the benefit too of quick decisions of the dictator leaders in place of the slow deliberations of democracies.

Most people in the United States feel this is not our war and that we should let Europe fight until they are all exhausted. Some think that is just what is going to happen; that that continent will fight until they will be fought out, and will settle back to impotence like Egypt, Greece, India, Babylon and Rome. If America tends to her own business, we will wax rich while Europe wears herself out.

That may be a happy thought or it may be a happy thought to let the Allies do the fighting and we get the profits. But suppose Germany wins, with their dictator, their gestapo, their concentration camps, their persecutions, as things look now she might. How long will it be before Hitler tries his wings on America? Some argue that if we had a bandit gang, murdering, thieving- bull-dozing in Nebraska or America, we'd all turn out to whip it and bring it to submission, but we stand back and let a nation go hog wild, waiting our turn to be whipped or to fight when the time comes.

May 1, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Old Timer
Speaks Well
Discouragement

Old Timer.

Not long ago a laboring man who calls North Loup his home and a man who is considered one of the best farm laborers in the country said that he wanted a job where the farmer worked horses and he did not want a job on a tractor farm. He had had all the tractor farming he wanted.

When asked the why of this he answered that where there are tractors the owner gets the idea that the day begins at daylight and ends at sunset. Where the farmer is working horses, he has to maintain better hours for the horses can only stand so much. By working horses, the chores can be done before and after six but where there are tractors, and the work gets behind, some men seem to think a hired man never gets tired. The chores can be done before and after daylight.

Apparently this man could not find a job in the country to suit him for he has been working all season so far on the new road project between North Loup and Ord.

Speaks Well.

At the Seventh Day Baptist church a few weeks ago, the program consisted of reading sketches and parts of famous sermons given in days past by leading ministers of the sect. Different young folks (and old too) rendered these extracts, some doing a good job and some better.

The champion reader of the group was Mrs. Claud Barber. Of course, few of us, if any, retained more than a minute anything that was read but most of us did take immediate note of this lady's splendid pronunciation and delivery. Had she been hidden, one might well have thought it was a radio broadcast. If there is a dry paper to be read, I'd say this lady could come as near putting it over as anyone hereabouts.

Discouragement.

An interesting bit of fact was expounded to me the other day by Arthur Hutchins, manager of the North Loup Cheese factory. In years past the factory has made some splendid cheese. Under the first few years of operation, the cheese was shipped everywhere without the least complaint and it also brought the highest prices.

Beginning about three years ago the cheese did not come up to the former standard. At first it was blamed to the pennycrest weed tainting the milk, but after that weed was out of the picture, the cheese fell below grade. Different cheese makers were employed, experts were brought in from Lincoln and other parts; experiments were conducted but still the cheese fell short of grade and did not come up to the former standard.

There were suggestions of new machinery and different cheese makers but with all these suggestions the board fell back on the idea that we used to make fine cheese and why can't we now?

Finally they employed the present cheesemaker, Frank Lillenthal, a German who had a mania for cleanliness. He began to taste every can of milk that came to the factory and if the milk didn't taste and look clean and sweet, back it would go. He was hard boiled. He made the truckers mad and lost a few patrons, but the management stood back of him and he had his way. He not only tasted this milk throughout the summer but continued on into the winter when there was no longer danger of souring.

As a result, the cheese has become first grade. For months now there have been no complaints and this is the theory Art Hutchins has deduced. He thinks that because of the hard times for the farmers and cheap prices, they have become discouraged and careless with their milk; that is more careless than they were six or eight years ago. Art thinks that if it starts raining again and farming becomes profitable again, the milk will again become better along with the spirit of the people.

May 8, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A Show Town
One Train in Seven Years
War News

North Loup, A Show Town.

There has been a lively ruckus down the North Loup way for the last two months over the movie picture show. Ivan Miller was the skipper of the Strand for a number of months and ran a fine show too, the worst trouble of the setup was that he had no money; in fact lost a few dollars as he went along. He finally tired of running the show at a loss and quit. It was along about then that Mr. Biermond, the Ord show man, leased the theatre.

The reason of him leasing the building, so people at North Loup think, was that Miller got some of the leading films ("Union Pacific" for one) before they were shown in Ord, and strange as it may seem, some Ord people and folks living in that direction came to North Loup to the show. The show was closed two months much to the distress of the North Loup businessmen who feel a show in town is one of the necessities on the street. Every businessman expressed himself that he could see the difference in the crowds in town the very night the show was dark. People came to North Loup from Horace, Scotia, Mira Valley and other points expecting to go to the show and went home swearing.

Although no one quite knows the set-up, now Ben Nelson has started the Strand, with the promise of fine pictures. Some people argue that he will not get the outstanding pictures ahead of the Ord theatre, but that is to be found out. The businessmen are helping and to go to the show one should get a complimentary ticket, thereby being admitted a little cheaper.

One Train in Seven Years.

Frank Atwater, who works in his father's oil station on the fringe of Greeley by the tracks, was telling me of the branch R. R. line that runs to Ericson and soon to be abandoned and torn up.

Frank says there are seldom any passengers or any freight of consequence on the motor that plies between Greeley and Ericson. Once in a great while a car of coal or a box car is attached to the tail end of the motor (potato bug) and pulled up the line swaying. No other train ventured out that way into the sand and it has been a long time since the line has been profitable.

There is one exception to this statement however. Two years ago a cattleman from near Bartlett bought a train load of cattle in Wyoming and billed them to Ericson. This is the first and only train that had gone that way for many years.

This special train left Greeley very slowly, the trainmen fearing the grade might give away someplace and let the train tumble over in the ditch. Frank said the train moved so slowly that it took several hours for it to get to Belfast and he didn't know how much longer to arrive at Ericson. It finally made the trip safely however, and that was the only train to go that way for many years.

Frank could not think why Ericson people would object to the taking up of that line, using it no more than they do.

War News.

The Swedish papers and others are panning England for withdrawing from the Norway field of battle.

Why should Sweden talk? Why do they not help Norway? Why does Norway deserve any help? They wouldn't allow English troops to cross her soil to help Finland; she was mad at England for trying to blockade German shipping along Norway's coast and tried in every way possible to ship to Germany.

More than that she sat almost peacefully and allowed Germany to take all her good ports, putting England in a position where she couldn't land artillery or munitions; then expected her to come and fight Norway's battles under every handicap conceivable.

English too, are not the fighters that the Germans are. Land fighting has been the life and soul of the German people for centuries. Two Englishmen get into difficulties, their inclinations are to discuss it, chew the fat, go into courts. The Germans are different. For centuries they have been drilled to discipline and quick settlements. The story is told of how a German officer got his orders confused and marched his company off over a steep cliff. And they marched over, obeying orders.

England is worried for her empire and she has plenty of reason. Should Hitler get a foothold on the British Isle, there's no reason why he might not go there the same as his armies did in Poland and Norway.

There is something screwy about the whole European battle front. It looks like many of the neutrals are trying to help Germany and surely things are falling pretty well for the dictators. It looks too, more than ever, that Hitler is going to whip them all, England included. Anyway, we are living in a period unequaled in history and all intelligent people will follow the war avidly.

May 15, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

School Notes

Not All Alleged

Short Shavings

With all our troubles here such as irrigation squabbles, moving picture shows, class rings, relief, drouths and poverty so acute, all of us are thankful for the Atlantic ocean; that is, all of us are thankful we live here in place of Europe where a mad man is on the rampage.

Regardless of who wins in the end, all the countries involved will be so exhausted they will not be worth saving. When peace is established again, something will have to be done to maintain it or in another twenty years there'll be another war.

Eighty years after the Civil War in the United States, and after almost every person who witnessed it is gone, still there remains among some a mean feeling between the South and North. Win. Schudels, who were in the deep South last winter told of several instances proving the fact. The book "Gone With The Wind," renewed the feeling somewhat. If we cannot recover from the effects of a war in eighty years, how can Europe ever expect peace with their multitudinous factions, races, languages, nationalities and hatreds.

Some blame the settlement meted out in the World War by the allies for this present war. No doubt it was not perfect in many ways. But the truth of the matter was the Germans were not whipped before. There was resentment there and Hitler has held a grudge ever since, wanting to even a score. Some other young fellow with a gift of gab will be instilled with the same hatred and revenge and in an other twenty rears after peace, he'll stage another war to get even just like Hitler is doing now, like Napoleon, like the Kaiser, and like many other leaders of war have done. Of course some leaders have had the ambition to conquer the world, and that is another excuse for the butchery.

War never pays. The winner loses. No conquest is ever worth a war. It isn't the profits the leaders are looking for. If Hitler wins the English Empire, which seems to be his ambition, and when he attempts to capture America, even if he does, it will not pay him. But war leaders are not looking for profits. They are mad lunatics of peculiar order and should be in asylums.

Hitler has taken on a bigger order now in attacking the low countries than his other invasions. He could whip Holland and Belgium easily but these countries are in a position to get help from France and England, a point none of the other victims have had. Now we will see if the Allies will really come to the rescue.

School Notes.

One WPAer who has a daughter graduating from high school says that he believes he has spent \$75 already on her this year. Another WPAer told me his son had made the down payment on his \$8.00 class ring and expected to finish the payment. The local jeweler says he could have ordered the rings for much less money making nice profit and besides given them a better ring. He says with the profit on that order of rings he might have paid his taxes; but he never had a chance at the order.

The local printer and politician was a little piqued too that he did not get the order for the commencement invitations, saying at the price paid he might have made a neat profit and he also says he is having a hectic time paying his taxes, the most of which go to the running of the school.

One man who in years past was a superintendent of different high schools says the ring salesmen were one of the worries of his life as superintendent. He says if he didn't let him in the school to solicit the children, the salesman would call a meeting of the kids outside school hours. Our local jeweler says it is high pressure of the highest order practiced on children of the lowest resi stance.

This coming week we may go to the commencement and hear the valedictorian give a mail order speech ordered and paid for by the school board. Last year one school felt the pinch of finances, so the valedictorian gave the same speech ordered a few years before and given by another vale-dictorian. Upon hearing it I thought it a very fine exposition and mentioned the fact to our local teacher. She laughed and said, "it was the identical speech I gave when I was valedictorian a few years ago, word for word and the superintendent gave it to me to learn at that time."

At the vocational program recently attended in one of the several high schools near (not mentioning any names) there was a style show and display of agriculture shop work. Also one senior lad told of a bachelor class given which educated the boys how to take their girls to the shows, how to appear in public, etiquette, cleanliness, proper clothing for different occasions and other wrinkles all gentlemen should know. It all seemed a very fine part of a boy's education but as this lad left the stage someone near me noticed he had not shaved the back of his neck for several weeks.

Not All Alleged.

Melvin Cornell alleged some allegings about me last week and thanks to him for the compliments if that is what they were.

One good turn deserves another so here's a rose for Melvin's buttonhole. Whether what he alleges about me is true or not, it is a fact that Melvin has the country cheated for politics and getting elected to office, and this is not alleged either.

Now the following was alleged. Someone said if Melvin didn't cease Geo. Gowen might have to apologize to him.

Short Shavings.

At the second hand joint last Saturday night there were at least three men who wanted farm help and wanted it badly. The last I knew they could not find it. That is frequently the case a few weeks before school is out. All winter, however, there have been idle men around and had it not been for the WPA work many families would have gone hungry.

Here is warning to all calf owners that they better vaccinate for blackleg pronto. There have been two deaths from that disease within the last week in the Riverdale vicinity alone. There is no vaccine that is any more successful than blackleg aggression (unless it is hog cholera); the cost is only six cents each and if one loses a calf it is no one's fault but the owner.

Although most farmers report seeing no grasshoppers so far this year, Gilbert Babcock and Earl Kriewald met the other day and reported the grasshoppers are hatching by the billions in the hinterlands back of their farms. Earl thought that loosening up the soil would give the pests a nice soft place to hatch.

May 22, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

World's Greatest
Short Shavings

The World's Greatest.

We are now witnessing the work of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, military leaders of all time—Adolph Hitler. Today, Saturday, he is smashing his way against all opposition in northern France and there is no telling what may occur by Wednesday when this is published, but it would not be beyond possibility if France had not surrendered by then. The British Isles, although moated by a small strip of water, would only be “mopping up” in comparison with this leader’s successes in capturing the fortifications there.

There has never been a leader who has controlled so much of the world’s surface as it looks like now Adolph Hitler is. Alexander, Caesar and even Napoleon must take a back seat for this brute of a man Adolph Hitler.

First Austria fell, then Czechoslovakia, then Poland, then Denmark and Norway, then Holland and Belgium and now it is France’s turn. After France will only be the mopping up, so to speak.

However, this is not half the story. The last Saturday Evening Post contains an article by Demaree Bess who says that Russia, is now a dominion of Germany. Stalin was so exposed in a military way by the little country of Finland that Hitler brought fear and pressure into Stalin’s soul until he capitulated, in a silent way, to this greatest of all men, Adolph Hitler. A year ago English in Russia were sent home or to prison. Now the country of Russia is being over run with expert Germans, who are developing that country as they see fit.

Sweden too is cuddling up to Germany. There are more Nazi fifth column in Sweden than any other place and there seems to be no effort of consequence to fight them. Goering has relatives in the Swedish government and a summer home there. They are very closely connected. The last Pathfinder says Sweden was captured without a shot.

Mussolini too appears to be a subject of Hitler. If he is not he surely will be when his turn comes. He may be in the war by Wednesday but that is doubtful. By playing the game as he is he makes the Allies fearful and they are forced to divide their armies, thereby weakening their strength against the main fight in the north. He has been very clever so far in diverting this strength and in that way, perhaps has been more help than as if he was actually in the war.

Speaking of Italy, in comparison with any of the larger nations, it is very weak. With England’s battleships, Italy could be blockaded easily. Her land is poor, mountainous and with a long coast line. Although Mussolini boasts of a huge army of millions, it is doubtful if he could feed them, were they in the field. Military experts think Italy is more of a help to Germany out of the war than in.

Although the Germans seem to be whipping the Allies in every land battle, still, as yet the British sea power has not been effected. It is speculative what would happen, should Hitler jump the channel and take London and England. What might happen to the fleet and the possessions is a question but it is beyond a fact that Hitler could not take Canada and Australia without a struggle and the fleet might dissipate to those lands. It is certain, should England be whipped and it looks like she might be, that Canada would form a nation of its own, and would seek strong alliances with the United States.

How long it would be before Hitler would come to America is also problematical, but if England and France fall, he'll come as sure as the sun sets. A man so drunk with power as he is and so successful in his conquests, surely would not pass up such a fine prize as this, with our gold bullion, our fertile acres, our rich cities. We'd be easy pickin' too with our small army and his invincible "blitzkriegs," should he get the fleet along with the capture of the British Isles.

We are living in an epoch of the world's history and all of us are watching it as it goes by, knowing things will be different when it is over, and it may be over very soon.

Short Shavings.

At the music contest a group of girls noticed a lady in front of them, wearing an overcoat and this lady's backbone was so prominent that every one of her vertebrae protruded until they could be counted at some distance. This physical feature was a subject of conversation among the group for some time until the lady rose to take part in the program and removed her coat. There on the back of her dress was a long row of buttons.

Those who like pretty lawns and gardens should call at Sterling Manchester's and Rev. Adams place in North Loup. Not only are these folks good gardeners and have pretty places but they have irrigation from the ditch, and water applied in these times makes a lot of difference. Joe Fisher's too, have beautiful flowers but theirs is without the irrigation except from the city.

The story was told to me by a person who pretended to know, that Bill Fuss was offered \$500 for his saddle horse that he rode at the Ord fair. Bill has trained this horse to do many tricks, besides it being a nice animal, and the offer was made by a circus representative.

All friends of George Hutchins are delighted to hear that he has landed the job held for so many years by his father, with the Aeromotor Windmill company. This has been one of the best jobs in the country, working for one of the nicest companies in the land. With proper diligence it is very rare that an employee is ever discharged. It is one of the nicest things that could happen to a man, I would think.

Mrs. Vera Anderson (Beebee) of Scotia told me she just received a letter from Mrs. Mattie Burdick of Denver and the letter said that Orville is not at all well. They soon expect to have their Golden wedding and they hope Orville gets better for the event.

Claud Thomas has been troubled lately by the coyotes killing his sheep.

May 29, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

No Pop Bottle Throwing
Short Shavings

No Pop Bottle Throwing.

In south of Ord and further south there is a checker playing club the members of which really are good, as I understand, and when they start playing, they get their elbows on the table, their hands on their chins and settle down to honest ferocity. The members consist of Harry Foth, Ed Burrows, Lem Knapp, Clint Peterson and Leo Mulligan.

Throughout the winter, when they are not too busy, this club meets at the different houses and plays once a week. Accurate records of the winnings are kept in the book of minutes so at the end of

the season the secretary can tell who is the grand champion of the club. Last year, Harry Foth won over Ed Burrows by two points only.

Besides these weekly meetings this club has played teams at different places, not always winning but coming home with the feeling that they played good enough so they were not ashamed of themselves. They played at Grand Island, Ravenna, Loup City and at Ord twice with a four man team.

The question was asked if it did not take a good deal of patience to play checkers for blood this way, for the person who asked had the impression that such games were usually played by wait; that is when a player got into a tight place he might sit and study for a half hour or more.

The answer was that there are books of rules governing checker playing like Hoyle and baseball rules and in a case of this kind, the book would give the player one minute to move if there was only one move possible and five minutes of thought if there was more than one way. Many volumes have been written on the game of checkers.

In scoring the games, a win gives two points to the winner, a draw game gives one point to both, and a loser, of course, gets nothing.

When this team played the Kearney team they had to play against one member of that team, Axtell, who had been three times state champion and for years had been runner up. Even at that, this club made a good showing at Kearney, feeling quite happy upon their return although they were beaten.

This team also drove to Kearney to see Willie Ryan, the world's champion checker player. At this event Mr. Ryan stood in the center of a large room and 23 other players sat in a circle around the edge with boards on their laps. Willie Ryan moved from one to the other around the room and played all 23 at once (all good players too) and won every game but one and this was the fourth game he had lost that year. Then he turned his face to the wall where he couldn't see the boards and played the two state champions at once and he beat one and had to draw with the other. Several of the members of the local team were in the circle of 23 players.

There are all manners of tricks to play in the checker game and there is a system of numbering each checker so that experts can record each play that he may study it afterwards and see how he might have done better. The players become really in earnest and absolute quiet must be maintained that the players' concentration is not rumpled. There is no cheering and pop bottle throwing like in baseball.

Each year there is a state checker tournament held somewhere in the state and this club has been in hopes it might be held in Ord next year. It is quite possible it may be too. The decision lies between Fremont and Ord now. As I understand it, the town that would give the most money over fifty dollars and furnish a hall to hold the tournament in, will get it.

Well, this is another hobby and I guess it is as good to play checkers as it is to play ball or golf, collect stamps, guns or to fish or bowl, or write columns for the papers. At least playing checkers, I'll warrant doesn't make as many enemies as the latter.

At the Scotia school not long before it was out, a tuberculin test was given each of the pupils. At the end of this test it was found, so it was told, that four per cent of the students had TB. Many of those whom it was discovered had the bug in their lungs, from all appearances were quite healthy. Four per cent is not a large per cent either, and in many places, the percentages would run higher than this.

Not many years ago there were more deaths from TB than any other malady. With proper treatment that place has dropped to third position. TB strikes young people much more than older (that is between the ages of 15 and 45) and seems to be more prevalent in young women than men. It has been shown that poor nutrition, or poverty seems to have little to do with it; one just gets it or has it and that is all. Very frequently one does not realize he has it until he is quite sick and in a position difficult to treat. It seems to many to be one of the best things a school can do is to test their children regularly for TB.

The treatment nowadays is not expensive or difficult and is quite effective if caught in the early stages. Fresh air, good food and rest are the principal potions. Frequently the patient is put to bed for

a few months and better yet on a sleeping porch. Going to the mountains is not necessary and the Nebraska State TB hospital is at Kearney. There are other more expensive and elaborate treatments (more in the nature of operations) for advanced cases, but if caught in the early stages, cure is relatively certain.

The thing to do is to take the simple tests and find out if your child is sick or not. Lack of appetite, general lethargy, poor conditions are symptoms and in more advanced stages the fever rises a point or two afternoons and one may have a bad cough and not recover from colds easily.

The test is simply an injection under the skin of the arm and the reaction in a few days tells the story. The discovery in early stages might save expensive treatments later and possibly life.

Short Shavings.

The story is afoot that one church in North Loup offered to give to each member of the Sunday school a prize of a little compass and mirror if they would bring a visitor for two weeks consecutively. Of course the children took great interest in the premium and gathered up most of the children who regularly attended another church and took them, dropping the attendance at one church to four for the last Sunday.

June 5, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Tell The Editor
Fifth Columnists
War Comments
Short Shavings

Tell The Editor

I can well realize the reason radio people are always begging the listeners to drop a card of appreciation (or otherwise) for the programs. That is the way they judge the worth and consequently demand their pay and hold their jobs. It is the same with me. I get to feeling no one reads this strip and then I hear of a response from California, or Greeley, Neb., or from someone I do not know. Of course I hear when someone is mad, and even that brings home the point that my stuff is read, which, of course is the test.

Not long ago a man in N. L. came to me and said, "That piece last week was the best you ever wrote." "Thanks," I replied. "But hurry and tell the editor, before I am fired."

And so week before last when I wrote the squib on the war I did so with trepidation. I knew the war was the paramount thought with almost everyone, but still it is a world subject and The Quiz is a local paper, trying to deal more in local items than world affairs. However I felt quite qualified in writing about it, in the first place, I frequently visit with I. J. Thelin and he is the best posted man on that subject of anyone I know. You see I said man. I believe my wife is even better posted on European questions than he is, although these two people read different magazines and consequently have slightly different viewpoints.

From none of my columns have I received as many comments as from that war one. I think this was because everyone is so concerned. Everyone, if they are not talking of the war, soon bring the conversation to that subject and everyone is sub-consciously worried. Practically everyone is hopeful that the Allies will, by some miracle, win, but they also fear the worst.

Of course, in a lighter vein, a good deal of comment was made when it became noised around that I was due for a whipping. I could not quite figure out whether the people wanted to see me trounced, or if they wanted to see how fast I could run if I really became scared. Never-the-less, for a serious piece, the war one takes the prize.

Fifth Columnists

However, the paragraph in regard to who are the "fifth-columnists" in Valley county brought out a response or two. The fact of the matter is, those conversations I reported sounded like "so-and-so talks like a communist," etc. were entirely fictitious although since I have heard of an instance or two that I did not know at the time.

Since that paragraph was published, I was told of an extension club meeting where the war argument became so intense that the meeting was nearly broken up. I was told of several families whose approval of Hitler has been so strong that those families are under suspicion of belonging to the "fifth columnists." There has been an organization in one town in the county whose members make no secret of believing in communism and at one time wore red shirts.

More than this one man seemed that the "So-and-so" was referring to no one but him and he apparently resented it. For a fact I did not mean him at all, and should he not have mentioned it, no one would ever have accused him. As a result he sent word to me that if I would go to the Canadian border and join the army there he would go too. I might do that but for the fact that it may not be long until Hitler will be here and both of us needed in our own United States army worse.

War Comments

From the outlook now, there is only one thing that can save France from a whipping by the Germans, and that is the economic status. No one knows, but the Germans may be gasping for breath and if they are, the Allies may win. Germany never lost a quick war; she never won a long one and this may be the principle on which Hitler is working. England and France together are not a match for the Germans in actual warfare, but they may have more endurance.

Germany was the biggest country in Europe before her annexations. Each annexation gave her some swag to go on with. After the swag is used up, these annexations may be a burden and Hitler will have to take another country to get more money. That is the reason, most feel, when he gets Europe taken, he will have to take the United States. If he had the English fleet, fighting the United States might not be so tough.

Mexico is a weak country and is overrun with "fifth columnists" now. A landing there would not be out of the question. Our 130 million people could not stop one tank if those people were not equipped with proper machinery to fight those tanks. Bravery and loyalty are of no consequence against airplanes, bombs, tanks and machine guns.

The French are woefully lacking in airplanes. Most of their guns are not powerful enough to stop the tanks. They must watch the southern border for fear of Mussolini, although most experts think the latter is only bluffing. He is not popular among his own people like he once was and the Italians do not want to go to war and do not like the Germans.

Without a navy, the 30 miles across the English Channel (the English note!) is a long way for Hitler to jump, and most people think he will not risk it until he has first whipped France. The days look darker for France than England at the present.

Another point in the Allies favor is that as yet the blockage of the English and French navies has not been effected. The stories are prevalent that Germany is short of vital materials for the manufacture of war equipment besides oil. They are not short enough yet but what they whip any army they come to.

The story is told by Jack Dempsey that at one of his early fights he fought with a fellow who was apparently his match. At about the tenth round Jack came back to his corner panting for breath and gasped to his trainer, "I'm all tuckered out. I'll have to give up." "Naw you don't," the trainer told him. Go on back in. The other fellow is just as tired as you are." With that encouragement Jack went back and whipped his opponent.

It may be the same with the Germans, no one knows. The allies are positive there is a limit to Germany's reserve but whether they are near that limit no one can tell. Economically, the Allies are by far the best off and if they can hold the Germans back long enough, they'll win.

Short Shavings

I was calling at Joc Jensen's the other day, who lives south of Horace, and to my knowledge there is no one in the country (outside of Harry Bresley) who has nicer and more horses than Joc. He works two six horse teams. Most of these horses are mares with colts, and they are nice ones too, from his Shire stallion.

He has a few mules also and one baby mule with a star in its forehead. I thought that quite unusual but I was told later that Bud Knapp has a baby mule with a star in its forehead.

More than that Joc bought recently a cream colored saddle horse that seemed nice to me. Joc says there are quite a few in certain sections of the sand hills. Not only is this horse cream colored on its body but his eyes match, they being a yellow color, and that is something I never saw before.

June 12, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Fighting Our War

Short Shavings

Fighting Our War

A man said to me the other day, "If I were doing it, I'd help the Allies in every way possible short of sending men there. I'd give them arms, planes, money, ships or anything to help them win. I would do this because I believe they are fighting our war for us, and if they lose, our turn will surely come."

It seems to many that is the sentiment which is gradually coming over the country. Most of us do not realize the tragedy involved should Germany conquer France and England. Few of us comprehend what import it is to us that the Allies whip Hitler back to his homeland. Most of us do not realize how near Hitler is to having them whipped right now.

A person could write a book on the consequences, but only a few points will suffice here. If the English Island is captured, Churchill says they will carry on just the same. With all probabilities headquarters will move to Canada. If they do not move and are whipped beyond moving, Hitler will expect to get Canada along with the other possessions. Could he take Canada without a war? With out doubt he could not.

Canada and United States are so friendly that we live side by side, having thousands of miles of border and not a fortress along it. But would we feel so secure if Canada were taken by Hitler? Would we stand by and watch Hitler try to capture Canada without going to her aid? Of course not.

If the British Government moved to Canada, that would make a warring nation on this continent. Then what would we do? If the British Navy came to America, having been driven out of the British Isles, it would have to use U. S. ports, for Canadian ports can not handle it. Would we turn down this docking when they are helping to guard our own continent? Surely we would not.

If Hitler should get the British navy, we would be in more danger yet from attack by that man. It is not beyond question that he might get that navy. It might be bargained to him to keep him from

persecuting the English people like he has Polish, although his simple word in a bargain means little and the English know it.

Although the English are not perfect, still they have controlled the sea lanes and the job could be much worse done. Most of us would hate to change the present setup to a man of Hitler's disposition. For the last century, aggression has not been the policy of Great Britain, regardless of her actions before that. She simply has policed the seas, protecting all shipping, small and big. With the English navy, it has not been necessary for United States or any other nation to maintain such a great array of battleships. Would we feel the same security if this navy fell to other more aggressive hands; if Gibraltar, the Suez, Singapore fell in hands of men whose ambitions are like that of Adolph Hitler.

The whipping of France would not be quite so dangerous to United States as that of the British Isles. On the other hand, France has repeatedly refused (and so has England), to talk peace without her ally. Few people think that simply because Hitler goes to Paris, will peace be signed by the French separate from England. So it looks like France and England stand as one nation, and should France be taken, England will still carry on, perhaps from the American continent.

The President of the U. S. is worried and well he may be. He seems more worried than his people. However most politicians think that the President's action in regard to foreign affairs is fine and he is feathering his nest beautifully for a third term. He seems to be trying to help the Allies in every way possible, short of actually sending troops to the battlefield. Rank Republicans are approving of his foreign policy.

There is a different feeling in United States about this war than when it broke out. One man who is well posted on international affairs said, "We'll be in it yet." "Sure we will," was the reply, "if Hitler whips the Allies our turn will come like the others."

Short Shavings

Art Hutchins has it doped out that the time in a boy's life when he is the smartest is when he graduates from high school. His next smartest period is when he graduates from college. From that time on his brilliance gradually leaves him.

Ol Winder stopped the other day and said he would buy anything but goats. He would not buy a goat. After a few minutes my boy Dick, told him he would like to sell him some cats. Ol couldn't hardly refuse to buy the cats after his previous introductions so he said he never bought cats unless he could get them a dozen at a time.

Theron Barber and his little sister Carlea have three great grandfathers and one great grand mother. One great grandmother died not long ago.

Sid Wilson, who has been visiting here lately, recently sold his auction business in Scottsbluffs to Jack Peglar, formerly of Loup City. Sid did very well when he first moved to Scottsbluff, but the last few years the drouths have not been so pleasant. Besides this, he has trouble hearing.

Charley Krewald says that Tuesday morning a dead horse floated down the river.

A lady Wednesday night asked me if I had any garden hose for sale. I replied, "No, but it is going to rain tonight so you won't need any hose for a while."

Irvy Sheldon says there is one thing about taking a contract to tend to beets: the work is packed with excitement. He says he knows for he worked at it when a boy. He says a man will start work at seven and work like the dickens on his hands and knees for four hours and then look at his watch and it will say eight-thirty.

June 19, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A Letter Coming
The Winner
Short Shavings

A Letter Coming

Clarence Davis was to have left Sunday for Philadelphia to be a delegate to the Republican National Convention which will nominate the next candidate for President.

Yesterday (this is Saturday) he showed me a stack of letters he had received endorsing different men and recommending that he vote for them. Clarence said he had thrown away many more than he had saved. He says he gets a dozen letters a day sometimes. One I recall spoke highly of Harold MacNider, another of Willkie and various other men of whom I have never heard.

He plans now to take his family in his car and on the trip visit New York, Washington and other points along the road.

I also asked him to write me a letter or two, requesting he tell me some little interesting occurrences he notes at the convention that would not likely be published in the large papers. This he promised to do, and if he does, I'll pass it on through this column.

The Winner

There is not much question who will win the war now raging in Europe. Regardless of the triumphs heralded from Paris or Berlin, or perhaps London, no country there will win. United States is going to win this war more surely if she stays out. United States won the world war twenty years ago; in a greater measure she will win this one.

No country can win enough swag to pay for a war like the one now being carried on. The money Germany spends for war, the loss of life and property, can never be repaid regardless of how much country she captures. Of course the invaded territory loses. The winner always stands on the sidelines.

This war is only history repeating itself. Passing up the once great civilizations of China and India, lets look first at Athens and Sparta. They fought for 30 years, Athens with its great sea power and culture, Sparta with its better army. Finally Sparta whipped Athens but Rome won that war swallowing up both.

Other instances are similar but Napoleon probably forms the nearest example. He fought with all of continental Europe and conquered nearly all of it, even more than Hitler has yet, if we do not figure Russia. All the time England played one country against the other, willing all the time to fight him should he come across the channel. In the end England won; not the conqueror, Napoleon. In war, even the victor loses.

Airplanes may have made the English Channel useless for protection of England against a conqueror. Some say so and we will find out if Hitler is able to invade the isle as he has the other countries. Most authorities think England will be even easier prey to the Nazis than France with her many fortresses.

Be that as it may, the Atlantic ocean is yet a barrier against Europe invasion of the United States. We are in a position to stand here and talk, play one side against the other and wax fat while the fighters exhaust themselves. We stand over here aloof, and raise more food than we can eat while the

European countries fight and starve. On account of our security, the money market of the world has moved from London to New York. We have more cars, more machinery, more roads, more newspapers, more freedom of thought, more freedom of religion than any country on earth.

Regardless of who wins the European war, he will lose. If Hitler conquers and polices all of Europe he will have nothing but a starving mass of people and bombed industries to rule. Although everything else seems to have been figured out in advance, the question as to what the people are going to eat next winter has not been solved. Already there is a shortage of food and production of this year's crop has almost ceased.

More too, in most ways, there is no European country that has the standards of living or education or the machines of industry that United States have. Many students of history think this is the beginning of the end of Europe, just as China, India, Greece and Rome slipped backward from high civilized states. Prosperity cannot come from destruction.

Short Shavings

At the N. L. alumni banquet, after the speeches, there was a business meeting, where the motion was made to give some money to the Red Cross. A discussion followed as to the amount and after several minutes of debate motion was amended to make the amount ten dollars. The vote was taken. The second it was finished the clock struck ten, and the funny part is that was the only time that evening the clock had struck at all.

June 26, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Are You Pro-German
Works Either Way
All In a Hurry
Leak in the Dyke

Are You Pro-German?

There is much discussion around about who are pro-German and who are not. It seems to many that this is carrying things a little too far in that we are not at war with Germany yet, and this is supposed to be a country of free speech and thought.

Never-the-less, there is a preponderance of sympathy for the allies in this war, and those people who uphold Hitler and his conquests, his invasions of small neutrals, his Gestapo and despotic form of government, are very unpopular.

It is told that two men from Scotia were called by the F. B. I. to Grand Island for questioning as possible fifth columnists. There have been several instances where fights were nearly started because someone was standing up for Hitler.

It is told that one German immigrant expressed the fact that he would have been better off had he never come over here. A man promptly answered, "Why don't you go back. No one asked you to come." He replied. "I haven't the money to go back." The American dug in his pocket, "I'll give you a dollar and take up a collection and we'll see to you getting back all right." That ended the conversation.

On the other hand a man of German parentage came to me the other day and said he had been accused of being pro-German. He said he had little use for the English but he was for America ahead

of any country. This man was sixty years old and quite fleshy. He said if Hitler invades this country, I'll join the army. I would be no good as a fighter but I could run a truck, and would do it if they would let me."

Works Either Way

A rather peculiar mechanical incident occurred at the cheese factory a couple of weeks ago. It happens that the factory has its own water pump and pressure tank and they try to use it for all their water with the exception of the minimum amount allowed by the city. They also have the city water and both systems are hooked together. The pressure in the city system is about 35 pounds so the way the hook-up is set, the water used will come from the private pump and pressure tank except when turned otherwise.

A few weeks ago the city drained the water tower so as to paint it. The factory had not been using the city water for the men watch the meter and they already had used 16,000 gallons. Not thinking of the city water pressure being low they went home at night, as usual, without turning the valves. Late that evening the manager went back to the factory and was surprised to hear the motor and their water pump operating. As he stood there he also heard the water meter clicking.

He couldn't understand it all so he took a flashlight and studied the meter. He discovered the meter was running backwards and that in place of 16,000 gallons registered, there was 10,000 gallons. Their private system was pumping water back into the city mains, trying vainly to get the pressure in the small tank.

All in a Hurry

A few people already in the city of North Loup have been able to get irrigation water to their gardens. Every effort is being made to get the street crossings dug in, because now, again, the gardens need water.

The NYA boys are doing the work but they need a boss badly. Cliff Goodrich has been helping when he gets the mail carried and everyone says he is a splendid manager. He says too that the boys are O. K. if they have someone to keep them going. Jim Coleman has helped and others have volunteered. Walt Paddock has been the boys' boss all along but with the rush desired, he cannot see to it all.

Placing the large cement tile across the streets is the big job. Then there is the making of the ditches, and on top of that everyone wants water and wants it now.

The Leak in the Dyke

The story was told me by Roy Hudson. It happens that between Ord and Burwell there is a stretch of the main canal that is especially vulnerable and should any leak or small accident occur there, the whole system might be wrecked.

L. E. Walford, the engineer, knows this well and has made it a point every time he is near to take a look to be sure things are intact. One day last week on a hurry call to Burwell he was tempted to pass up looking, but finally decided he better not as he had never passed it up before.

He parked his car a short distance away and walked up to the canal. He was lucky for just as he got there he discovered a hole about a foot deep and the water was beginning to rush out in a hurry.

By the time he could get his shovel the hole would be much larger and he couldn't throw enough dirt with his hands to stop the break. He did not hesitate. He jumped into the water and sat down in the hole. That stopped the break; then he took his hands and pulled the mud in under him with both hands, building himself up until the leak was stopped.

Short Shavings

If you recall, just before the last rain, things were getting pretty dry, so Gus Wetzel spent several days irrigating his forty acres of vegetables. He hated to do this for at this time of year, Gus and his crew have a dozen jobs every day. Never-the-less he irrigated. Then it rained and rained again and after the week of wet weather Gus had to spend a couple of days draining his fields.

Ed Miller has had his head clipped and shaved. Then on top of this, he loafing, on the streets Saturday and Wednesday evenings without his hat on.

The story is told that Sterling Manchester took in (gross) over a thousand dollars from his one acre of strawberries.

July 3, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Letter from Philadelphia

Bright Lad

Short Shavings

Letter From Philadelphia

Dear George:

I am writing this in the convention hall as they are nominating a vice-president.

I just heard ex-senator Reed of Pa. and Vandenburg of Mich. The most interesting phase of the convention is the color, the crowds and the people you meet. Talked to a Frenchman last night, who at a tender age saw the Germans march in and take Alsace Loraine from France in 1870. He is glad the war is over as far as France is concerned.

I will let John Misko or Mrs. Veach vote in my place for vice-president. I voted two ballots for Dewey as instructed, then three for Taft, since Vandenberg had no chance and the last one for Willkie since it was certain Taft and Dewey could not win. The last vote was 8 Willkie and 6 for Taft in the Nebraska delegation.

Just talked to Hanford MacNider of Iowa and former commander of the American Legion. I voted for him for vice-president at Chicago in 1932. Then I talked to Alf Landon of Kansas, our candidate in 1932.

It is nice to go to the rooms and other places and meet and talk with men like I have. I have met Senator Taft, Gov. James of Penn., Wendell Willkie, our nominee and his son, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Boake Carter, Tom Dewey, Senator Vandenberg, former vice-president, Dawes, Senator Styles Bridges of N. H., Lowell Thomas (columnist), Congressman Curtis and Karl Steffan, Theodore Roosevelt, son of the ex president, and many others. Dwight Griswold and Hugh Butler are also here.

My wife and daughters, Virginia and Berverly, have liked it a lot. It was 4 a. m. before we were through with the convention last night.

Someone pried open the window to my car and took two coats. Fortunately there was little in the car. They expect Wendell Willkie here at the convention soon.

While most of the Nebraska delegation were not for Willkie, I believe he is a good man and will make a good candidate and president.

Senator MacNary of Oregon will receive the deserved support of western farmers for vice-president.

The delegates from Nebraska are all fine people and we have gotten along together fine.

Sincerely, Clarence Davis.

Bright Lad

Gus Wetzel, so my lad Dick says, has caught and has in captivity, a baby skunk. Dick has decided that the baby skunk, or another one like it is the one thing that will bring happiness to him and our household. He has been teasing me to go and buy it of Gus, and Dick is some teaser too.

His arguments are convincing. He has it doped out how we will take the skunk to Dr. McGinnis and have the stink bag removed. This is a simple operation and upon completion the little animal is as harmless as a kitten. They also make very docile and affectionate pets, so Dick argues.

But this is not all the advantage. My lad Dick has it doped out how he will make a box for it under the front door stoop. He will make a little door on the box and a string on the door running inside the house.

Then when an agent comes (seven came selling us magazines, medicines, groceries and what not two weeks ago) his mother will see them out of the window, and quietly pull the string. Mr. Skunk will bound out and scurry straight to the agent, in hopes of being picked up and caressed.

Of course, so my lad Dick argues, no harm will occur and perhaps a great benefit. He argues that his Pop once was a peddler and has such a soft heart for all such men trying to make a dollar that way that he buys of every one and frequently buys things he already has on hand or don't need any more than he needs the pet skunk.

Dick has it doped out the agents will leave promptly when the string is pulled without the ordeal of slamming the door in their faces, or disappointing them by not buying or by buying their goods when you really don't want them.

Well, it's an idea anyway. A fellow told me one day he couldn't quite figure out how it came my kids are so smart.

Short Shavings

Harold Hoeppner said the census man reported that North Loup is 90 less than ten years ago. Harold said that some thought quite a few people were missed by the census taker. He did not believe the town had dwindled that much.

A card from Mrs. Will Davis, who has moved to Michigan said they are having too much rain there. She says Will is laughing at the folks at home but for once in his life he wished the rain would cease for a while.

We all should vote this year. It may be the last chance we'll ever get to vote if Hitler comes over and whips us. That's one expense the French, Norwegians, in fact most of Europe, need not worry over any more.

July 10, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Prelude
Whether We Like It Or Not

The Prelude

At a gathering of men the other day, a wild discussion arose over the merits of the republican nominee Wendell Willkie. Although always having been a republican, I also, for many years have been a believer in some of the principles of socialism. On some points I expressed the opinion that I would like to know a few more of the candidate's views. The fact that he was backed by Wall street and the head of a public utility (a dealer in a take-it-or-go-without product) would make one wonder if he was really for the common herd, or working for the chosen few who have.

Finally it was agreed that I dare not write my views for this column and it was also agreed by the others, if I did and the Quiz printed them, it would cause more arguments than anything I had ever written.

If the following is not printed, you'll know I was too wild.

Whether We Like It or Not

Whether we like it or not, the trend the world over is in the direction of socialism or toward socialistic theories. That is the hue and cry behind the present war in Europe; that is what put Hitler in office; and Stalin too; and is the pushing motive behind the fighters. Hitler cries that the Germans want a place under the sun; the poor masses want something to eat, something to do to earn their way. Hitler says he is fighting the plutocrats, the capitalistic system built up through out the ages, and the worst (or some might say the best) part of it all is, he has been winning every place he goes. It is a war between the haves and have nots.

Whether we like it or not, we have these same trends and theories working out in United States, only as yet, without much bloodshed. The last administration has taken a big step in that direction, and whether we like it or not, many think it was inevitable and better that way than by war or dictatorship as in Germany.

Our Soil Conservation is only a scheme to help a class of our people who were woefully going without. The W. P. A. was a scheme to help the have nots. The same may be said of the old age pension, the grants and the relief measures of all forms. It is all a trend toward taking from those that have and helping those that have not. The "Rehab" program and Government seed loans simply help men who cannot get funds at private places and the same may be said of the H. O. L. C. Social Security, aid for college students, N. Y. A. are movements toward helping those who are not able to help themselves, and are highly socialistic in theory. Income and inheritance taxes are fundamentally socialistic.

But at that here in America (where we have the best land on earth beyond question) we are far from perfect. We have a race of people (Americans too), the negroes, who are dreadfully down trodden. They are the first fired and the last hired in a country where there are ten million unemployed. We have a few men owning and controlling millions of dollars of property, landlords owning tracts of land larger than some states, and whether these things are legally right or not, they are the very things that causes dictators, wars, strikes, revolutions, "fifth columns" and all manner of trouble.

We have a situation right here in our own section that is acute. I knew a man recently who has been trying to keep his family on a dollar a day and he was sick besides. When he failed to pay his rent for one month he was ordered to move and then no one would rent him a house. As yet the sheriff has not set him in the street as the law provides to property owners, and perhaps this too, is a trend toward helping the poor.

This is only one case of the dozens that can be told. A visit with Mr. Kruml will show that the poor in this county are appealing and the county has helped until the funds are gone and the taxpayers yelling. The Mary Lane column in the World Herald almost every day has a tale of the poor; people by the hundreds who walk the streets for days looking for work but cannot find it; looking for a place under the sun as Hitler so aptly puts it.

The question of hiring and firing too, is tragic in this country, and is too big for this paragraph, but the control of one man over employees, of his whim over whether families shall eat or not is another thing that causes strikes and bloodshed and dictators. Some day I may write a whole piece telling how the labor unions of the railroads have handled this situation and if you recall, there has been no strikes on the R. R.'s for a long time. Recently I was told of a W. P. A. man being fired, or laid off, and was requested to write it up. He was from a relief organization fired to starve or go on direct relief, which is exhausted.

We live in a land where we pride ourselves in settling our difficulties around the conference tables in place of force and revolution and here is a problem that must be settled or another Hitler or Stalin may come along and take charge. We class ourselves among those that have, must concede to the theory of live and let live, to the theory of one for all, all for one, of the theory that is so falsely spoken that "all men are created equal," that all of us, rich or poor, well or sick, smart or dumb, have a place under our American sun and a right to eat, to have a home, to be warm, to have medicine for our sick and education of our children.

This is not idle fantasy. Only this morning as I sit here the radio reports Tunney as making a speech saying there would be a revolution in America in less than five years. It is not dictators who make revolutions and wars; it is the situations and minds of the people who make it possible for dictators to get their hold and make war.

And the hell of it all is, although just grievances are usually the means by which dictators get their holds, frequently after bloodshed, revolution, war and redistribution of wealth, in the end, these same people may be worse than before.

One man (60 years old) not long ago told me that all his life until the last ten years he had been a Socialist. Since he had gotten hold of some property of his own he had changed his beliefs, or at least, he said, he had changed his talk. Another man, a little younger also said to me lately, "All my life I have been a hater of Socialism or any trend in that direction. Late years, since have lost my property (some of it inherited) I have changed my views. I am now seeing things differently."

July 17, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

New York—North Loup

Good for Ford

Short Shavings

New York—North Loup

Gilford Hutchins told me that when Reverend and Mrs. Ehret (new pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church of N. L.) arrived in town they stopped at the post office and asked Frank Johnson where the S. D. B. parsonage was located. And here is the funny part of it. Frank did not know, so G. L. said, and Frank had to go out and inquire, perhaps of the Chief of police, Jim Coleman.

G. L. said he knew where the Methodist parsonage is, but still, G. L. said, Frank has only lived in the village about fifty years. Gilford has been here longer, he thinks.

The truth of all this I cannot vouch; I'm just telling it as G. L. told me, and it's a good story anyway. We were wondering if, perhaps, Frank were not trying to impress the newcomers with the big city complex, so to speak, not knowing everyone, naturally, in so large a town. It might have worked too, if that were it, Mrs. Ehret's home, previous to North Loup being only that little old town of New York on the Hudson.

There has been a good deal of speculation as to the impressions made upon these fine people; coming from back there, that village of Little Old New York, to this land of drouth, winds, poverty and discouragement. Many claim this will be "some come down," and they'll be unable to take it long. On the other hand, they were amply warned by the church secretary of what they were coming to and the conditions here, and she believes they'll not be disappointed.

Yes, it is a change no doubt, coming from back there where the lights are bright, where the ladies begin wearing their winter hats in August and summer hats in April; to a land where few women wear any hats, (they have to save the hat money for shoes); to a land where a man wears his wedding suit the rest of his life and where he runs his car until the doors drop off.

Everyone speaks of the fortitude of people coming to a land like this where most of us are planning moving away; coming here to make their home among despair of the dust bowl.

We like them before we become acquainted with them just because of that.

Good For Ford

Dr. Bryan Eyerly, of Chicago, and brother of Ford, has recently purchased a 140 acre farm fifty miles from Chicago and Ford expects to move back there in the spring or fall to be the operator of it.

Ford says there are extensive improvements on the place, one barn having room for fifty milk cows. The man now living there milks sixty cows and sells the milk whole to be distributed by the bottle in Chicago.

Ford is pleased over the prospects but is saddened over something else is the fact that he will have to leave his many friends here. Ford said that he was thinking of keeping his small farm south of N. L. and after he has made his fortune there, to return and retire among the people he loves so much.

Well, that's complimentary to us poor devils who have to stay and not get that fortune.

Short Shavings

George Hutchins, who is now a traveling salesman for the Aeromotor Windmill company, until recently has had the territory in Indiana. A short time ago he sold some pumps and mills to the manager of Wendell Willkie's farms. George said that the tenants of Willkie's farms think the candidate is about the nicest man that ever lived and that is something coming as it does from a farm tenant.

Dr. Grace Crandall left last week for Shanghai, China and from appearances, she was as tickled over her return as a little girl with a new doll. She has been in United States for nearly a year now.

A lady told me of how she bought some little U. S. flags not long ago for decoration at a party and upon unwrapping them at home she discovered they had been "Made in Japan."

Mrs. Wetzel shells her peas with an old hand wringer. She gave us a little demonstration and she can shell the peas by the hand-full. They shell a little better if the pods are run through the long way but it don't make a lot of difference. She told of some lady who used her electric wringer on her washing machine to do the work.

Albert Combs found a whole sack full (small paper sack) of arrowheads and other Indian weapons on his place and on Halsey Shultz' and liked them so well and was so afraid someone would snitch them that he put them in his safety deposit box at the bank. Albert is the fellow who plowed up a dead Indian a couple of years ago on one of the knolls in his field. I do not know whether he put the Indian in the vault or not; the time I saw it it was in a tub.

Al Pearce called a cook an interior decorator.

July 24, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Deficit

A Few Remarks on Presidential Candidates

The Deficit

The biggest criticism the republicans can find with Roosevelt is the tremendous deficit that has piled up during the last eight years. Without question we will hear a great deal of this in the next 2½ months.

However it is feared that this deficit talk will fall, for the most part, on deaf ears. What percent of the people are there who care a whoop for Federal Government deficits; that is, providing the person asked knows the definition of that ugly word.

I cannot give any actual figures on what per cent of the people are broke, but it is a big per cent, and through this neck of the U. S. the per cent will run higher than some others. There are an awful lot of people who do not pay any taxes to speak of at all and a lot more of them who do not pay any federal taxes whatever.

The federal government levies no direct taxes on the people. It derives its income from tariffs, duties, income taxes and a few luxury taxes and nuisance taxes such as stamps on deeds, etc. Consequently there are millions of people who pay nothing directly into the Federal treasury at all.

The government expenditures in projects, reliefs, etc. causing deficits (so they say) is just one method, so the poor think, of soaking the rich and giving to the poor, or in other words, it's a redistribution of wealth. Under such a scheme the poor man has everything to gain and nothing to lose, and he, representing an awfully lot of voters, is not going to get very excited over deficits.

He's apt to get a lot more excited if he thinks this "passing out" business might cease with a different man at the head of the country such as Willkie, who has a nation wide reputation of success in business. As a general thing, a good business man is the direct antithesis to benevolence or looking out for the other fellow. A good businessman looks out for himself and lets the devil take the hindmost. Most of the poor men love big businessmen like they do snakes, and there are a lot of people who are not classed as businessmen.

It is for this reason that many think the G. O. P.ers made a big mistake in selecting Willkie for their nominee. It is not the fact that he would not run an efficient and profitable government; most people feel he would be an excellent choice if efficiency and good management is what we want, but there are a great mass of voters who are not big business men and are not especially benefited by business efficiency.

A Few Remarks on the Presidential Candidates

Roosevelt is the cleverest politician I ever knew of. It is just that kind of politics that lead to dictatorships and I am fearful. —Roy Hudson.

Talk about prosperity! I'd like to go back to Hoover's time and have some of that in place of what we are having now. —Frank Miller, of Scotia.

I think it is the duty of every citizen to talk and discuss and argue the different candidates and what they stand for. —Art Babcock.

The Republicans couldn't find one of their own party so they had to pick a Democrat. —Geo. Mayo, smiling.

I think Willkie is the best choice the country could make. —Art Hutchins.

I'd rather have a crib full of twenty cent corn than to have it empty and corn worth a dollar. —Harry Miller.

I'll bet 'ya a new Stetson hat that Roosevelt gets elected in November —Robinson.

One Republican said after Willkie was nominated, "Just another d___ democrat." Then when Wallace was nominated for vice president, the same report was handed back, "Just another d___ Republican."

Short Shavings

Ed Post says that on his farm (the one sold to Charles Clark) he had Gene Hutchins drill the well for him in 1913 and it was used continually for twenty-five years without ever having been pulled out of the ground for repairs. Earle Cox pulled it in 1938 to put on new leathers and said the well looked like it had gone that long since it was out of the ground. Earle says that it is the champion well as far as he knows.

The story is told that Billie Worrel is offering his farms on lower Davis Creek for \$15.00 an acre and these are pretty fair farms too; much better than the average dry farms. It is told too that he is going to move back to Illinois, where most of his folks have moved, whether he is able to sell or not.

Stopping in to Gus Wetzel's the other day I noticed on the porch several bushels of peas. Mrs. Wetzel said they were unable to sell them this year green so she picked them after they ripened for seed.

She says it is no trick. She pulls up vines and all, laying them on an old carpet, flaying them there. On a dry day they thrash easily, and there has been a few dry days lately.

The prettiest animals I see are the Brown Swiss heifers belonging to Jim McCall. Every time I go to town, (two or four times a day) I see those cows, wishing they were mine in place of his of course, and every time I go forth or back I wonder too, who is going to do the milking act when they all freshen before long.

Jim has a black baby mule running out there too that has a mealy nose and a light belly, and I wish it was mine too in place of his. Well, that's enough for Jim this time.

Sid Wilson, who runs the second hand joint in N. L. claims he is an expert at repairing broken furniture. And in that connection he told me of a trick in repairing that seemed like worth passing along. He says when a screw is pulled out and the hole has been broken until the screw will not take ahold again; in place of putting a wooden plug in pack the hole full of steel wool. Sid says that holds much better than a wooden plug.

The other evening when a cloud shaded the sky I heard a lady wish it would not rain. She explained, "If it rains, John (her husband) might be tempted to try to farm again. If we dry out again this year he'll have no choice and have to quit. I hope it does not rain."

July 31, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

We Don't Vote for People

Grapes of Wrath

Short Shavings

We Don't Vote For People

If the election were to be held today there would be very few people vote for Willkie or Hugh Butler, and still many think both would be elected. The fact of the matter is, usually in our great democracy, we do not vote for a man; we vote against some certain man.

It may be that reason that Willkie and Butler will be elected (if they are). In the case of Roosevelt, he has made some enemies and there is quite a sentiment already against the third term. If Willkie does not get into too many jams; that is if he does not talk too much, he may get elected more as a protest against the present set-up in place of upon his own merits, which are good enough, no doubt. That was the case of Harding and Cox. Harding was elected, not so much because of his own qualifications, but as a protest against the party in power.

The same may result in the senatorial contest. Few people know Hugh Hustler more than he has been a western man and a pioneer and now is a grain man in Omaha, but they do know Cochran. There are things about Cochran that many do not like, and some will vote for anyone in preference to him. It is doubtful if he has made himself popular enough as governor, to override his unpopularity.

The Grapes of Wrath

I was anxious to see the picture, "The Grapes of Wrath," which was shown at Scotia last week. In the first place it may forewarn many of us what is in store for us, if we keep drying out.

There has been a good deal of condemnation of the book and picture, some saying it not a true situation. However, in another book I recently read, the author a citizen of California, said the reason so many found fault with it was because it was the truth.

Upon seeing it I could not help but be reminded of Allan Tappan, a couple of years ago, loading his panel truck with people and five dollars and striking out for Washington, there was a two week old baby too among them and they arrived safely as far as anything I ever heard.

The discouragement over this section of the country this summer, is the worst of any yet. Many proclaim this the worst year, but it don't seem much different to me than many others and especially 1934. But everyone has become a little poorer as we come along and many of those that are left here haven't money to get away or to live on either.

It takes a good deal of nerve to strike out with nothing to go to. Rev. Ehret, Herman Daze l, Calvin Bresley, and others who have traveled say that one might be much worse off than right here among your friends and neighbors.

Short Shavings

In driving in from Mira Valley I noticed where one man's corn planter had become plugged and he had missed two rows clear across the field. It was too bad he did this but I am sure it will make no difference in the yield this fall.

Roy Cox said, on one score, he'd make a good preacher. That was because he liked chicken.

We decided that when we invited the preacher to feed at our place, we should run out of food and not have too elaborate a spread either. That way he would think us poor and consequently would not expect so much in the collection plate when it is passed.

And still on the subject of preachers, at a picnic recently, Rev. Ehret complimented the great quantity of food and said "Do you folks always have this much?"

Rev. Ehret came from a college town in New York state and one of the group here decided he must be in the habit of eating at banquets.

The general opinion is that if one wants to be satisfactorily fed, before going to a banquet, he should eat his supper.

Rev. Ehret said too that land prices had not fallen any more here than back in New York state. He said that land back there that once sold for one hundred dollars an acre or more went begging now for twenty. On top of that it has been raining there, in fact raining too much. The week before he left in June it rained every day and his daughter wrote him after he arrived here saying it had not missed a day since he left.

Mrs. Ehret said she knew of a farm in Pennsylvania, and not a bad farm either, that the owner could not sell or get a bid on. She said it belonged to a friend of hers and that they had offered to sell it for no more than the Improvements were worth but still no sale.

The situation is similar here, in that so many farms are for sale and the loan companies own so many (all for sale too) that they are a drag on the market. I mean farms are a drag on the market. They think too that another reason farms do not sell is that most men want to get away from the hard work and find city jobs with shorter hours, or WPA jobs with less worry and work involved.

A short letter from Mrs. Orville Burdick of Denver in answer to a card we sent her on their golden wedding anniversary said: "We received 82 cards and letters from ten different states and had a hundred calls from our Denver friends. We didn't realize that in the old days we used to have beauty parlors and beer saloons; now we have beer parlors and beauty salons.

And here is something we can't write but we can say. There are three t...s in the English language. What spelling shall we give it? Too, to, or two?

Wendell Willkie's four grandparents were all German, refugees from the German autocracy, coming to this country after the failure of the German Revolutionary movement in 1848.

The last six presidents have had a double letter in their name. On that theory, Wendell Willkie should have a good chance of winning over Roosevelt for the former has two double letters In his name.

August 7, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A Good Target
Peaceful Valley
News from Afar
Short Shavings

A Good Target.

Sometime before fall we are going to have a wonderful road up the valley. The grading seems to be complete, at least between North Loup, Ord and also Scotia. The oiling outfits are at work now and when this is finished, the road will be one form of pavement. Looking or driving north from North Loup, one cannot but be amazed at the work that has been done this summer, raising the grade by taking wide borrow ditches at the sides, cutting the trees and rebuilding (what we thought) that nice bridge over Mira Creek.

I am no expert myself and personally make no comment, but it is the general opinion of the laymen that it all is rank squandering of money to build such a road when taxes are so high anyway, and the need for the funds so great in other places.

Most people think we had a road to Ord that we were getting along very nicely with. Besides that the state had to buy great tracts of our very best valley land (land under the ditch too) and practically ruin it in borrow digging. Great trees too were removed, trees like the forestry department dreams to have in fifty years in the shelter belts, and fine bridges only a few years old, torn out and rebuilt.

I guess it is all right; we folks out here in the sticks are not supposed to be very smart, whether we are or not. At any rate we are going to have a road, a wonderful road and nice bridges that will be a fine target for Hitler to blow into smithereens when he gets England conquered; in other words, when our turn comes.

Peaceful Valley.

Two years ago a salesman dropped into the elevator and said to Art Willoughby, "you have now a quiet peaceful little valley, have you not?"

Art answered that we have and he felt quite good that he was one of this peaceful group of people. The salesman then said to Art, "That's fine, but that peacefulness will not continue when the irrigation ditch starts. The valley will be anything but peaceful then."

And this prophecy seems to be quite accurate. Here in North Loup, to say nothing of the surrounding country, we have irrigation, and here the quiet peacefulness as changed quite suddenly. There has been one good fight already, this culminating so they say over water, and there has been other people who have done plenty of talking in manners not at all like, "You first Alphonse."

But in spite of these contentions the little city of North Loup is blessed with some wonderful gardens this year. There seems to be a great abundance of most garden vegetables and many have tomatoes and corn beyond their capacity to eat or sell.

News From Afar

A nice letter was received from Mrs. Milt Earnest last week, they are living now in LaMesa, Calif., and here are a few sentences from it:

"I know how Ford Eyerly and dozens of others feel about leaving the dear old place, North Loup.

"I have been homesick again after receiving a letter from Mrs. Shineman, she mentioning the good times we used to have. (They live now in Missouri.) Their girls are now all married, (Lon Mae the second time) and they all have children.

"Lyle (Earnest) is nearly a man now and taller than Buster. He is helping his father in the station at the present but expects to attend vocational school and when he becomes eighteen Nov. 13, they will expect him at the consolidated plane factory. In fact there is not much choice for a boy these days.

"I just feast on the past (it seems like) not being able to see much hopes for the future.

"We have two of the finest grand-children in the world, Russell 2 years and 4 months and Ronald 1 year. These are Buster's children."

Sincerely, Beulah.

Short Shavings

Roy Cox, Sid Wilson and others who have traveled over the state say the discouragement manifest is the same or worse than here, over all of western and central Nebraska with the exception of the grazing country.

Even out to Scottsbluff, Sid says conditions are the worst for many years. The irrigators there have had even more trouble by the shortage of water than here, and so Sid says, those living outside the irrigation are in terrible condition.

Sid has been trying to run a second hand store and auction but he finds a dearth of buyers. He can get all manner of things to sell so he has been writing to different places where he might take his things to dispose of. From every inquiry west he gets the same discouraging answer, that things are selling only fair, which Sid interprets as meaning "Not so good."

Dr. Hemphill lately has not been well at all. Besides having intestinal flu, he told me the glands in his throat had become infected and bad. The night I saw him he was very miserable and didn't seem to care much whether school kept or not.

But I was told after a few days he was better. He had driven to Art Babcock's and showed him a growth he had taken from his throat and at that time he was feeling quite happy over it. Art said it was about the size of a pencil and about two inches long.

Upon further inquiry the story seems to be that he took a mirror and performed the operation upon himself extracting this growth from his throat without aid. He had told his wife what he thought was the trouble and she urged him to go up and have Dr. Weekes do the job but the Doctor only laughed at her. The next she knew he was showing his friends what he had done.

Dr. Kafka of Scotia has been called to the active army service, of which he has been a reserve officer for some time. It is said he had a wonderful practice and was busy all the time, but it is also said that he was able to collect relatively little money.

It is said too that Dr. Paul Hemphill has been called into active army service too, and will have to leave a good practice in Oklahoma.

August 14, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Blitzkrieg
No R. R.—No School
Gardens of Eden
News from Afar

The Blitzkrieg

If the government agencies such as the FSA come to the rescue and help the farmers outside the irrigation districts it will have to show more snap than it usually does. The fact of the matter is old Jupiter Pluvius has started his blitzkrieg already and most of the farmers are gasping for breath right now. I heard many say that they think this is the worst year yet.

One reason the drouth is so bad is the fact that most the pastures have dried up and already, long before winter, there is no feed. Some men are chopping their burnt corn fodder and feeding their stock; a few have been moved to the sand hills. To buy feed, shipped in from long distances and the price pegged by government storage loans, is out of the question for most men.

Cream and milk prices are not too high (if a fellow can squeeze any from cows with no pasture) and eggs have dropped to 9c. It is from these sources that the farmers have been living.

Each day I hear of some different people who are leaving soon or selling out. It is said that many have hung on so long they haven't money to leave. The story is about that the auctioneers are booking dates by the dozens, and many of these people will have to have direct relief or get WPA jobs.

It's no time to fool ourselves about the conditions of the farmers in this great drouth section of the state, and it is no time either to tarry over forms and red tape.

No Railroad—No School

The following clipping was handed me and I will reprint it exactly as I have it:

Says the Bertrand, Nebraska Herald: "Since railway service has been discontinued and rails removed at Greeley, Nebraska, taxes have taken such a slump that there will be no school there the coming year.

"Other branch lines should take note and whole-heartedly support other forms of transportation if they wish to enjoy the same experience."

I have been unable to find anyone who knows the truth of the above without paying a long distance call, but even should it be true, it might not be so bad as one would think. At Greeley there is a large Catholic parochial school where a large per cent of the children attend, and perhaps the district made arrangements whereby all children should go there.

However the drouth has been as severe in Greeley county as almost any place in the state and many people are not paying their taxes there. It has been said that certain loan companies have refused to pay their taxes on their land this year also, and with the ceasing of paying the taxes by the railroad on account of abandoning the branch, the districts might easily be put in a position where they would have to abandon the schools.

The second paragraph of the quote might also be taken to heart. Our country is served by two branch lines that pay great sums into our county treasurer each year in taxes, and they are running their trains back and forth each day with hardly business enough for ballast. As sure as the sun sets,

if railroads are not able to get more business, sooner or later their rails will be taken up, and then we will have to find some other place to raise that tax money or close our schools too.

Gardens of Eden

Doug Barber of North Loup, each year, has represented Valley county at the State Fair and the Ak-sar-ben with a display and exhibit. He and his wife have made a showing that the county could well be proud of.

But the difficulty is on account of the drouth he is short of some samples, especially vines (pumpkins, squash etc) grains and roots. He wanted me to mention the fact that if anyone has any of these things and will call him, he will be glad to come and get them.

There is a section in the city of North Loup that might be well classed as the garden of Eden, and that is that part of town where Rev. Adams Verd and Sterling Manchester, Dr. Hemphill, Merril McClellan, George Johnson and Dan Bohrer live.

There is not a weed in the whole tract and it has all been irrigated repeatedly. So beautiful are the flowers, vegetables, lawns, strawberries, bushes and the little streams of water winding about that I was amused. There is an apple tree growing there too on line between M. Mc's and Geo. J's and it was loaded with fruit.

I was tempted to pick an apple and then the thought occurred to me of how it might be forbidden, and I recalled reading, once, of the dire consequences of such an act, so I abstained.

News From Afar

Ford Eyerly says that farm lands in Illinois and Iowa has gone up considerably because of the drouth farmers moving back there. He says his brother could sell the farm he bought last fall for forty dollars an acre more than he gave for it.

He says that his brother last fall was offered a farm for \$125.00 an acre but did not buy it. It sold lately for \$175.00.

My brother in Aneval, Calif., wrote me as follows the other day; "If you wait until spring to come out here your chances for getting work will be less than this fall, for the immigrants from the dried out states are coming into California by the thousands every month."

Mrs. Clyde Ehret, whose home is near New York City was asked how prices compared here with there. She said as follows, "Eggs are much cheaper. Milk here is 10c and there we bought excellent milk for 13c. Ice is higher here than there and most other things I can see little difference."

August 21, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

War Of Nerves

A Fat Plum

Gravity Feeder

Post Script

War of Nerves.

This war in Europe is hard on us folks afar off here in comparative safety. So anxious are we all that someone will stop Hitler in his ravages, that we are saddened and distressed when he wins, and he seems to win most of the time.

One woman said the reports so bothered her that she ceased to listen to the radio. Another person told me he listened in the mornings but not at night. If he listened before going to bed he was sure to awaken before morning and lie worrying about it all.

Another person I heard of lost his appetite and became weak and weary. Wondering if his ticker was out of commission, he went to the doctor who gave him an inspection. The doctor concluded it was only worry and this doctor said worry would do more than that if the fellow did not stop. He said he had known of people going insane and becoming sick and eventually dying from worry alone.

This is happening right here in America, thousands of miles away from the scene of battle. Let us suppose we lived in London, or in Belgium, or Holland or France, where we were in constant danger of bombing or of invasion, or we had sons who were flyers or in the army.

This war of nerves is one of the parts of actual war. It is said that many Spanish children were so upset after their war that it is feared they will never recover. This is the reason England has attempted to remove their children.

After we have visioned living in Europe under the fear of catastrophe any minute, let us suppose we were the leaders of the nation or of the army or the airplanes who are under constant pressure to direct their forces so things will turn out the best. These leaders must have a special cast iron disposition, fueled with anti-worry.

Sorry to have to bring up these revolting subjects. It is just a forewarning of what we can expect when England is whipped (if they are.) It is ridiculous to think Hitler, with the disposition he has proven, will pass up such a fine plum as the United States, with her fertile fields, her mammoth factories, her rich stores of gold, her small army, her loose and dilly-dallying government.

A Fat Plum.

I'll admit those last three words are bad. We will admit too, now, that the dilly-daily government of Chamberlain and Daladier were bad. Had England listened to Churchill a year sooner; had they started preparing a year sooner for this mad man, Hitler, they would have had a better chance today. Military experts give them now less than a fifty-fifty chance of holding the aggressor from their land, and the punishment they are taking is beyond words. Our turn will come, if England is whipped, as sure as the sun sets.

And still our congress dillydallies over trivial affairs, holding up legislation, filibustering in a way. Why object to peacetime training, to be prepared when the mad man makes his venture? Why object to whittling a big stick to back up our big talk. With an army now like Holland's (it lasted only three days.) With a capital on the sea coast virtually unprotected, with no bomb shelters, with practically no anti-aircraft guns, still our congress dillydallies. Our democracy is wonderful and we want to keep it, but it surely is not efficient.

Would it not be better to talk gently and swing a big stick than to talk big and swing a feather duster?

Gravity Feeder.

Art Hutchins, in soliciting business north of Horace, ran on to a man with a nice bunch of turkeys and the following is the story he told Art:

"Two years ago I raised what I thought was a nice bunch of beef type turkeys. I fed them the best I knew how and about Thanksgiving time I took them to Grand Island to sell and there I was told they were not fat. I was much disappointed for I had fed them all the good stuff I could buy and all they would eat.

"I stood around while some other men brought turkeys to sell and after while there came a bunch of very fat ones. I at once drummed up a conversation asking this man what he fed and so forth, but found he fed very little different food than I had been feeding.

"Finally he asked how I fed my birds and the reply was, "Oh I just put the feed in a trough on the ground and let them eat all they want."

"There is the trouble," he said. "You should put the feed up about as high as a fifty gallon barrel so the turkey has to stretch his neck up to eat. Then the food slides down his throat by gravity and consequently is less work for him. The turkey cannot swallow easily and he does not like to keep his head bobbing up and down to eat."

"This seemed like a joke to me but he insisted it was true, so I went home and fixed my feeders up in the air as I had been told and I swear my turkeys ate half again more than they had been eating

from the ground. I continued to feed my turkeys that way and I am convinced now it is a true discovery."

City of Beautiful Gardens.

Since my mention of the beautiful gardens in the southwest part of North Loup, many others about town have asked me to stop and see their place too. The principal reason those places look better than some of the others is that they had irrigation water both last year and this, while other sections have only had it since June of this year or later.

Regardless, I am making a personal prediction that in the course of a year or two, North Loup will be one of the most beautiful towns in this part of the state. There seems to be a contest now among many as to who has the most beautiful flowers, but I am not going to try to be a judge as to that.

Besides those mentioned last week, William Stine has a pretty place, so has Bert Sayre, Gilford Hutchins, Mrs. Earlo Babcock, Joe Fisher (those two do not have irrigation except with a hose), Gus Eisele, Hub Thorngate, George Mayo, Cecil Knapp, Bud Knapp, Ed Knapp, Irvy Sheldon, Eddie Davis, Will Shultz, Vern Robbins, Roy Hudson, Mills Hill, Irvin Thelin (his is in the making but it will turn out a winner) and many others too numerous to recall right now.

It is wonderful what a little irrigation water will do to a flower garden.

We Hate to Lose Them.

It is with regret for those of us left that such people as William Worrell and Jess and Grin Manchester are leaving the country. Jess has spent a lifetime on the farm he is now leaving. He is seventy years old (so they say) and is going to Illinois to live with his son Darrel.

According to my wife, who was raised in the Davis Creek neighborhood where Worrells once lived, they came to this country about thirty-two years ago, and my wife says, at that time, they were poor as crows.

They not only raised a family of fine children but became and are now considered one of the wealthiest couples in that section of the country. They did this by hard work, good management and good farming; not by speculation.

He owns three quarters of fine land, well improved, grain live stock and machinery all without debts, but the drouths the last few years have so discouraged him that he is going to a land where it rains, he says, regardless of his holdings here.

We all wish them better luck in their new home and are saddened that they are leaving us.

Post Script.

P. S. My wife informs me I'll get into trouble over this piece. She says there are a lot more pretty places in North Loup I did not mention.

August 28, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Thrills
Local Items
Funny Folks
Short Shavings

Thrills.

Having a murder committed close under your window, with you standing near is an experience most of us have not had and do not care to, but that is what actually happened to Mrs. Reuben Rydberg of Chicago, now visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thelin of North Loup.

It happened that about 3 a. m. she was walking the floor with the baby when she heard some shots and looked out the window to see the victim stagger away mortally wounded. She lived in an apartment house on the third floor.

A car had drawn up in front of her apartment house and another followed closely. The murdered man was shot once in the car and again as he started to run for a hotel near by. He entered the hotel and went at once to the elevator, which was operated help-your-self style. There he rode up and down keeping his finger on the button and as long as he kept it moving no one could get to him. He collapsed on the sixth floor, where he was given aid, but it was too late.

It was found out that he was a member of the Green Dragon gang, who smuggled opium across the border into Texas, operating out of Chicago. They were all indicted and were to be taken back to Texas to be tried under the narcotics charge. The murder victim had turned state's evidence and the gang rubbed him out.

According to Irwin, the murderers were never found.

Thrill No. 2.

Mrs. Warren Johnson of Scotia tells of an experience of hitchhiking that also was not so pleasant.

Two years ago Ray Dennis, her son-in-law decided he wanted to go to Portland, Ore., and decided he would try hitchhiking. He caught a ride to St. Paul and stopped in an oil station there hoping to catch another from there on.

He was only at St. Paul a few minutes when car drove up quickly and the oil station man asked where they were going and they replied, Oregon, and the oil station man asked if they would not like passenger, and they replied they would, so Ray climbed in the front seat and started off. There were two men and two women besides himself.

He soon discovered there was something funny about the whole affair. They drove ninety miles an hour much of the time and would not talk at all to him. They would not let him in the back seat or tell him what the rush was. They drove night and day, only stopping a few seconds for gas and running into a grocery for a loaf of bread to eat as they sped along. They arrived in Portland in two days.

Ray began to get pretty worried by that time, wishing he was out of the car. He was suspicious of the people, that they were trying to escape from something and that they were taking him to make the number in the car different than when they started. He grew to fear that they might get stopped and that he might be involved in some crime he knew nothing of. He had no opportunity to get out of the car.

At Portland they ran into a traffic jam where some one had a flat tire and they had to stop for a minute. There Ray quickly jumped out of the car and got away, happy with the thoughts he had parted company with these queer acting people.

He never knew or saw any more of them, but he did read in the papers the next day of how at Albion, just a day before he got the ride, the sheriff and deputy were killed and he always wondered if perhaps these folks were not the ones who were escaping from that crime.

Local Items.

The North Loup township has just finished spreading gravel from the village to the river bridge. Ed Lee, who is one of the officers, thinks the cost will be made in only a few years by the savings in maintenance expense. He says that gravel was spread on the road near the Sumter bridge and the saving in maintenance there was that way.

Ed also said if Greeley county would gravel the road east and northwest to the schoolhouse and county line, he felt sure that N. L. township would gravel on toward Sumter.

This would be a nice thing but it was told me that there is not a mile of gravel in Greeley county that is not private road or state road. Whether this is true or not, it is not likely this remote section will be graveled regardless of how much it would be used or how well the taxes are paid in that section.

Now that the petitions will be put on the ballot to vote to change our county set-up from Supervisor to the Commissioner system, plenty of discussions will ensue. The commissioner system is considered more efficient, but there are other things too. There are only three commissioners and it is even easier for two to get their heads together and run things than for four to have their way all the time like they do in Valley county. To be commissioner is a much bigger job than a supervisor. It doesn't take much brainwork to be a supervisor, especially if you are on the three side.

Funny Folks.

Mrs. Ehret, wife of the S. D. B. minister of N. L. has gone back to the suburb of New York City to teach the coming year, which she contracted to do last winter. She said one was not left in very good standing back there to give up a contract which had been signed to perform.

Some different than the case here in Nebraska. Teachers here, (North Loup, at least) don't seem to hesitate a moment about leaving their contract for better jobs, even in the middle of the year, or a few weeks before the end of the term. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why the standards of New York and California schools are considered the best in the union.

Another incident regarding these folks is amusing. So the story goes, certain friends and neighbors have been trying their best to discourage these people and make them believe this is a terrible country. But as yet they have not been successful in a single instance.

"Oh, I like it here," Mrs. Ehret always answers. "It is beautiful, the sunsets, the long vistas, the dry fresh air and the wide plains. Oh, I like it."

And then she will explain, "Back there it so cold and rainy much of the time and one cannot see only across the block and so many people are strangers.

"Oh, I think it is wonderful here."

Short Shavings.

The following is what I heard a person sputter the other day in regard to someone who was opposing the peacetime draft bill now in congress:

"Those same people," he said, "who are opposing the draft so much have been taking aid from the government in one form or another for years."

I heard this in Ord the other day and although it is not in my territory, it's worth repeating. Mrs. John Ward went fishing with a small hook for minnows and in a short time, with that small hook she caught a five pound cat fish. Now the way it happens with me, I fish for a five pound cat but usually catch minnow.

And then I heard of a cow that gave butter milk, but what would a cow give but her milk.

And then there is the old saw about the Valley county farmer who ate forty acres of sweet corn at one meal and the one that the Valley county cows are all orphans because they have no fodder here.

And then there is the one of how the baby ear of corn asked the other baby ear who brought you here. The reply was that the stalk (stork) brought him.

And then there is an egg yoke story, but I don't see any yoke about that.

September 4, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Much Difference

3 in Place of 7

Doves or Bombing Planes

Much Difference.

There is a wide difference in the set-up of the supervisor and commissioner county system of government and after having suffered under both I believe the supervisor system is the worst of the two evils.

There are seven supervisors and they meet once in a while for no one knows exactly what. They adjust the valuations occasionally and adjust the poor benefits frequently. They chew the fat a good lot and draw their pay regularly whether they earn it or not and whether all the poor in the county are fed or not. They take part in telling where the WPA shall work and have been known to do funny things about that like sending N. L. men eight miles north of Ord to work month after month upon end because there is no work to do in the N. L. vicinity. (???)

The situation might arise too where four members of the board would get their heads together and do as they please. Under those conditions, should that occur, the three minority members might as well stay at home as far as any good they do to the county is concerned. Of course they couldn't draw their salary if they remained at home so they always go.

Then the situation might also arise where one member of the four dominates the majority so if such a case should arise, all but the one might as well stay at home as far as any good to the county is concerned, but still if they did they wouldn't draw their salary, so they always go.

The county is divided into townships where each elects three officers and these oversee the roads of the township, pointing out the work for the road overseer. Frequently one township will have good roads while a neighboring one will not but neither can help the other even if the road runs through both. The supervisor has nothing to do with township roads. He has a few county roads to build and the county helps pay for bridges over running streams, and aside from that the supervisor's duties are rather vague.

3 In Place of 7.

Under the commissioner system, there are three commissioners in Greeley county. Each one represents approximately one third of the county. Each commissioner has charge over all the roads of his third of the county, pointing out the work the different precinct road overseers shall do. He has his own money to spend and apparently does not have to go through the ordeal of getting a majority of the board to fix a culvert or assign the WPA to certain sections.

If there has been a bad rain in one section of his third of the county, he can take all forces there, putting the road in shape and making the others wait until these bridges or roads are passable. This is a great advantage over the supervisor system. He has money enough so he may buy a big caterpillar

outfit if he wishes, and in days gone by the outfit in south west Greeley county has done their own work and also outside work, even in Valley county.

To be a commissioner, having charge of all the roads in a third of the county, is a much bigger job than that of a supervisor. The pay should be more than a supervisor but I have understood the limit in Greeley county is \$800.00 each. Perhaps the size of the county makes a difference.

They have other work too besides roads, such as guarding over the poor and hungry, and this supervision is over his third of the county. In fact it is such an arduous task to be commissioner that one man a few years ago would not run for the second term, saying he would rather take the miseries of farming than those of commissioner.

There are no precinct or township officers except road overseer (who does the repairing of culverts) and the assessor.

The commissioner system is considered more efficient and cheaper.

Doves or Bombing Planes.

For a long time John Haskell has been asking me to go down and see his pigeons, so the other day Dick and I accepted the invitation.

John was sorry that he was sold out of all but one breed, but I could see that he has quite a pigeon establishment there. He said that he took the venture up as a hobby, but it turned out to be much more than self supporting, he being a good many dollars ahead of the hounds on the venture.

Most of his birds have been sold as breeders for fancy prices. Not long ago he sent five pair to Indiana for \$7.50 a pair. (Not so bad I'd think.) He leg bands every pigeon and tries to mate them scientifically. He has had a number of different breeds including fan-tails, tumblers, carriers and more breeds too that I can't think of right now.

After we had spent an hour or so there he said if I had time he would like to show me some birds belonging to Keith Lewis. Of course I had time.

And there we saw the most beautiful white birds I have seen in a long time. Against the green lawn and colored roofs a dozen pure white doves flew about, lighting close to us and on house tops, tame and majestic.

I stood in awe at those snow white emblems of peace fluttering here and there near our feet and heads, and I thought of the contrast between the serenity of that yard and of a similar house on the British Isle, with bigger birds swooping over head dropping eggs of death and destruction.

Surely it would take a cast iron disposition for a pilot of a bombing plane to drop his pills of destruction on Keith Lewis' house if those pigeons were flying about.

Short Shavings

One man said to me only yesterday he decided definitely to vote the Republican ticket. Before that he was undecided. He was listening to a fast football game, the score 13 to 14, and the 13 side on the run down the field for another touchdown one of the 14 side close on the player's heels, when coplunk, off went the broadcast to give time that Secretary Wallace's acceptance speech could be heard. This man said that was enough for him. I assured him the Republican party would never do such a thing as that.

A Mira Valley farmer in commenting about the rain fall this year said, "It used to thunder out there once in a while but it doesn't even do that any more."

And speaking of crops, the line seems to be at about Horace where the crops get worse and better. East of Horace the corn looks much better than west and at Greeley better yet. The further east one goes the better the corn looks. Beginning at about North Loup, (outside the irrigation) and on west it is worse. In the section of Mira Valley and from there west and south the corn is blank and most farmers have turned their cattle and horses in the fields.

But not the least of the troubles is the fact that the pastures (besides the corn) have gone for weeks. We used to think we had five months of pasture season at least and seven of feeding. This year and for several past there has been hardly three months of pasture and that not good leaving nine months to feed.

The grasshoppers have not been nearly as bad this year.

September 11, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Land Back to Pasture
Sticking My Chin Out
Short Shavings

Land Back To Pasture.

It is with the greatest concern that land owners view the outlook of this country lying on the border between what is called the range country and the corn belt. Only a few miles to the north and west there is no thought of growing crops, only pasture country.

Many renters and men who have lost their land under foreclosure have moved away. The census of Valley county has dropped 1300 in ten years. The census of the city of Ord is about the same; Arcadia and North Loup have lost a few. That means that over a thousand farmers have left this country alone. Greeley county has lost 20% of its population and other nearby counties are similar.

It is only the better farms any more that are tilled. Most of the hill farm land lay idle last year and most people think that there will more idle next year. Even the owners of very good farms in Davis Creek and other dry communities have to go begging for renters any more.

The question is what to do with this land. Many argue that it should be put back to pasture but this is almost impossible. If the wild grass ever did come back to that land that has been broken and farmed, it might be fifty years and most farmers think it never would come back to the native grass. It grows weeds (thistles, pig weeds, sand burrs) and if it rained it might grow fox-tail, which is not so bad. (If it rained it might grow corn too.)

But there is another thing that spoils the whole idea of putting this land back to grass and pasture, if that were possible. This is the taxes. We have established a more expensive and elaborate system of schools and roads and courthouses and relief than is ever maintained in range countries. The taxes on range land are practically nil compared with ours. The taxes on a quarter of land in Independent township would be more than on a whole ranch in the sand hills and this same Independent farm would not keep ten head of cattle the year around, the last ten years.

One man was saying the other day that we will have to get these taxes down to where we can pasture this land. It is nice for him to say that but what progress has been made so far? Not much if any. And such movements do not come fast. As a result many are not paying their taxes at all, and consequently it places a bigger burden on those that do. Many men feel they are paying for the land in a short time in taxes and they will just sell it to the county that way. One man said he would buy the land when it is eventually sold for taxes if, at that time, he thought it was worth it; if not he would let it go.

But for the conscientious duffer who thinks he must pay his taxes regardless, and who thinks eventually they will come down, what is he going to do in the meantime until the adjustment, proper with the income of the land, is made?

A person upon trying to figure it all out goes only in circles. There are only two things we are told, that can happen to save this country and that is rain or lower taxes and a lower standard of living for a much smaller number than are now here.

And in conclusion, it is not entirely hopeless. We are told that in Dakota they were worse struck with drouth than we have been but this last year it has started to rain up there and they are staging a

comeback now. It has rained before here, it is raining in sections east of us; it may be our turn again next year.

Sticking My Chin Out

Again I have got into trouble and that is over the piece in regard to the commissioners and supervisors. Several people have approached me with fire in their eyes, explaining in no uncertain terms that I was all wet about it. George Clement said I surely stick my chin out now and then and that if I didn't start the wild cats fighting he didn't know who could. I had no idea there would be such a backfire. Really, compared with other things happening now days like the war, drouth, draft, whichever system of county government we have, is mighty small pumpkins.

One person said next week you will have to give the other side of the question. (Now let's see. Which side did I favor before?) She said, "Jake Everets, the commissioner living in Scotia, has a \$5,000 deficit." (Taking after Roosevelt no doubt.) She let me understand that was proof enough the supervisor system was best. The fact of the matter is Jake might have had a \$10,000 deficit had it been a supervisor system. There are many things that make deficits besides the governing system.

Another man threw up his hands on horror at the thought of doing away with the township organization. Another thought three men could be controlled by two easier than four can control seven. He said Ord would have it all. That was foolish for Ord would only get one commissioner of the three. It would seem to me the two out of Ord men would be more apt to gang against the city, and they should be shot if they did.

Sorry I stirred up the wildcats. It all seems rather foolish compared with the blitzkrieg of England, but you know I have to have something to write about or lose my job, so on my account, if no other, it is a good thing this petition was brought out.

Short Shavings.

The sale was so hot a week ago Thursday at the Ord sale barn that a fire started there.

In regard to the draft law recently passed, it is said there are few men in these parts who would be exempt on account of dependents. It is the women who have the dependents.

September 18, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Stand Still or I'll Shoot
County Government
Were All The Same

Stand Still or I'll Shoot.

Upon buying a watermelon of Gus Wetzel two weeks ago on the street Saturday night, I remarked that it seemed rather foolish to buy it for I might better stop on the way home and reach over the fence and get one that way.

Gus replied, "Go ahead. I'd like to have you try it."

It turned out he has a watchman there with a shotgun on the lookout for fellows picking up his melons.

He has had a good deal of trouble with watermelon thieves this year, the same as several other men in this section. On one farm the thieves not only destroyed the melons but also damaged the corn

nearby (it was irrigated) knocking off the ears and the owners did not know whether the marauders took the corn home or just damaged it in fun or carelessly.

Gus thought he lost all told at least \$35 worth of melons. He knew they were being stolen but kept hoping the thieves would quit and waited at least two weeks before he took action. Finally, (like Hitler) his patience became exhausted. One night he knew someone was in the patch and he grabbed the shot gun and sneaked out. The thief was not expecting Gus and they met each other pronto. Gus could see a car in the road waiting for the thief.

"Stand still or I'll shoot you," Gus ordered.

The thief did not obey Gus at all. He turned and ran for the car. Gus waited until the thief had gotten to the fence and a safe distance and he let him have one barrel. He said he had promised to shoot him so he felt like he had to. Then as the thief climbed into the car, Gus gave him the other barrel.

As the car drove away the thief stuck his head out of the window and gave Gus a good cussing, but that didn't worry Gus much.

Gus remained in the patch the rest of the night but no more thieves appeared. After that he hired a man to guard the melons, but after that one experience, to their knowledge no thieves came again. It was several days before Gus found out who the thief was that he peppered.

The County Government.

Following are a few of the many hot remarks handed me the last week in regard to the piece about commissioners of August 28:

"It takes a lot of nerve to publish that piece, you living in Greeley county and driving over the roads they have there."

"You said in one paper there was not a foot of gravel in Greeley county and in another you favor the commissioner system."

"I lived in a county once where they had commissioners. They had fine roads there—by the commissioner's homes."

"That was the best piece you have written. The only trouble with it was you did not pour it to them (the Co. Board) enough."

"If the County Board did not pull haul so much, splitting as they do four against three (always the same men on each side) this petition might never have been thought of."

Were All the Same.

A few of us remained after the Soil Conservation meeting at Horace the other night and following are some of the remarks made at that place:

"There is no use to cry about being hard up; we're all in the same boat any more."

"I had a little good luck with cattle the last few years but I lost it all trying to farm."

"Gosh, but it seems as if that farm of Billy Worrell's is cheap at \$12.50 an acre. The improvements on the place cost that much."

The answer, "Cheap thunder. If you would go south of here and pick any farm you wish, and if someone would give it to you free of debt, and if we had the same kind of drouths we have been having you'd lose that farm in five years."

They all agreed. The taxes, seed and operation expense along with the living would put one in debt so in five years he'd have to sell out.

"The ground is the driest, it seems, it ever has been. It seems like it is worse since the frost."

"Martin Klein said, "I used to hear that the first fifty years were the hardest but now I don't believe it."

Another fellow said, "This last spring I went to Haller and made a government feed and seed loan. The agent figured up all my business and family tree and finally decided \$90.00 would be enough. Upon giving me the check, (later) I was instructed that I must collect receipts for the money spent and mail them in to Haller."

"After a time I gathered up all my receipts for seed, feed tractor fuel and a few repairs to, get them ready to mail. These did not represent all the money I had spent. I eliminated some unessentials such

as gasoline for the car, food bills, salt, baby chicks, one veterinary bill, and a dental charge for pulling an aching tooth. I feared I did not have enough receipts but after I added them up I found I had in my hand to mail \$300 worth. It just goes to show what a small amount of money \$90 is when it comes to financing a farm."

At The Fair.

Although that is a smart horse of Bill Fuss', still Bill should have the credit. No one knows (only Bill) how much time and patience it took to train that horse as he has.

When someone told Ed Kokes that I judged the chickens he at once raised his eyebrows. "I knew years ago he was a good judge of chickens, that is one kind of chickens. Now that his whiskers hang down to his belt I'd think he'd give up such foolishness."

I suppose it is all right at a fair for a one-eyed mule to win first prize, but I couldn't quite understand the theory. Too old and set in my ways I guess.

Most of the grain displayed by Doug Barber's was grown by them on their garden patches and was threshed by Mrs. Barber on a wash board.

September 25, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Popcorn Days
Popcorn Days Short Shavings
Short Shavings

Pop Corn Days.

Someone from up Ord way asked me Thursday afternoon how they did it down here, to put on such a big celebration and draw such a crowd. "We don't seem to be able to do it at the fair no matter how we try."

I couldn't answer the question. All I know is that every year they seem to have the same big mob of people. It is not only big, but it looks bigger yet for everyone gangs into the space of a little more than one block, laughing and hee-hawing whether there is a joke or not.

The entertainment is not very alarming. It used to be home talent but this year it was shipped in. A queen is crowned each year and this is about the same stunt each time except a new queen and that being a secret as to who it is, gives a little excitement. At least it is all free and if one wishes, he may spend the day, seeing it all without spending a cent.

Perhaps the biggest feature is the parade of floats the second day. The baby parade the first day is good too but not so extensive. Many thought the floats this year were the best ever. One man said the people are learning better how to make them. A committee in charge chooses the subjects the different divisions are to represent, for example the clubs this year, were to represent radio programs.

Of course these floats are not expensive and elaborate as at the Rose carnival, but they are mostly very good considering everything. Each school which furnishes a float is given \$2.00 to pay for paper and expense whether they win a prize or not. Many people think this should be given to the churches, clubs and other organizations also and it would tend to make more floats. The prizes here are worth while too.

Most all schools, clubs and churches put on a float. A few business men make floats too. The former feel it a patriotic duty to make a float, and more, the premium is quite worth getting. Children

like to ride on the floats and be part of the parade. There are people who plan for weeks ahead for this one event that lasts but a few minutes. Some people think a float in this parade is as good an advertisement as they can get.

At the earlier Pop Corn Days there were exhibits but most of these have been dropped. Some felt that the County fair strove to have exhibits and this just infringed on that, and there was no need of two such exhibits. However, they still have fancy work and school displays. This year Doug Barber had charge of a field exhibit.

This celebration, besides other things, is a homecoming event. Many people plan their vacations to come on Pop Corn Days. Every year one sees people you have not seen for a long time. George Humphry, George Cox, Bill Smith, and Lewis Hamer were a few of the homecomers this year. Someone said, "everyone comes to Pop Corn Days, and brings their uncles and aunts and all their cousins and nieces and nephews and fathers and mothers and grandparents, and all their children, big and small, those on hand and those expected."

Pop Corn Days Short Shavings.

In getting the S. D. B. eating joint ready someone asked if it was necessary to clean and dust off the chairs. A wag answered, "Naw. If anyone comes to eat here they will wipe them off. If we don't get any business it don't matter."

Wesley Hutchins, who enjoys playing with children, met a small boy, (about 7 years old) carrying around a little brother who was fast asleep. W. T. leaned over and stopped the lad, "Would you like to trade that fellow off?" he asked.

"You can have him for nothing," was the quick reply as the bigger youngster shoved the sleeping baby into W. T.'s arms.

A few years ago, so the story goes, the Scotia school decided not to excuse classes for Pop Corn Days, but when the time came there were so many pupils absent from school that the day was hardly worth while. Since then the Scotia schools declare a half day holiday and the children are brought over in the school busses. They not only do that but the Scotia school band leads the parade and sometimes have a float.

No one was arrested for drunkenness on Pop Corn Days. Although there were several pretty well stewed, they seemed harmless and were ordered to leave town, which they did in their cars. In as much as the city has voted in the liquor, the authorities feel it should put up with a certain amount of gaiety with the drinkers. There are a few who feel there should be a bull pen built to herd the drunks until they sober up, that they might be safer when they drive their cars home on the highways. Several of the drunks too, are on relief in some form or another, but still, they are about the only ones who have money enough to indulge in such pastime.

Short Shavings.

Dale Hellewege did all the weeding of his father's 4 acres of beets this year, saving his father over \$200 which regular beet weeders would have cost. That is something, I would think, for a high school boy.

Hugh Butler suggested a scheme to help the drouth farmers (that is loaning them corn, etc.) but Cochran, who is governor and candidate for the same office Hugh Butler is, couldn't agree to that scheme because Butler suggested it. As a consequence there is nothing done and the farmers in this section wait and sell their stock and plan to move away and kill themselves, perhaps, while the politicians chew the fat.

Someone thought Hugh Butler would get more votes if he created a plan to get the farmers out of the country.

A man in business told me he was pretty safe in trusting anyone on relief, or on old age pension, or a rehab. But if he found out a man was trying to make it on his own hook and pay his own bills, he knows he better use caution with his credit.

The Lange boys made a little bet with someone that a baby calf would gain more pounds than a mature cow, and so, I heard, won the bet. They weighed the new born calf and then weighed it again in 3 weeks and it gained 60 pounds.

I still believe they might have lost that bet had the other better used his head a little. It would have been no trick to make the cow gain 100 pounds. At least, I shipped a cow once, and in the one day between the time I weighed her at home and when she was weighed in Omaha, she had shrunk 110 pounds. She might have gained 110 pounds too, had she shrunk out at the first weighing.

A blue heron has been fishing around and near the North Loup river bridge lately, very much unafraid and also very much in ignorance of the fact that there is many a boy (and big boys too) who would delight in taking a crack at him with a rifle.

We can expect more dust storms this winter. Most everywhere west and south of North Loup the farmers have already pastured their corn fields clean and as a result there will be nothing to hold the dirt.

October 2, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

3 Souls Made Happy
Horse and Buggy Days
Short Shavings

Three Souls Made Happy.

A few days ago I was told an incident which I was not told to tell but I guess I had better withhold the name, which I can inform you if you should ask me at any time. I am sure it is a true incident, for the man who told me had no reason not to tell it as it was and he is not in the habit of exaggerating his stories.

It happens he was behind with his interest on his farm loan one year and the next year's interest was due soon, amounting to about \$500. He had had one crop failure after another and when the representative of the loan company came to see him the farmer was discouraged saying he had spent all his funds trying to pay his bills but he could do it no more; that is could not pay his interest. He had paid his taxes last year and thought he might pay them this year but of course hesitated in lieu of what action the loan company was going to take.

There was no quarrel or arguments with the Insurance company men; they knew well enough what condition he was in. They asked him what he would be willing to do and he said anything that was fair and he did not like the idea of them having to foreclose and that probably it would be better to deed the place to them with him having the privilege of staying a year. He also said he hated to give up for it might mean going on relief and if it should rain another year he might sell out and have a little left.

The first visit the representative went off without making a decision. Within the last few days back again came this same man accompanied by another. Our farmer was called to the car in the yard where he expected his time had come. His heart sank as he walked out the door, the feeling suddenly dawning on him that after that day his farm, one that had been in the family for more than forty years, would soon belong to someone else.

The new man did the talking. He asked the farmer a hundred questions about how many cattle he had and hogs and his crops. The farmer, in shame, told him there were no crops, there was one pig, there were fifteen mortgaged cattle.

"At one time you had a hundred cattle, did you not?" was the next question.

The farmer was piqued but answered sadly, "Yes, I had everything once, but I'm whipped now. If I'd only quit ten years ago."

More questions were asked when he could pay the interest and taxes and the reply was that if it did not rain he could never pay the interest. He said he could pay the taxes out of the soil conservation check.

There were more figuring and questions and finally the new man said, "How would it suit you if we cancelled last year's interest?"

Our farmer could hardly answer. Finally he stammered. "That would be nice but I would never ask it of you."

"I am going to recommend that," the new man replied, "If you are willing to try again. And I'm going to recommend too, that the company cancel the coming interest payment, if you don't object. Then for the following year, if you get a crop, we'll reduce the rate 1%. What we want you to do is to stay here and pitch the old ball and save the place and what equity you may have. We'll sacrifice the five hundred for the cause."

The farmer was so happy he could hardly speak. He told me he felt foolish but he could have cried right there. He held back the tears however and stammering, "I am very thankful but I am not in the habit of taking presents. I guess I can't help it though if you insist."

"There is not any gratuity to it," was the prompt answer. "If you can't make it neither can we. If we take the place we'll surely lose and we might as well give the money to you as someone else. You have given your time and work and livestock and money to keep this going and it is no more than right that we should take a little of the loss too."

They were soon gone, waving, smiling at each other. At least one unfortunate farmer was made happy for the nonce, and I'm sure, two Insurance company representatives were happier too.

As I said before I thought it better not to give names here, especially the name of the farmer. Most every farm owner in these parts is in the same position as this farmer, but most of them have lost their farms. Perhaps this is a new idea established, but whether new or old, I can't help but have a little softer spot in my heart for the Prudential Insurance Company than I might have had were this story not told to me.

Horse and Buggy Days.

Billings Clark was reminiscing the other day and mentioned how in 1907 to 1920 he ran a lively harness shop in North Loup, although, I took it, it was no livelier than many other shops in the country at that time. However, following are a few of the figures he poured out about that business.

He said he sold about 80 sets of flynets each spring and always ordered about three gross of buggy whips (over 400) and always sold 60 to 70 sets of harness. These harnesses would include about one third buggy and single harnesses. Another interesting item was dusters to spread over your lap in the buggy, a light fancy spread, and he said he always ordered and sold a gross of them a year. Then there were horse blankets and saddles and riding bridles and all the fancy trimmings that go with fancy horse rigs.

They repaired and oiled from 80 to 130 sets of harness a year using five rolls of leather (10 sides) and frequently he had to reorder.

Arch Moulton worked for him for eight years without losing a single day and in 1920 bought Billings out, the latter going into the garage business. Arch ran the harness business for many years. His trade grew smaller and smaller, not from the lack of skill, but from the lack of horses, and finally some six years ago he sold out and since that there has been no harness business in North Loup at all.

Short Shavings.

Mrs. Henry Williams said that she still has the same potato masher that was given to her as a wedding present forty years ago and she uses it nearly every day.

Rev. Ehret irrigated his lawn and garden patch in North Loup the other day and he said following that irrigation the birds had a celebration there. He said there were hundreds of birds around, robins, flickers, blue jays, thrashers, sparrows, meadow larks and others pecking at the dirt. He could not see why they were having the party there, or what they were pecking at, all he knows they were there.

Charley Barber reports digging a ditch in the dry dirt and dozens of tiny toads hopping out. This is no exaggeration. Another time I knew a man in Greeley county (if that makes any difference) who dug about 400 feet of ditch five feet deep. The soil was dry and hard as cannon balls, and in the bottom of these ditches were hundreds of toads of all sizes. Where they came from no one seemed to know, we just know they were there in abundance. They must have been hibernating in the dry dirt waiting for a rain to soak the earth so they could crawl out.

October 9, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A Change of School

Optimism

Only 79

A Home for Many

A Change of School.

Dale Morrow came into my second hand joint the week before school started and looked at a suit I had there for sale. He had been visiting his grandfather, Ace Clement, the boy's home being up north of Horace with his father, Kirk Morrow. Dale was a small lad, with rather bushy hair and wore thick heavy glasses.

He seemed to want the suit I had and I tried a little of my high pressure on the lad but to no avail. He said he did not have the money and I offered to trust him, but even with credit offered he did not falter. In fact, I was surprised at how smart the lad appeared. We visited for several minutes and I liked him very much, liked his gentlemanly behavior; was surprised that he conversed so intelligently.

Yes, I was surprised at how bright he was.

He was not entirely a stranger to me. Last year he had gone to high school with my daughter and she knew him well. She had told me he acted peculiar; that sometimes she thought he wasn't bright. I had seen him at school following the other boys around, sometimes seeming to wander a little, undecided which way to turn; what to do. He even attempted to play basketball but was not any too successful.

I asked him in the store if he were anxious for school to start again and he did not seem to be. I asked him if he were going to Scotia again and this too he said he didn't know. I continued to question him, (which I shouldn't have done, of course) "Why don't you go to North Loup, and stay with your grandfather?" I asked.

He looked at me rather funny and said he didn't know where he would go yet and then I said, "Well, of all things, don't quit." And this I was not sure I should have said for I knew he did not get along well with his grades.

"I met Dale Morrow tonight," I told my daughter upon returning home. "Acts to me like a nice kid. After seeing some of the rough neck, smart alecs that stop in occasionally, I thought he was fine."

She was a little surprised. "Oh, he's nice enough," she replied "but sometimes I think he's dumb. Sometimes he can't seem to get his lessons at all. Sometimes I think he never studies his assignments at all; don't even read them. I don't know how he expects to get along without reading his lessons."

"I don't know about his lessons," I replied, "but get the idea he's no fool. If there were no dumber lads than he in this world we wouldn't need worry much."

He did not start to school again at Scotia this year. I am sorry now that I did not give him the suit, although he probably wouldn't have taken it; in fact he could have had it for nothing as it was, taken it on credit and never paid, like some do; he was not that kind apparently. I would be glad to start the fund by giving a dollar for a new suit but that too he probably would resent.

No, he did not come to the Scotia school again this year. Yesterday Geraldine came home and said he had gone to Nebraska City to school this year; to the school for the blind.

Optimism.

Lloyd VanHorn bought a grain binder at a sale the other day.

But better yet, my mother in California, sent her granddaughter a rain coat the other day. That is optimism for sure. But she has lived in Valley county since 1872 (outside of the last few years) and she says, "You can't tell me it doesn't rain in Valley county."

Only 79.

Hub Thorngate is up and walking the streets again now after a rather serious sick spell. He is a little thinner and he says not so strong, but he does not appear so bad and he talks as young and of as good spirits as he ever did as far as I can see. He is good for many years yet I'd think. He will be only 79 years old the 9th of this month.

He planted, hoed and irrigated a big garden this year, did his share of the visiting, joking, church going and settling affairs of the world. Not so bad I'd think for a man 79 years young.

A Home for Many.

Frequently, it seems, in the obsequies of a person, some of the most important things of the deceased's life are left out. And this, it seems to me was the case of my wife's father, Eddie Davis, who died last week.

All his life, my wife says, there has been some person, or persons living there, he and his wife helping them along by their hospitality. My wife says that a year or so ago her sisters took a trip to Arkansas, and those two weeks is the only time she remembers her mother and father living by themselves.

In the early days before he was married, his mother, sisters and grandmother lived in his household. When he was married his mother made her home there. Later a sick uncle spent many years there.

After moving to town there was hardly a time for the 25 years following that school children did not make their home in their house, many of these not paying either. Two of Jack VanHorn's girls made their home there for a time. Mac Green and Inez Hill were paying roomers and boarders for different periods as well as Henry Davis. In fact so many people lived there that jokingly it was called the Old Soldier's home. Besides this, frequently, there were out of town roomers and boarders.

As I said in the first, many of the good things about a person are forgotten at the time of passing.

Getting Even.

At the football games in Scotia the charge seems to be 35c a head. This seeming a little steep, someone asked Supt. Ebmier about it. His reply was that it was a pretty high charge but if one went to the merchants on the street he could get a comp ticket that would allow him into the gate for a quarter.

But he says only the town people know this. The 35c charge is for the out-of-towners of whom few know this secret. And the 35c charge is to get even with visiting team's who charge Scotia people 35c when they go to the other towns. Apparently there was a little retaliatory motive to it all.

October 16, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

This Peaceful Draft
Nebraska's First Bomb Cellar
Short Shavings

This Peacetime Draft.

Three weeks ago, in a Sabbath school class at the S. D. B. church the discussion drifted from the lesson, as so frequently lessons of mature classes do, and there resulted a spirited debate on the enlistments of young men for the army and the recently passed draft law.

One lady who had a son nearly ready to be in the draft age was quite bitter, the rest of us thought, condemning the whole thing quite strongly. "The boys from rich families and the politician's sons too will be put back of the lines and will get the soft jobs," she declared, "and poor people's sons will have to stop the bullets."

There were arguments against her, one man saying that the draft and army are fair, taking every one that qualifies and only those with merit are promoted. The case of Theodore Roosevelt was cited, where five sons were in the other war and one was killed.

The lady was unconvinced. The rest of us could see that, and although we felt she was wrong, there had developed too much feeling for a S. S. class, and consequently the topic was changed.

In less than a week we read in the papers where Elliot Roosevelt, son of the president had offered to join the air force if he could be made a captain at \$300 a month. He had no experience in flying and was not especially qualified, but he was given the captaincy just the same.

Irvy Sheldon did not want the job on the draft board, knew nothing about the fact that he was going to get the appointment and would not do it if there were any way to get out of it. Since his name appeared in the paper telling of the appointment there has been dozens ask him what he was going to do; if he were going to take their son and other questions he knew nothing about.

The first person who came into the station after the paper came out telling of his appointment was a lady all excited and in a dither, "Are you going to take married men?" she stammered.

"I don't know anything about it," he answered politely. "I would not take anyone if I had my way."

She left, still in a state of excitement, and he wasn't sure she had heard him; wasn't sure but what she was still blaming him for this draft business that, up to that moment, he had nothing to do with. He feels he'll get the blame from everyone who is drafted that don't want to be drafted, and if he could, he would be more than glad to let someone else do the job.

Nebraska's First Bomb Cellar.

Back of Bartz' store and Stine's cafe, in North Loup, from some cause, the covering rotted and the ground settled exposing a walled up pit dug there for some reason unknown to anyone as yet.

In place of filling up the hole, it was decided to leave the pit as it is, perhaps later arranging a ladder for an exit and an entrance, planning to use it for a bomb cellar. We, Jim Coleman and I, feel it is the first bomb cellar in the country, if not the first one in a much larger section. Now who says the city of North Loup is not first in one thing, at least.

Short Shavings.

Erlo Babcock was called to Owen White's to help repair a small gasoline engine one night after dark. Erlo took his flashlight along, working with that, and frequently, when Owen would tinker with it. Erlo would take pains to hold the light in a good position for him. Owen is blind, you know.

Erlo had to go back to town for a repair part and when he returned Owen was there in the dark still tinkering. Erlo said, "I've got to have a light before I can work."

"I spec you have," Owen replied. "Eyes are an awful nuisance to you fellows, aren't they."

I might add that Owen will tear his engine apart, dissecting the tiny parts and put it back together without trouble.

Charles Klinger received a broken collar bone while practicing for football Monday evening. This is Charles' last year in high school. Prior to this year his father would not let him play, for fear of injuries. In fact the first year in high school, his father told me he had a definite understanding with the boy that if he went to school at all it would be only with the promise that he would not play football.

It is a little too bad, the ridicule made at schools frequently of boys who do not play, and it is very unfair in such instances where dad positively forbids.

Paul Goodrich has had a medical discharge from the navy because of an injury to his leg that occurred in football a year ago. Paul is a fine boy and liked the navy work very much.

Jim McCall has sold most of his herd of Brown Swiss milk cows for a nice price, I hear, and I hear too, they went to the northeast part of the state. It seemed to me they were about the prettiest small bunch of cows that I have ever seen; a light brown color, like golden oak perhaps and the baby calves a much lighter hue.

South of North Loup there are many meadows of wild grass, having been cut for wild hay ever since man settled the country. But this year the grass did not grow tall enough so it could be cut. The taxes on the land were reduced accordingly, yes, in a pig's ear they were.

October 23, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Here From Another Land
Man Without a Country

Here From Another Land.

Coming direct from the home of her husband's folks, who are pure Italians in San Francisco, Mrs. Frank Stanghellini, Dorothy, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Goodrich, is spending two weeks in North Loup. She has two bright little boys who look more like her, she has been told, than like their father, Dr. Frank Stanghellini.

While working in Omaha a few years ago, Dorothy met her husband, who was then attending Creighton Medical college. Upon graduating from there they were married and moved at once to San Francisco to live with his folks while he took intern work in a large hospital in that city. He has had his own office and practice for over a year now, and the peculiar part of it is, outside of a few personal friends, most of his clients are Czechoslovakian.

Dorothy says she found the life with her Italian parents-in-law much different than her previous American customs, and especially so with the food, but in spite of that, she says she likes it. Her husband's folks are very fine, she says, and if she wishes, she may cook and eat her own dishes, without ridicule, and occasionally, they will sample her dishes, but to no great extent. She eats mostly their food, however.

Their main diet is spaghetti. They eat this often three times a day and frequently that is about all there is, with variations.

All their food is very rich, fried in olive oil, never lard. They seldom eat potatoes, pie, cake or ice cream. They are fond of cheese too, Italian cheese, but never use milk in their cooking.

They seldom drink water. They drink coffee but no tea. Almost all their drinking is confined to wine, and it is sour wine. They drink and have in the house many other liquors too, drinking whenever they care to, but she says, as far as she knew, they never drink too much. Wine is drank in place of water.

She says to her knowledge, her mother-in-law never wrote a receipt. They seem to be handed down from memory from one generation to another. Following is the spaghetti recipe that they cook and eat most of the time, and Dorothy, too, told it from memory. She said it would not be a big mess the way her folks eat it, but Mrs. Goodrich said it would be a pretty large dish for six of us people.

The sugo (or gravy) is made as follows; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of olive oil heated, a small onion, cloves of garlic, sprig of thyme, sprig of rosemary, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of parsley, all of which is chopped and simmered in oil. To this add 2 small cans tuna (1 cup), 2 cups of buttered mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried mushrooms (soaked in cold water and chopped.) Sprinkle of cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon ($\frac{1}{8}$ tsp.), salt and pepper to taste, cup of tomato sauce, cup of cold water. Simmer until quite thick, then put both together and cook it all. This is the sugo.

Take 1 pound of spaghetti, cook and boil in salt water until done, then drain well, add sugo and one cup of grated cheese. It is now ready to serve and can be served with more grated cheese if desired.

Her father and mother-in-law are pure Italians, having come to America thirty years ago. They are owners of two Italian stores in San Francisco, where they handle almost nothing but food imported from Italy. In connection with this they have a small spaghetti factory where they make 120 different varieties. This kitchen is as clean and slick as any house Dorothy ever saw. Although the buildings seem small, Dorothy says they hire 20 men in the establishment.

They import olive oil by the cask and sell it out by five gallon lots. They import cured Italian meats, mushrooms and great quantities of cheese, she thinks, probably made from goat milk. Most of this importation came in large quantities by ship through the Panama canal.

Now they can import nothing, on account of the English blockade. The Stanghellinis foresaw this condition as long as three years ago and laid in great stocks, so the blockade as yet, is not troubling them. The cheese, much of it, comes in wheel shapes. It is hard, with a dark covering, and must be sprayed with oil and pepper to preserve it. The cheese, she says, resembles Limburger, without quite as strong a smell.

In asking her how the Italians (and her folks) feel about the war, she said they are thoroughly Americans, adopting this country as theirs to the exclusion of all others. They do not sympathize with the Italians in the war, nor do they have any love for Mussolini. They have some feeling and sympathy for the royal family however. She says some of the younger Italians, who have come over in the last few years, think the Axis powers are all right, and she says her folks think, if they feel that way, they should return.

She says now about the only thing that can be sent back to Italy is coffee. In Italy, the army gets all the coffee there. The duty too, is very great, so when an American-Italian wants to send some coffee to his friends in Italy, he must send money along to pay the duty to the government.

She has a good deal of respect for the Italians she knows. They are mostly Catholics and great people for family celebrations and parties. She says the mayor of both San Francisco and of New York are Italians, Rossi and LaGuardia. The DiMaggios are Italians coming from San Francisco and Don Ameche is also an Italian.

She has learned to understand the language but not to speak it as yet, but her little boys can talk and understand both languages. The older folks speak Italian when they are together but the younger folks speak English mostly. The older folks usually associate with Italians but the younger ones go with anyone, and for the most part, the looks of the race is so little different from Americans, that one could not tell them apart.

A little off the subject of the Italians, she says she hears more about the Japs here than she did there. The Japanese stores (especially in Chinatown) were boycotted until most of them had to close up. Many Japs have returned to Japan to fight, but very few Chinese have returned.

The city of San Francisco is about 60% foreigners. There is Chinatown, Russian Hill, and North Beach, the Italian settlement. (Her folks do not live there however.) It used to be one of the busiest ports in the land, but since the labor strikes and troubles, business at the wharves has fallen off terribly.

She expects to return next week.

Man Without a Country.

It has been discovered that Jim Morrison, who a few years ago lived and was raised in North Loup and also taught in Burwell, is an alien, and perhaps will not be able to teach again in the state, at least until he gets his record cleaned up.

It happens his father went to Canada and took a homestead there. His father is dead, and Jim's mother does not know for sure, but thinks he must have had to become a Canadian citizen to take a homestead.

Jim was born in Canada and when a very small child, the folks moved back to the United States where they have lived ever since and where (in North Loup) Jim was raised. Until now, he never had the thought but what he was as much an American as anyone, and is too in spirit. He is faced with the quandary of whether he is a Canadian, an American, or what he is. His mother wrote from California that they think it is nothing but what can be straightened up however, probably taking a good deal of time and trouble.

Short Shavings.

Speaking of rats in Ord, Alfred Christensen and Harlen Brenwick respectfully offer to furnish the city with a few dozen cats if they just say the word.

In church the other morning, little Katherine Severance, who is more than filled with activity, wanted to give the money into the collection platter. Cecil opened his wallet, she took out a bill, a bill that Cecil thought was a one dollar bill, and she was about to drop it when the discovery was made that it was a ten dollar bill instead.

My children say that if Joe Knezacek would just wear a cap, say a hunting cap, we would have to call him Sherlock Holmes. That might be all right too; a little of Sherlock Holmes' character istics perhaps would not be so bad in the legislature.

Anyway, everyone that I have seen, who knows Joe, hopes he will be elected. I have wished all my life folks would say of me what they say of Joe; that he is one of the finest men they ever knew.

At the show in Grand Island the other day—The Harmony Harvest—there was a Hulu Hulu dance. One small child with her father, turned up her face and asked him in a loud voice, "Daddy, haven't they got any clothes on?"

October 30, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

If I Were a Dictator
Johnson, Johnson, Johnson and Johnson

If I Were a Dictator.

If I were a dictator I'd, - - - oh no I wouldn't either if I were a dictator. But if I were a lawmaker in the United States, I'd vote for a law, if I had a chance, that would provide a penalty to those persons who do not vote at our government elections.

There are many good reasons why we should all go and vote at our governmental elections; there are none why we shouldn't.

In the first place, voting for our leaders, is a privilege granted to very few of the earth's people today, and we, having that privilege, should be very thankful. We should show our appreciation by exercising that favor granted us by some streak of luck or intelligence, I don't know which.

Not only was this fact true a year ago, but since the European war has started, there have been many voting democracies fallen by the wayside, and their people vote no more.

Another reason why we should all vote at this election is the fact that this might be the last time we will ever have a chance to vote for a leader. If that should be the case, all the rest of our lives we could say, "I voted in the last election held in the United States, that land where democracy lived the longest."

Many might scoff at this last paragraph, but those same people would have laughed too, had the collapse of France been predicted a year ago. United States might not be so hard a nut to crack were England whipped and their navy fallen into the Axis hands; were we being attacked from the east by the Axis, and Japan from the west. Anything may happen now days, it seems, and who knows, this may be our last chance to vote. The people of the conquered countries of the Axis powers, no not even the German people themselves, have voting privileges like we have here.

Another reason why we should vote is the fact that any one vote might decide the election. This is not likely in state and national results, but in my many years of voting, I have known of any number of instances where local results would have been different had I not voted.

At a school board election a few years ago, Alvin Barnhart did not vote. He was busy and thought, "Shucks, my vote will not matter anyway." It would have mattered for his own candidate was defeated by one vote, and had Alvin and his wife voted, they would have changed the results. Alvin felt mean about that ever since.

Ed Lee was defeated for supervisor by a very few votes. A threshing crew, all of whom professed to favor Ed, would not stop their machine long enough to vote, thinking that a few minutes threshing more important than the running of our government. This one crew would have changed the results.

Another important reason why we should vote is that invariably, where a big percent of the population votes they have better government officials and hotter management than in sections where a small group go to the polls. There is safety in numbers in politics.

All places such as where Pendergasts, Hagues, Huey Longs, Kelly-Nash's and the like commit such graft and give poor government operation, places where the great majorities do not vote, where ballots are tampered and bought, where the rank and file stay at home, simply saying. "Ah it won't do any good anyway."

I heard a man the other day say, laughing at the time, "Naw, I'm not going to vote. What good would it do, and I'd have to drive fifty miles to do it."

That's the very thing the grafters of our public purse, the grafters of our tax money that we have such a heck of a time paying, want the people to do. The more people who stay away from the polls, the easier it is for them and their henchmen to run things.

Conscientious men drive hundreds of miles to vote. The Hutchins boys and Rox Cox, traveling men, always arrange their schedules so they can vote. They are not in office or want one, but they want to be a part of this great democracy, want to be a part of this one that has not yet fallen, want to partake in this privilege God has given us for some unknown reason. George Clement, sr., has been known to come from Washington so he could vote. Grace Crandall, missionary in China, was planning to have a ballot mailed to her, so anxious was she to perform her one duty to her great American homeland. If those people go to such trouble to exercise this simple right, we at home should be ashamed if we neglect it.

Although in other sections there has been political bosses who arranged the voting, bought votes, grafted our treasures, never yet has there, in the United States, been one like Hitler, Mussolini or Stalin, who became dictator over all of us. Our universal voting has always beat them down eventually. These foreign dictators have always got in by their own crowd arranging the votes by keeping their enemies at home and when they were once established the democracy ended. There is safety in big numbers turning out to vote.

It is quite a common remark that it does no good to vote that they have it their own way anyway. I never have found out who "they" are but at that, this remark is largely untrue. In other states there have been reported irregularities and these have usually been caught up eventually, never have I known of an instance where there was intentional fraud in any Nebraska elections. I, too, have been on election boards, and I never have known an instance where it was not the intention to carry on the election as honestly as possible. Really, comparing us with other lands, we must admit, we are a fine people, living in the best land on earth. If our duty in it is nothing but voting, we should by all means do that.

And how much better it is that we go to the polls and vote our good men in, our poor out, than by our negligence allowing some despot to become entrenched and we have to go into a revolution or into war, to put them in their place.

If I were a dictator, I'd - - - pardon me, no I wouldn't either. If I were a lawmaker, I'd provide a penalty to those who deliberately neglect this privilege so few are blessed with in this world today.

**Johnson, Johnson, Johnson
and Johnson.**

In her club work, my wife was asked to look up and tell the good and bad points of the Republican candidates for Lieut. Governor, attorney general, auditor, state treasurer, secretary of state and railway commissioner. All are named Johnson except the last two, they being Marsh and Larson.

Knowing nothing of these men, she wrote to our cousin, Robert Van Boskirk, auditor of Lincoln, who is known here in Valley county by many. His acquaintance over the state is as extensive as anyone she knew. Here is the reply he gave:

Lincoln, Nebr.

Dear Addie:

I am sorry that I did not have the information about the combination of Johnson, Johnson, Johnson and Johnson. Isn't that ridiculous —and we think we are thinking people and really from the results we get it looks like we should not even be allowed to vote. If we don't learn to use it more intelligently we may lose the vote some day.

Of course you folks are trying to learn something about these candidates and you are going to have a hard time finding out about them. That in itself is bad—and should be vindicated somehow.

One of the things that has bothered me for some time is the fact that nobody much but a Scandinavian name can land on the ballot. The other day I heard a fairly good explanation of this unusual fact. First of course our ballot is too long and we never should be voting for a bunch of people we

can't find out about. And second, this person had it all figured out that it was our antipathy toward the Catholics and Jewish people. In other words if we do not know the candidates and are called on to make a choice, we pick the name that doesn't have a Catholic or a Jewish sound—and the Scandinavian name is just that.

I am sorry I cannot give you some information about some of the fellows you spoke of. I just don't know much good or bad against any of them. I do know most of them personally and can say they are good fellows—hand-shakers and so forth.

In my opinion they wouldn't, any of them, set the world on fire. But on the other hand they will probably do the jobs as well as they have been done. It is hard to get \$5,000 men to run for these jobs. Usually they are \$1,000 to \$2,000 men trying to get a \$5,000 job.

Sincerely,
Robin.

November 6, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Time to Quit
Who Pays These Men, Anyway!

Time to Quit.

North Loup and Scotia are two fine villages, five miles apart on the highway, filled to the brim, both of them, with some of the finest people in the world. Yes, one would have to look a long ways to find better people, but the school children—and some others too—do not agree with me.

Week before last there was staged at Scotia, under brilliant floodlights, before several hundred excited fans, the annual football contest. The final score was six to seven, North Loup scoring early in the first quarter but failing to make their kick for the extra point; Scotia scoring near the end of the last quarter, to win the game. As far as profits are concerned, this game always nets more proceeds than any other game.

Scotia has a bigger school, more boys to pick from, more substitutes to change off with, more weight on the average. Out-of-towners thought North Loup was lucky to score as well as they did; that Scotia did not play as well as they should; that had the game gone another fifteen minutes Scotia might have made another touchdown.

That part does not matter. It was a wonderful game; a gala time for everyone; or at least it should have been. Ties of friendship, cooperation, brotherly love and sportsmanship should have been the ultimate consummation of such a contest. But that was not it.

Before the game both schools held pep meetings, the big idea to win that game. Beat North Loup. Beat Scotia. Fight! Fight! Down 'em and what not. Long before the game started there was a terrible spirit aroused. It was reported that the teams were offered rewards by businessmen if they would only win that game.

One man told me that he took three girls from North Loup that evening and all three wept all the way home. Excitement was high all through the game and several times different people might have come to blows. Criticism of every little incident was voiced in loud language. Some claimed the referee was partial to Scotia and at one instance, when there was a penalty, a fan yelled, "If you can't give it to 'em one way, you will another." There were accusations of slugging and unfair play. In one

instance there was a mix up with the wire, and the line man was told a thing or two with fierce grimaces.

During the half, the Scotia band and cadets staged a brilliant and beautiful act. I heard several people say it was the best part of the evening's entertainment. At that the North Loup football boys were discourteous enough to stage a practice at the end of the field during the act.

But that was not all. The substitute players sat on the ground in front of the wire, and whenever there was an exciting play going on, these substitutes were thoughtless about standing up in front of the paid attendance behind the wire. A North Loup man yelled, "Down in front," and looks of daggers were returned with unkind comments.

Not satisfied with this game as it was some of the students continued their hilarity long after the lights had been dimmed. Wanting to crow more several cars from Scotia drove to North Loup after the game to honk their horns. And still not satisfied, a group of these hoodlums, along with three North Loup girls, went to the North Loup ball diamond and tore down the goal posts.

The next day the city marshal was called in and he and the North Loup superintendent drove to Scotia. A meeting was held with the Scotia superintendent and the coach. These latter two were in no way responsible or to blame for what those boys had done and they were not happy over it. In fact they were sad about it, but they did not like the idea of the city marshal or the county sheriff being brought into it. Again there was feeling between the schools. Finally under the threat of arrests the Scotia boys drove over and repaired the goal posts. I did not hear what happened to the North Loup girls who were along in the fracas.

My post office and church are in North Loup and that is my town. My daughter attends school at Scotia. One North Loup girl said to her, "You're the only nice person in the Scotia school." A Scotia girl told her, "I don't see how you can stand to even go to church over there with those people." At a juvenile party in North Loup these children would become angered at the single mention of Scotia. Scotia children feel the same way about North Loup.

I guess I have told enough about it all. Here we have two once friendly towns, two groups of fine people, developing such an antagonism that they fly mad at the mention of the other. I'll repeat what I have a dozen times in the last week, "It is time they cease playing football with each other."

Surely, when feeling between two small towns, of the same race, of the same country, of people one could not tell apart were they not pointed out, has been pitched to such a fervor, the game has lost its purpose.

Who Pays These Men, Anyway?

A neighbor told me not long ago he had to take his car to town to have it repaired and having done that he decided to start walking home, thinking he might catch a ride. He had walked half the four miles home before a car appeared going his way. It was a pickup with a sign of the U. S. Department of Agriculture on the side, and plenty of room for an extra passenger. The farmer waved, asking for a ride, but the driver smiled and sailed on leaving him standing in the road.

He watched the car proceed up the river and also saw it go by his place. He walked on home, a little peeved and tired. Farmers now days are not in the habit of walking.

He had only set down to rest a minute in the house when there was a knock at the door. Going there he met the very Department of Agriculture man who had smiled at him so friendly as he left him standing in the road wanting a lift. Without formality he blurted, "So you're the man who passed me up over by the bridge a few minutes ago. Now what do you want; some favor I'll bet?"

"Are you that person," the D. of A. man stammered. "I'm sorry but it is against the rules to pick up anyone. I might lose my job, I have a wife and six children and I can't take any chances."

"Who's paying your salary anyway?" the tired man asked. "Where does the money come from?" "What would your wife and six kids do if it wasn't for us farmers paying taxes?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "but them's our rules and we can't change them. One man got fired a month ago for picking up a tramp."

And this was not such a happy answer either. "Can't you tell a farmer from a bum?" the farmer asked.

Both were silent for a minute then the D. of A. man not knowing what to say, asked for permission to look for barberry bushes on the farmer's place.

"Yes, you can," the farmer replied. "I'd feel pretty mean if I wouldn't help you out that much with your job to keep that wife and six kids. That would be as bad as passing up a farmer on the road."

November 13, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

After It is All Over
Voting Machine Age
Must Play Ball Together

After It Is All Over.

One lady said to me, (and a republican too) "If Willkie gets beaten it will be because of one thing, and that is because the president is much better speaker. I heard them both the other night and there is no comparison between the two men, Roosevelt is so much better.

"What he said was not only smarter, but his voice was smoother, he talked easier, he fed the people taffy telling them what they had done. Willkie was inclined to throw mud and he did not have the ease of gab like that of the president."

Another person argued the election was simply a contest between the haves and have-nots. Of course Roosevelt is of aristocratic origin but he seems to cater to the poor masses, and Willkie, although we do not know what he would have done, his background does not augur well. We are all a little suspicious of Wall Streeters and most people do not have a super quality of love for public utilities.

A letter from Mrs. Clyde Ehret, in New York City, in part, reads as follows, "We do not have school Tuesday, election day and from the appearances it will be a Democratic landslide. Usually this is a strong Republican district, but this year there are a lot of people who are voting the Democratic ticket because of the war."

Voting Machine Age.

Rev. Ehret of the S. D. B. church of North Loup, who recently came from New York State, said that there they vote entirely with voting machines, and have done so for many years.

The machine is like a cash register. On the front are a row of buttons by the side of the name of a candidate. After the election clerk has looked up and registered your name, you go into a booth and punch the buttons for the men you want. When they are all punched properly, you pull a big lever, which adds up your vote and clears the machine for another voter.

When the polls close, the election clerks go behind, open the machine and there are all the votes counted. These figures are written down and can be at once sent in to be tabulated.

Rev. Ehret and others he was talking to figured these machines would be great saving for tax-payers. It would save the ballot printing besides the counting board.

Must Play Ball Together.

A rather peculiar incident occurred in the North Loup township election. Dell Barber has long had the reputation of being a Democrat, even if he insists that he has voted both parties. Like Willkie and Wallace, he changed his affiliation (he wouldn't agree to this) and got nominated and elected on the G. O. P. ticket for township clerk.

For several years Dell has not been in sympathy with the actions of the old township board, so now that he is one, perhaps he can do things more as he thinks they should be done. He can, if he and Ed Lee will play ball together like nice little boys should. But Ed and Dell have loved each other not much from time eternal, and the heck of it is, Ed is on the board too, as township treasurer.

They Showed Cochran.

One man said the other night, and he was a Democrat too, that we are going to show that Cochran a thing or two when election time comes. We'll snow him under so hard he never will crawl out. It's all on account of that corn deal too, since Butler suggested it, of course Cochran wouldn't be in favor of it. He would rather have the rats eat the corn than to let us poor farmers, who haven't had a crop in five years, feed it to our stock."

Well, Cochran was snowed under and by a man almost unknown to anyone. It looks like the people voted more against Cochran than for Butler.

Many people think, had Burke been nominated, he would have beaten Butler.

Debt No Worry.

A political discussion the other evening was of little interest. The Republicans argued, "There's one thing about Roosevelt, above all others, that I cannot approve of, and that is the big debt, or deficit he is piling up. It will bankrupt us sometime."

"That government debt doesn't worry in the least," the democrat answered laughing. "That debt will never be paid. Governments never pay debts. Look at all the debts there are in Europe and there is only one country, Finland, that ever made a pretense of paying. All those countries owed staggering debts after the other war but they were never paid and the countries went on just the same. Our Civil war debts have not been paid yet even. It has been a known fact, for a long time, that Germany, Italy and Japan were so in debt they were on the verge of bankruptcy, but look at the war they have carried on in spite of that. Government debts are the least of my thoughts."

November 20, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

I'm to Blame
Buzzards
Nose for News
No Escape

I'm To Blame.

As I drove into town the other evening, the fire whistle blew. Little did I realize at that moment that I would turn out to be the hero of that fire. Well, perhaps the word "hero" is not quite the right term, but if it hadn't been for me this fire would have never happened.

I soon discovered the fire was at the house where now lives Bill McMindes. My father built that house when I was a boy and I lived there many years. Although I am not a fireman, I decided, in that I had helped to build it, I would like to watch it die too, and go up to—oh heck—go up in smoke.

The first house we had there was a two room building my father had bought with chimneys on both ends, which is now the kitchen and part of the next room south. My father built the addition on the south, two stories, dovetailing it into the smaller part as best he could.

Before we bought a furnace we used both those chimneys with a wood heater at the south one. After we bought the furnace we never used the south chimney. For some reason the carpentry around that chimney and at the union of the houses was never good and every time it rained, water would leak in and mess things up in great shape. Those were the days when it rained too, and we were in a dither all the time with plaster falling off and the paper getting stained.

One day in disgust I climbed the roof and knocked that chimney off down to below the gable. Then I found some boards and bought a bundle of shingles and built the roof solid leaving the lower part of the chimney as it was. I might have taken the whole chimney out but that would have been more work, replastering, reflooring and redecorating. I stopped the leak anyway and that was the main thing.

As I came up to the house the other day I found there were dozens of firemen about, all over and in the house. Smoke filled the house and a tiny bit was trickling out of the center of the roof where several men were chopping fiercely into the gable. That chimney that I had covered up was a lost memory to me until that moment. Then it all came back, all this I have told of the leakage, of the repair, of my boyhood days.

"Right under where they're chopping is a chimney," I explained. I stuttered, even scratched my head. "You don't suppose, you don't suppose, a, a, they could have set a stove up at that chimney do you?"

The hole was in the roof by then and the smoke began rolling just as it had twenty years from our old wood burner.

And the strange part of it was Mrs. McMindes said they had had a fire there for several days. Where do you suppose that smoke went—filled the garble and rafters, perhaps, to a saturation point?

I'm sorry I didn't get there quicker. I might have saved them chopping the hole in the root.

At any rate, I'm all to blame.

Buzzards.

Rev. Ehret said he saw a buzzard out Mira Valley way not long ago. I might have told him I did not believe it were it not for the fact that he has lived in a country where there were buzzards and that he is a naturalist by hobby. He not only likes to hunt and fish but he has several sets of nature books (one by Burrows) and he has read some of them several times.

Getting back to the buzzard that he saw, I will say they are very rare in these parts. However they may be here in small numbers or they may be coming. It was only a few years ago there were no magpies in these parts. Now there are quite a few, especially in the winter.

Nose For News.

Having a trip over to Horace the other day, I stopped into Raymond Karre's to warm up, and there I was again presented with the fact that it does not matter where you stop, there will be something worth mentioning in the paper if you only keep your nose for news well pointed.

Raymond has a pair of fine mules, six feet tall and fat as butter. At the first peek into the barn I saw them and he said he had been offered \$300.00 for them. A person doesn't see such mules often any more.

But too, he has a herd of purebred Berkshire hogs; the first I have seen in these parts although the breed has been gaining popularity east of here for a year or two. These hogs are black and turn up their noses no matter what you feed them.

No Escape.

Frank Lilenthal told in a talk at the Fortnightly club that he and his brother were convinced Germany was going to war again sooner or later and they decided they would get away from it if they could. They had heard Hitler talk and sensed the sentiment, so they began making plans and did get out and came to America. They had had all the war they wanted.

It might be recalled Frank was born in Germany. At a very small age his father was killed in the World War. Frank was raised by an uncle and went through all the post war inflation period ther e.

Being a U. S. citizen now he registered in the draft and his name was one of the first ones drawn in Valley county. Now his name is among the first fifty (19) to receive questionnaires.

Short Shavings.

Many people think it will be no trouble proving insanity on those three men who shot the Taylor sheriff when he was trying to serve notice on them to vacate a farm, or that the farm tenant situation is different there than in these parts. The landlord around here has to use the shot gun to keep the tenant from moving.

The question arose in the history class of the price paid per acre for the Louisiana purchase and the teacher said it was about two cents an acre. Some of the children insisted the government got cheated, while the others maintained that is always the case with all government purchases and we will have to just take our medicine and forgot it.

Don't think that is a joke. South of North Loup there are a number of farms that the taxes have accumulated until they amount to more than the land is worth and it is the common belief these owners never expect to redeem this land.

With any number of city lots in North Loup, and other places too, this situation exists. Upon the revaluation of these lots this year, the assessors made no change in the high taxes assessed. The reasoning was that most of them are not paid anyway, so what would be the object to change them. The owner just as well owe a big figure as a smaller one. In one instance, there was a man who requested the assessor to separate his garden lot from the one his house set on so he could pay on the one but not the other.

November 27, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Prelude
Like Hot Bricks

The Prelude.

In writing this piece each week I try to bear in mind the subscribers who live in other parts of the country and who are more anxious to get and read this paper than any other and like it even better than the home folks. It seems that I get as many or more replies from folks away than at home.

Although our drouth conditions are old stuff for us at home, a few pictures given may tell those folks away better what we are going through than to simply say, "Times are awfully tough back here."

I, too, have the feeling that some mortgagee, or some government official might be a little more sympathetic when they twist the thumb screws or grant new feed and seed loans and that, indirectly perhaps there will be some good to the country from this scribbling, be sides the pay I get.

Like Hot Bricks.

Hugh Clement says his wife has a forty acre dry farm that used to be considered fine land. Three years ago they rented it for a third of the crop. Hugh told his wife they were losing too much with the rent (they had a crop failure and lost all the third) so last year they only asked for a fourth of the crop.

This year he was disgusted again, losing the fourth so he says now if there is anyone who will farm it and give her all the Soil Conservation check, the tenant can have all the crop. That way Hugh feels they will not lose anything and the Soil Conservation check will pay the taxes. Since 1933 they have not taken enough from the forty acres to pay the taxes.

This was quite amusing to me but upon telling it I found there have been one or two other farms rented that way and I heard too that Billie Worrell had been trying to rent his land that way but as yet cannot find a renter. Billie has a farm that used to be considered a better than average farm with fine improvements.

Landlords are in a good deal of danger of not getting a renter at all. Floyd Hutchins drove from Ashton to North Loup not long ago and on that one road home he saw 35 idle farms. He said there were no doubt as many proportionally on the other roads in that section.

If the land is not farmed there is no Soil Conservation check. I knew of one man who took a renter who he had heard was not the best but he was afraid if he did not take him he might not get anyone and consequently lose his share of the government check.

Mortgagees have lately, too, taken a new slant on their foreclosure business. Heretofore, it seemed like they had the feeling the owner was a crook, trying to beat them out of their just interest, and the sooner they crack down and get the land, the better. A good deal of land was taken too and the fellow who lost early was the luckiest in many cases. These mortgagees were neither able to sell, or collect enough rent to pay expenses.

One man south of town has offered his farms to the loan company but they will not take them. This man has a little money and could pay the interest and taxes once, but he too, could take that money and rent another farm and only pay share or nothing as I mentioned before. He decided to do the latter, but the loan company will not start foreclosure or take his place. They threatened to sue him for deficiency judgment, and then offered to add the back taxes and back interest on his loan, but he thinks that only makes a bad matter worse.

I know another man who was back one interest payment and urged the loan company to take his place. They would not. Finally after dickering they canceled the back interest and the coming interest (amounting to \$500.00) if this owner would only pay the taxes and stay on the farm.

It is told that some of the loan companies in some of the counties near by have ceased paying taxes on their land. There are a few places privately owned where the taxes have not been paid and it looks like they never will be, but it is only recently the loan companies ceased, if they have.

The question is continually asked, "How do these people live, going year after year with no crop?" That is a question hard to answer. We find quite frequently families so proud that they have never taken a cent of relief yet (excepting Soil Conservation payments which everyone takes) but if the facts were known, and the names published, we would find this is the way most of the people are getting by. It has been said that in one county, any farmer can get a grant; all he has to do is to ask for it.

The fact of the matter is, we are all living on relief; if it were not for those checks we would all have to move away.

On the other hand, rents have risen on the irrigated tracts in the valley to a point where, the renters howl, we cannot make a cent. The owner of one irrigated farm talked of getting a new renter and has 32 applicants. The usual rent now is half the crop and the tenant paying half the water. The tenant gives 1-5 the beets and a share of the tops.

One man said that is pretty high rent, but he felt he better give half the crop of 80 bushels of corn than to get the whole crop where it goes 0 bushels an acre.

December 4, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Depends Upon the Man in Charge
Not a Bright Outlook
Short Shavings

Depends Upon the Man in Charge.

I never have been able to find the real reason why the petition to change the Valley county form of government from supervisor to commissioner system was snowed under so strongly. I have lived in Valley county and Greeley county and I think there are benefits and drawbacks with both systems. I cannot see why the people in Valley county were so unanimous in their belief that their present system is best.

We will not quarrel over that however. I do not think the county will go to pot because of that. But the following remark is what I heard a dozen or forty times in regard to the change. "If the roads in your (Riverdale) district are an example of the commissioner system, we surely do not want any of it.

And for a fact, the roads in this section of Greeley county come about as near being cow paths and buffalo wallows as any one could see in these modern times. A few years ago I mentioned that one could tell the minute he left Valley county into Greeley, the latter having so much better roads. Now one can tell at that very minute too, for the Greeley county roads are so much worse.

A few years ago when this statement was made, the commissioner liked the folks in Wallace Creek precinct and sent his big cat and grader and fixed the roads in good shape. At that time the North Loup township was trying to do the job with a little four horse grader that looked like a plaything comparatively and the work done was a joke compared with that accomplished just across the line.

But now the reverse exists. The roads in North Loup township are the best shape in many years. Ed Lee and Harlan Brennick have hired the big cat of the county and also purchased gravel for the bad places, and more than that have money to spare. Just over the bridge to the east there seems to be the disposition of the commissioner to do as little work in Wallace Creek as possible and what has been done was done with a small four horse grader that was antedated years and years ago. Going from the nice roads west of the bridge to those of Greeley county, then north and south to Scotia, is like moving from the "solid rock to the sinking sand."

The why of it all is not in the system of county government but in the men who are in charge of things. One year one set of roads will be good, another year the other. Had this vote come up six or eight years ago, the people in this section would have said, "If those roads are an example of what the different systems give, we surely want to change."

Not a Bright Outlook.

Whether we like the sound of this or not, it looks to many of us that England is just about whipped. Crawford Mortensen and I were talking of it the other day, and although he did not say it quite like that, I could see he was as I am, worried about it. He is well posted too.

We both agreed that England would die fighting before she would surrender. She would be come another Carthage before she would give up to Germany. When she is finally wiped up (if she is) we were convinced their fleet would come to America and Canada would probably be their seat of government. In that Canada has no ports that can handle the fleet, that job of docking will fall to the United States. Then will we be in war? I wonder.

Many folks will want to argue that England is not whipped yet and never will be. Let us look at the facts. England even before the war, was a much smaller country than Germany. Now Germany has almost all of Europe with her, either willingly or by force, and now the odds against England are greater than ever.

England is a small island. If her airplanes were of equal number of Germany's, the territory for her to bomb is so much greater than Germany's that the odds against her on that score be great. But the best experts give the ratio of Germany's planes $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 of England.

The last few weeks Germany has conducted a new scheme of bombing. Now they pick out a city and concentrate their whole force there. They can nearly flatten that city before England can get her anti-aircraft guns in place, which now are mostly around London, because the bombing was heretofore mostly at that town. England cannot stand this bombing forever, and not nearly as long as Germany, for there is so much more of the latter to bomb.

To many, there is only one hope for England and that is an uprising someplace of such magnitude that Germany will have to divide her forces. As yet nothing like this has developed. They are begging America to help (and we are) but many think anything we could do would not save them.

And then we wonder, if England is whipped, if our turn will be next. By any record of Hitler's up to date, no one would be foolish enough to think he will be content with only Europe conquered.

Short Shavings.

Donnie Smith and her mother, Mrs. George Smith, have moved back to North Loup to live after having been gone to Grand Island for ten years. They lived here before that for a long time, and now Mrs. Smith is the happiest woman in the village. She says North Loup is the nicest place to live in the world.

Ol Winder stopped into my place the other day and wanted to buy my saddle horse. I like to have Ol drop in for I too am "kinda horsy" and we always have a good time visiting. But this is what he said and it might be worth passing along. He said there is a market for good mouthed saddle horses for the army and a little demand for mules, but he said at the present there is no demand for big work horses, regardless of how good they are.

Otto Bartz and Art Hutchins, just back from California, report on seeing quite a number of North Loupers there. They said Milt Earnest and Rube McCune have oil stations and as far as they could see were getting along. Charley Sayre has a good job managing a Safeway store; Elno Hurley is doing nothing, but Art said he has been offered a job and Art thinks he will take it. Sam Sample has a good job running a laundry truck.

They say there is lots of building going on there and (they thought) anyone who wanted to work could find something to do. This building is directly or indirectly a result of the defense program.

December 11, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

War
 Victories Only Minor
 Faint Rays of Hope
 More Pleasant Topic

The Paramount Subject—War.

The subject from which I get the most response is the war. The piece last week drew fire from almost every one I met. These people did not all disagree (some did) nor were they mad; they were just deeply concerned, worried, uneasy about what was going to happen to us sooner or later.

One man disagreed very strongly. He was doing like another said, "wishful reasoning." It seemed to me he was reaching for a straw, for anything that showed signs of hope. This is what he said, "Italy is about whipped now." Very true Italy is about whipped and if Italy was the only nation opposing England or France (or any other major power) it would be a short war. But Italy does not count much. Against England, she is like a small boy kicking a wrestling man in the ribs. She is just one more against England and if the Axis wins, Hitler will put her under subjection like he has the others. It has been thought Hitler would take her under a protectorate before he would let England put the finishing touches, just as he has done so many others.

There are several reasons why Italy has been beaten by so small a power as Greece. First the Italian people never have had the spirit of war like the Germans. The morale of the Italians is low and they have no desire to go off and conquer more land. The people have no grudge against the Greeks.

On the other hand the Greeks are fighting for their homes. They have a spirit like the Finns only the Finns were finally overpowered and outnumbered. Most good authorities think the Italians will eventually win if they go after it properly with their many times more men and equipment.

More than that, the Italians were not properly organized. When they declared war they expected the Greeks to capitulate like Austria and Hungary had done for Germany, at the first sign of march. They were fooled there. They were fooled too at the lay of the mountainous country. The Greeks got them on the run and it is like football, they get the spirit of winning or losing and it is hard to change.

Victories Only Minor.

This and other minor victories are hopeful for England. The food shortage on the continent is a hopeful sign but as yet there has been nothing of great enough magnitude to give England a fifty-fifty chance of winning the war.

Even should there be minor victories in the Mediterranean that does not stop the bombing planes from Germany from flattening out the cities of England. It is a little like a big man with a big sword, plenty able to fight, but with his head chopped off. Eventually, if they are not stopped, those German airplanes will annihilate England and then what? There has been no way yet found to stop those bombing planes and the damage they do.

More than that the German submarines are doing more damage than ever. The loss to English shipping has increased lately along with the bombing damage. At the close of the World War England claimed she built ships faster than Germany sank them. That is not true now. Eventually, at the rate the sinking is carried on, England will be out of ships.

In the World War, the blockade of Germany had as much to do with the winning as anything. But the blockade now is out to a great extent. Germany has access to French mines, to Rumanian oil, to Russian food. The only place Germany is blockaded is on the sea, and that is not too effective.

Faint Rays of Hope.

There is one more hopeful thought and that is if the United States goes to her aid. Some think any aid United States can give would be too late. But we are giving it anyway, in ships, in airplanes and everything but men. We do not need to give men yet. This war is not being fought with large numbers of men.

The airplanes we send may turn the trick. If we can send them in great enough numbers so that England can bomb Germany in return, blow for blow, and dog fight the German planes overhead, England might win yet. This is a big order. Perhaps United States can save the empire, perhaps she can't.

And if she can't then what? These ships and planes we are sending there will be taken by the Germans to fight us the same as happened in France. The Germans have been using American made planes (some unpacked when France was taken) to fight against England.

Most people think it is worth the risk. Most people feel we are as much in the war as we ever can be. Most people (even Republicans) favor Roosevelt in his foreign policy. Most people think that when England is whipped, our turn will be next; that if England stops Hitler and his band of cut-throats, America will not have to.

A More Pleasant Topic.

One of the most interesting subjects I know (perhaps I should say amusing) is the different hobbies or collections that I hear of. George Eberhart said to me the other day, and he thought it was the best joke yet, "What do you think I heard of a girl collecting? It was buttons. She has thousands of buttons."

I do not know who that particular girl was. I have heard of button saving before and some people will even pay good money for rare specimens.

Besides Ed Post, I know of a girl who saves small bottles and she has hundreds of them. And here is a new one. Winsome Meyers saves women's hats. Norma Malstrum saves paper napkins and there are a dozen others who save them too. Jessie Babcock (and my son too) saves political buttons and she has them for many elections back. Merril Wellman saves match folders and he has thousands of them from every state. Mrs. Anna Tappan saves trade mark tags from shirts, blankets and other goods. She has thousands of them, beautiful ones too, and plans to make a quilt by sewing them together.

An oil salesman who stops into Sheldon's occasionally remarked casually as he picked a stamp from the wastepaper basket, "I used to make a hobby of women, but late years my age and looks have spoiled that so I have taken up stamps."

December 18, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Oh, the Why of It All
A More Happy Happy Problem

Oh, the Why of it All!

Most historians now are classing the present war as just a second phase of the World War of twenty years ago. Those twenty years of peace were just a resting time, a recuperation, an armistice if you like.

Some of the fighters have changed sides, one or two have dropped out, but in reality it is the same old war. In place of the Kaiser, Germany has Hitler who is worse. In place of Lloyd George, England has Churchill. France has been conquered which nearly happened before. Russia has dropped out temporarily but she dropped out before the close of the other war. United States has ceased to send men to the front (as yet) but she is doing almost everything else to help the Allies. The Italian leader has changed sides but it is doubtful if the Italian people have changed. Some even predict that Italy will be fighting with England yet before it is over.

Of course the real issues behind this great slaughter are camouflaged. Hitler claims it is a war between the "haves" and the "have nots." He is a marvelous public speaker and there is where his power lies. The real issue behind him, most of us feel, is self glory and immortality. But whatever his real sentiments are, there must be something, something big too, that will stir men of the intelligence of the Germans to march into death and destruction as they are doing.

There are new theories of the actual reason for the first world war, and these facts prove beyond doubt that the Germans were not any more to blame for its start than the other nations. For the time we will lay the blame to the leaders of the old Russian order. They are gone now and that will simplify the argument. Hoping for a small war to gain them a warm water port (Dardanelles) it spread like wildfire until all of Europe was involved. In the end Germany lost. There was no special reason for Germany wanting war then, for, economically, she was getting all she wanted anyway.

When the Versailles treaty was concluded, Germany came out the loser in many ways. Her foreign possessions were taken from her besides every thing else important. Such a feeling of hatred had grown up that it was nearly impossible for the Allies to make a just settlement, or one, such as "you'd have others do unto you." Looking at it from another point, the leaders who were responsible for the war (if the Germans were) were out, and punishing the German people would be hitting the wrong fellow.

So unjust was this peace treaty, the Germans thought, that they never forgot or repented. It made a wonderful subject for Hitler to talk on. It was good enough to put him in office, good enough to go to war about. It was good enough to make him immortal, good enough for him to bring his people to the point of destroying the buildings, the women and children, the very life of their enemy. By holding tight to the letter of this treaty, of which the Allies had forced the Germans to sign under the threat of invasion, the Allies won for themselves another war, some lost their liberty and all the progress they had gained for hundreds of years.

And as yet we have not concluded what is the underlying cause of this worst of all wars. Let us call it economic until we decide on a better cause. Before the first war, Germany was growing in her shipping and her manufacturing to an equal of England, and surpassed France. In the last twenty

years, in spite of the Versailles treaty, she had [*missing text*] wanted more room but for a fact England is more closely settled than Germany. There is an economic rivalry between the two peoples where they force the poor to do all sorts of killing and dying (for the rich at home).

A war is all so silly. No expense is so costly as that of war, and nothing produces so little. The money spent is all for destruction and never for upbuilding or making anyone more happy or comfortable, even yourself. The only person who profits from war is the one who stays out.

A study or a remembrance, of the Wilson days, shows a marked parallel to our present situation. Wilson would have been defeated had he not run on the platform that he kept us out of war. But all the time he was doing things that were leading this nation closer and closer into it and finally we went to the point where there was no backing out. Many of us wonder if that is not the case already with us.

And we wonder too, if England wins, and forces another treaty like the Versailles, if in another twenty years there will not be another war for us to settle. Frank Lillenthal says if Wilson had had his way in the Versailles treaty there would be no war today. He brought that from Germany. If we (maybe we isn't the right word yet) win this war many wonder how much our president will have to say in the next peace conference.

But if Germany wins, and there is strong likelihood she will, will she strike us next? Will not Hitler think us an enemy the same as the others.

For a fact, it looks like we are in it and we don't quite know why. I said before, it started over a warm water port for the Russians and they are just about as far away from it as ever.

A More Happy Happy Problem.

A man told me the other day that after the Armistice day storm his 150 hens dropped in their egg production until there was hardly any profit at all. Knowing this could not continue (farmers must show a profit on all departments you know) he went to the feed store and purchase a quantity of high powered mash and other feed and proceeded to stuff his flock with it.

The first week after this forced feeding there was a remarkable increase in egg output. The second week there was another hundred per cent increase, the third week there was a fifty per cent increase, the fourth a twenty-five per cent increase.

He did not tell me how many eggs they were laying at the storm period or at the end of the fourth week, but I could guess.

December 25, 1940

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

All the Way From China
Short Shavings

All the Way From China.

Mrs. George Thorngate arrived here with three of her sons during the snow storm last week. They were on their trip to the east from China, New Zealand, Australia and other points. They left China very reluctantly when the government requested they leave, doing so only because they felt if something bad did arise there they would not be cluttering up the way for people of more importance. They came home by the longer route because the fare was no higher and thereby they

could see more territory. Mrs. Thorngate was formerly Helen Shaw of North Loup and Dr. Thorngate is a medical missionary in Shanghai.

Upon their arrival in Grand Island from southern California they were cold, not having dressed for such snow storms as were raging then. Their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Jake Barber rushed them into the depot and proceeded to find clothing more suitable for Nebraska. While they shivered by the radiator, a lady onlooker criticized and said, "What's the matter with you folks not having any more clothes than that in such weather. Where are you from anyway?" Mrs. Barber looked at the lady, a little disgusted, of course, at the criticism, and answered curtly, "These folks are from China, my dear woman." And the dear woman turned and left thinking Mrs. Barber was trying to say something funny.

There was nothing very funny about this for it was only a few days before they had been sitting on top of the equator, had been bathing in the beach at Waikaiki [*sic*], had been sight seeing in their shirt sleeves, trying to keep from being overcome with the heat, at Borneo.

Mrs. Thorngate said things in the International city were about the same as ever except that only a few miles away Japanese troops garrisoned the city. Japanese and Chinese trade with each other in the stores without any especial feeling and the Chinese, she says, are almost always happy.

Her people still have a mission there and a school of nearly 900 students, besides doctors, nurses and a soap factory.

Dr. Grace Crandall, who was in North Loup last year, is there too. She is doing a lot of work besides taking an auto load of medicine and holding an open clinic frequently. However, she is so interfered with in her work that she is thinking of moving into the interior, to Free China, so called, to a city of fifty thousand that she heard of where there is no doctor.

Short Shavings.

Harry Johnson showed me two tickets to the Rose Bowl game. I asked him if he were going and he smiled, "If I can get the money for the railroad tickets."

"Well, suppose you can't?" I asked and he said if he couldn't he would send them out to his sons or sons-in-laws who live in Los Angeles. Of course I'm modest and did not question Harry more but Martin Vance said Harry wanted him to work in the elevator for several weeks.

Rev. Ehret received a large letter from his daughter who was then in New York City. Fearing the letter was over weight she put on two stamps and dropped it into the box on Broadway and it was postmarked Saturday 1:00 o'clock.

The postal authorities tossed it into the airmail bag (because they thought that was the intention of the sender) and Sunday morning at ten o'clock Rev. Ehret was reading it.

Joe Petska, who lives in the north end of Riverdale has two children going to school and one of these, Donald, told my son Dick that they saw a red fox up in their neighborhood not long ago. In fact they saw it twice, the first time not sure that was the animal. The boy also said when they lived over by Arcadia they dug out a den thinking they were digging a coyote.

In telling Will Schudel about it he said it was true, no doubt, for Lyle Abney had told him there were red foxes north of where he lived in Springdale. Will also said that in a coyote hunt over by Greeley a few years ago there was a red fox killed.

And here is a collecting hobby that's different, at least I never heard of such before. Mrs. George Thorngate is saving different definitions of happiness, and plans to put them all in an album later.

From most of her friends she has tried to get definitions and from children as well as grown-ups. She finds everyone's definition a little different.

One boy said he was perfectly happy when his radio was working right. Another person said he was happy when he had plenty to eat and was warm. Another said he would be happy when his debts were all paid.

Art Hutchins, who everyone admits (we hate to but have to) is pretty good at figuring, says that I must have the problem stated wrong last week. The last increase in egg production should have been 33 and a third per cent in place of 25 per cent because if the latter was correct some hen would have had to lay only a fraction of an egg, and that, he says, is one thing the poultry scientists have not done yet. That is, developed a hen that lays only part of an egg at a time.

Now every person interested in tough problems and puzzles should go dig up your last week's Quiz.

January 1, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Thankful Because
Consistency—Vice of Fools
A Straw of Hope

I Am Thankful Because.

I am thankful I live in America, where as yet, I have not been bombed; where I nor any of my folks have been sent to a concentration camp; where I can yet have a jury trial consisting of a jury of my own peers; where I can go to town if I wish, or to Omaha, or to Texas without asking some military official, where I can eat what I wish without having a food card stamped; where I can run my car if I can pay for the gasoline and not if some government official allows me the privilege; where I can say what I please in whatever tongue I please; where I can write in this column what I please censored only by the editors, this thought tempered only by good judgment and common courtesy to the readers.

I am thankful I live in America, where as yet, I have not been forced to take a gun and shoot at anyone or no one is trying to shoot me; where I voted in the last election for Willkie and where I have not been jailed for it or had anyone (termed gestapo in some places) set to shadow or watch my actions.

I am thankful that I live in America, where if I should decide to desert the army, or go contrary to some order, my family at home would not be persecuted for my error.

I am thankful I live in America where my leader has a term of office and when this term is up I can try to elect another if he does not suit; where it is our prime desire to maintain this stat us quo; where we have no ambition to rule over our neighbor or any other neighbor against their will; where we are going to do everything possible to keep from going to war whereby we would have to kill some other boy who probably does not want to kill me either.

Consistency—Vice of Fools?

Adolph Hitler does not approve of gold as a standard of measure of our wealth. His theory may be all right. Gold is not a valuable metal as far as usefulness is concerned.

But if he is right why did he steal twenty or more truck loads of it from the Czechoslovakians when he took that country; why now does he make France pay him a million dollars worth of it a day because of their defeat?

Adolph Hitler claims there is no dissension in Germany, that he has the universal support of his people. Why then does he not have an election asking for a vote of confidence as President Roosevelt did?

Adolph Hitler claims the Versailles Treaty was the biggest disgrace ever brought upon a people. In that event why does he not set an example in the surrender of France, in place of making a more disgraceful settlement with that country? Apparently he has not heard of that rule of returning good for evil.

Mussolini informs his troops in Africa to fight until the last man is killed. That is fine for him to say to the other fellows as long as he is safely away from the fight himself.

A Straw of Hope.

Captain Hern said a few days ago that at two different times (he gives the dates) Hitler tried to invade England across the channel and both attempts were foiled by the R. A. F. If this were true it was not generally published. If this were true, it looks like England will have to be whipped some other way, for as time goes on England is getting stronger with her airplane defenses in place of weaker.

It is without dispute that Germany has many more airplanes than England, and although the report has been circulated that German flyers or planes were not so good, this is very untrue. Why then does not Hitler take his ten thousand planes and blitzkrieg with them on the English Isle? At only one time has he had a thousand planes in the air at once and seldom has he had five hundred. Usually there has been many less.

The theory is that he is short of gasoline and especially lubricating oil. His principal source of supply of oil is Rumania and there has been barely enough from there for domestic needs. A little comes from Russia but that has been curtailed lately on account of differences with Stalin.

It has been the common theory that the reason Mussolini did not run his battleships more is because he was short of fuel. The use of gasoline in civilian life in both countries, besides in the conquered countries, is very small.

If England wins this war, most people think it will be from such a shortage of gasoline or the blockade and not from actual fighting. We must remember it will be equally as hard for England to make a landing on the mainland and fight Germany as it is for Hitler to invade England. Military experts say for England to whip Germany at land fighting, could only be done with help, and this help can only now come from America.

Short Shavings.

Alta VanHorn, now visiting her father Robert VanHorn, is a teacher in a college at Salem, W. Va. She told me the other day that lately there had been literature sent to her and to the school in pamphlet form, giving the German viewpoint of the war situation. They were sent free of charge and she promises to mail me one or two when she returns.

She said they were sent from New York City and from a German owned printing plant there. It has been found that this plant was under the direct control of the Bund organization. Within the last few days Alta has heard over the radio that the Dies Committee has been responsible in stopping the spread of this literature.

Alta spoke to the history teacher in Salem about this literature and this teacher told Alta that these pamphlets were not so bad only they just gave half of what they should.

A rather interesting explanation was given why the young folks, Lillian Babcock and Russell Barber were married in Burwell last Saturday.

They planned to go to Ord for their license and then return to have their minister, Rev. Ehret marry them. They found, rather late perhaps, that Rev. Ehret was to leave in the afternoon for New York state, so in the last minute they rushed to Ord for the license hoping to get back before his train left.

But when they got to Ord they found the county judge out of his office. Finally in desperation they drove to Burwell for the license, but by that time they were sure there was not time to return so they were just married there by the justice of peace and had it over with.

January 8, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Our School System
Peppy's Diary of a County Judge

Our School System.

Perhaps the most talked of law in a long time is going to come up before the legislature and that is in regard to a new scheme of education that has been proposed by the Nebraska Planning Board. This board was appointed by Gov. Cochran and has been studying our educational system in comparison with other states, and finally has made the following recommendations.

(1) They want to consolidate all the educational systems under one head, that is the normal schools, the university regents, and the state superintendent, and this head is a board of seven elective members and three appointed members.

(2) All the smaller high schools are to only go to the eleventh grade, the larger high schools past the twelfth and in twenty of the leading cities or high schools, there would be a junior college. This board has also the power to consolidate or close small country schools where the attendance falls too low.

(3) One of the state normal schools is to be converted into a trade school, the other three are to be cut to two year courses of normal training, where they give certificates for teachers to teach the first ten grades only. All graduate work is to be placed in the university.

(4) The policies of this state board are to be carried out by an office force headed by an executive selected by the board.

The principal objection I have heard about this change is the fear that in our towns the eleventh and twelfth grades will be taken out. Just where the line will be drawn as to which school will have the full twelve grades or only ten, I do not know, but in the smaller schools, such as the one at Horace, most people agree it is foolish to go to the expense of paying for a small high school there when such a fine one is maintained at Scotia only a few miles distance on a graveled highway.

The benefit of eliminating a great number of the smaller grade schools cannot be disputed, but the trouble is no one wants their own school to be the one eliminated. In this and any near counties, we find school after school with just a handful of students, and each of these schools costing the taxpayer, perhaps, three times what it might, were it consolidated.

An example of this is the Riverdale district across the river east. Something like 20 years ago, Edna Baker started the idea there of consolidating the Baker, the Shepard and the Bartz school districts. This was done and in place of three small schools they have now one good school. But late years there has been less than ten students and think what the schools would have been were there three. As a result the taxes in that district are the cheapest in the whole county.

The Junior College idea too surely meets with approval by many. Most boys have nothing to do for a few years after graduation. Most of us cannot send our children off to an expensive college or

university, but we might easily arrange for them to go to Ord or St. Paul to a Junior college. If they finished two years, they would know by then if they thought it worthwhile to go on. It would help the crowded university too, and a little extra mathematics would surely help these boys who are going to the army.

California and many other states have junior colleges and think them fine.

In regard to changing the courses of the normal schools and the university, do not worry. The people in charge of these institutions will chew the fat over that. No school will want to give up anything, regardless of whether it would be best for all of us or only for them.

There is some objection to a state board having control over all the schools. This takes away some of the local control which we may not like, but too, it has its advantages. We might have better tax distribution and better schools now for some children where they are poor, and then perhaps our cities would not have so much better schools than the country districts. We country folks should remember that we furnish the training ground for teachers who go to the cities. If they fail on our kids, of course the cities will not have them. Many city schools will not hire anyone but an experienced teacher of proven ability; many country schools never hire anyone but a beginner, because they cannot afford the other.

We will hear much more about this change in education system this winter.

Peppy's Diary of a County Judge.

The following are a few remarks I gathered while talking with County Judge Scott of Greeley county.

In the year of 1940 he issued 36 marriage licenses but did not marry a single couple. He has been judge for many years and this long without marrying someone has never occurred to him before. He lays it partly to the fact that he is in a Catholic community and those folks are almost sure to have the priest marry them.

A few years ago there was a trial in his office, and one of the principal defendants was a young lady quite well dressed. The lawyers were buzzing around trying to settle the case without a trial, and one of them stepped to the girl and said in a whisper, "I believe everything is O. K. and you can drop your suit right now if you wish."

"Oh," the girl said, "I wouldn't want to here."

There are a few pigeons that fly about the courthouse roof and fly down to Judge Scott's windowsill, and he feeds them there nearly every day. Once he took a vacation and the office at the next window was the relief administration. This office force became interested in the pigeons and raised the window and fed them a few times during the judge's absence.

That was all right but some wag (not the judge either) got the word around that things were so tough in Greeley county that even the pigeons were on relief and getting commodities.

January 15, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Short Shavings

Short Shavings.

Steve Jurgensen has a beautiful purebred Newfoundland dog. She is mostly of a light sable color, marked with black and stands three feet high.

A relative of Steve in Omaha owned this dog, with a few others.

She has whelped at least once and the owner said he sold the pups before he could wean them. In Omaha he did not have a good place for her, having to keep her on a chain all her life and he persuaded Steve to bring her up here where she could run loose for awhile, he being afraid she might get cross in Omaha.

Speaking to Pete about her, I sensed they were becoming so fond of the dog already the owner may not get her back at all. Pete says she minds well and if she comes in the house (which she did in Omaha) she will lie down any place she is told and minds perfectly. He said she is tall enough standing so her head will reach over the top of the table without stretching her neck.

It is seldom we see as nice a dog as that one in these parts.

In the brown section of the World-Herald two weeks ago there were pictures of a coyote hunt in the western part of the state. Eunice Rood Harmon, formerly of North Loup writes that she was in that picture.

Russel Williams, son-in-law of Claude Thomas of North Loup who now lives in Mossyrock, Wash., has been working lately on a new theater there, and while at work he saw something shiny in the dirt. He picked it up and found it to be a bullet pencil with the name of I. L. Sheldon, North Loup, Nebr., on it.

Dick Karre gave me a little illustration that tells how dry the ground is outside the ditch. An alfalfa field of his for some reason was located so the ditch rider told him he could take all the water he wanted. Dick proceeded to flood the field and put 36 inches of water on it and none of the water ran off. He said he believes he might have put more water on the field had he had time.

One of the finest things that has happened in these smaller towns is the ice skating rink built for the children in the winter. In North Loup a vacant lot was scraped off leaving a small embankment around the edge and in this, one still cold night Jim Coleman turned the city water. It froze as smooth as glass and ever since it has been covered with skating children and sometimes the children were not so young either.

In Greeley a tennis court back of the court house is flooded and that makes a splendid rink for the skaters.

The water is not more than a foot deep and there is no danger of drowning or even falling and getting wet as there is going miles off up the creek or river, such as we kids did so much when I was a boy. There were lots of things we used to do when we were off up the creek in those days that wouldn't be very practical at this skating rink in town.

It is funny how long it takes we mortals (who pretend we are smart) to think of some little inexpensive, simple idea like this skating rink.

January 29, 1941

The Ord Quiz

**A FEW THINGS
TO THINK ABOUT!**
Written by George Gowen

They Have Gone Away A While

They Have Gone Away A While.

In the last week our community has been shocked beyond anything like it before. One of our leading citizens, one of our brightest school boys, have gone away a while, their earthly lives have

been taken away from us with such suddenness that even yet we do not comprehend it, do not know the full force of the blow.

Everyone has been talking of it, everyone is sharing the sympathies of those closest to the victims. Old timers say the funeral was the largest one ever held in North Loup. At any rate it was the largest many of us ever attended.

In the obituary there were a few things left out it seems that should have been mentioned.

Lyle Cox was young; had not had the experiences of older men, but there was this about him; he always behaved himself; he was always pleasant; he had the highest grades of anyone in the county in the eighth grade and was keeping his records up in high school. What more could we ask of a lad?

It has been a long time since North Loup has had a man of the public spirit of Arthur Hutchins. Of course all this work took time and the directors of the cheese factory realized this. Arthur spoke to them about it and they agreed, unofficially, that this was all right. It was their opinion that the cheese factory was, in a manner, a public institution, and if their manager could and would do the free gratis work that has to be done by someone, the directors were glad to contribute that much to those worthy causes.

Arthur was a fine hand at such work. He never shirked responsibility and he had a knack of getting along with others besides keeping harmony among the groups. I myself have been on boards with him and it was amusing how he would sit back out of the debates and listen and at the crucial time say the proper thing that would invariably win the vote to his way. His ideas almost always prevailed, although one seldom heard it said he was trying to run things.

I never have known of him flying mad when people didn't agree. In several instances controversies arose and people would come to him, saying all manner of mean things. In one instance he had to order a man out of the office. I joked Art about it, for in less than a week they were friendly as could be and that man never ceased trading at Art's store.

A partial list of the boards and organizations of which he was a member are as follows: For a long time he has been on the Pop Corn Days committee or in close cooperation with it. For years he has been on the local Building and Loan board and for much of that time has been president. He resigned the office when C. L. Hill was here but acted since his departure. For a long time he has been secretary of the local Red Cross and also has been secretary of a local Co-op ice company. For a long time he has been secretary of the school board and took a deep interest in this work. He has been a director of the local Co-op Bank since its beginning; an active member of the Community club and volunteer firemen. He was one of the main workers and on the committee of the plan to irrigate the village. Although not a member of the board, of course, he had to attend all the cheese factory meetings. Besides this he was owner of the I. G. A. store where he was the only board member. He belonged to one or more card playing groups and attended P. T. A. meetings. He was an ardent republican and was on the county committee and attended their meetings. He was G. O. P. campaign manager for the North Loup section of the county. He appeared before the county board upon several occasions to plead with them for things down North Loup way.

He threw a little scare into some candidates by the fact that he thought some of running for the county board. Everyone seemed to think that he could have won that office easily had he run. There were certain things he did not agree with about the workings of the county board and he thought, perhaps if he were there, he might change them. He finally decided not to run on account of his many other activities.

Arthur, too, was a beautiful penman. His father realized he had a talent for fine writing; that knack being natural for some of the Hutchins. Upon entering the Grand Island Business college, Guilford was with Art and he told the manager there, "Now, I want you to make a good writer out of this boy." The manager replied they sure would and they did. Art was frequently asked to write diplomas and a person will turn pages of his bookkeeping without an error and where it looks like so much printing. He was one of the best penmen in the country.

Everyone always knew where he stood on controversial questions. Although he changed his mind occasionally, one had only to ask him a few questions and there was no doubt as to his views. A few

years ago, when there was such a wave of opinion against the prohibition amendment, Arthur was one of the few business men who signed the petition to keep the liquor off the street, and he was not ashamed of his stand either.

This piece is written by a person whose childhood of 15 years was spent as a neighbor to the Hutchins; whose parents were G. L. Hutchins' closest friends; who, with the brothers and sisters, spent weeks upon end playing doll, horse and hiding-go-seek; whose mother roomed Arthur for a few months while away from home; who has made trip after trip with Arthur to distant cities; whose sister he drove miles out of his way to see on his California trip; who confided with Arthur and he with him about most everything; whose children played together; who felt George and Arthur as near like brothers as anyone he ever knew; who lay awake for two nights after his tragic passing; who felt the highest compliment of his lifetime when he was asked to help carry this man to his final resting place.

The Ord Quiz
January 22, 1941

<The report of the accident from the Ord Quiz. – Not written by GGG.>

Two Killed, Two Critically Hurt, In Highway Crash Tuesday Eve

Car, Truck, Collide in Blizzard; Two Boys in Hospital

Arthur Hutchins Is Instantly
Killed, Lyle Cox Died a
Few Hours Later.

A. C. Hutchins, 38, manager of the North Loup Cooperative Cheese factory, was instantly killed, Lyle Cox, 16-year-old North Loup high school sophomore died a few hours later from his injuries, and two other boys were critically hurt Tuesday evening when a carload of North Loup high school basketball players was struck by an empty hay truck at the intersection of Highways Nos. 56 and 11 one mile west of Scotia.

The injured:

Dean Adams, 17, fractured skull, Condition critical.

George Waller, 17, broken shoulder, concussion. Condition serious.

The accident occurred about 7:30 Tuesday evening as the North Loup boys were on their way to play a basketball game. There were three car loads of players, a car driven by the North Loup high school coach, Mr. Elley, being in the lead, the car driven by Mr. Hutchins next and a car driven by Roy Hudson last.

The hay truck bearing a Holt county license plate was driven by Milo Hupp, of Atkinson, and was coming from the south. Poor visibility was blamed for the crash.

The truck sideswiped the Hutchins car, which overturned and went into the ditch on the west side of the road while the truck went into the ditch on the east side. Neither Hupp nor his companion in the cab of the truck was hurt.

Mr. Hutchins was pinned beneath the steering wheel of his car and it was quite some time before his body could be removed, but examination disclosed that his neck was broken and that death apparently was instantaneous.

In the car with him were his 11-year-old son, Richard, who escaped with minor scratches and bruises; Grover Jorgensen, 16, who was thrown clear and escaped with minor hurts; Cli fford Barnes, who had minor injuries, Lyle Cox, Dean Adams and George Waller.

The Cox boy suffered deep facial cuts, his chest was crushed and there were two deep gashes in his throat, one of which laid open the jugular vein. He was taken to Dr. Cinfal, of Scotia, who later brought him to the Ord hospital. He never recovered consciousness, according to Dr. C. J. Miller. Injuries to his lungs were the immediate cause of death. He died at 5:30 this morning in the hospital.

The Scotia ambulance brought Dean Adams and George Weller to the Clinic hospital where they were attended by Drs. W. J. Hemphill and C. W. Weekes. The Adams boy's skull was fractured, his scalp was torn almost off and there were many other injuries. His condition is so critical that the physicians have concentrated their attention to bringing him through the shock and no complete examination has been made as yet. When he reached the hospital his condition was so serious it was feared he could not live more than an hour or two but he is still alive at noon today and the doctors are much more hopeful.

The Waller boy suffered a broken shoulder, concussion of the brain and other injuries yet unknown, also was suffering from shock and remained unconscious throughout the night. Dr. Hemphill stated this morning that he is responding to treatment and, although he may not be considered out of danger, he will recover unless complications ensue.

Of course the accident happened so quickly that even the survivors are hazy about the details but the Jorgensen boy thinks a door came open and threw him clear.

First car to arrive on the scene after the crash was driven by Roy Hudson. He immediately went to Scotia and brought Dr. Cinfal to the scene of the accident, and Dr. Cinfal administered first aid and superintended removal of the victims to cars and the ambulance, which was driven by Harry Miller. Other cars coming along assisted in getting the victims to their homes or to doctors.

Mr. Hutchins, the first victim, was one of North Loup's most prominent citizens. Only 38 years old, he occupied a unique place in the business life of the village. He was manager of the cheese factory, secretary of the school board, member of the board of directors of the credit association and owned the Hutchins IGA grocery store. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Hutchins, who recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. He is survived by his wife and three sons, Richard, 11, Dean and Dale, twins, who are 8, and by a brother, George, of Omaha, and a sister, Mrs. Howard Fox, of Hobart, Ind.

The Cox boy, a sophomore in North Loup high school, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cox. A sister, Mrs. Ernest Homer, lives in Ord.

School was dismissed in North Loup today and the entire village, most of the residents related to one or another of those killed or injured in the terrible crash, appeared to be stunned by the disaster, worst in history of the community and worst tragedy to happen in the North Loup valley in many years.

From North Loup at noon today comes word that a double funeral for Mr. Hutchins and Lyle Cox will be held Friday afternoon at the Seventh Day Baptist church in the village. School probably will remain dismissed for the rest of the week.

As soon as the accident happened Tuesday night efforts were made to locate a highway patrolman to make an official investigation but not until 8 this morning did one reach the scene. Patrolman Ellingson of Broken Bow assisted by Marshal Dan Sautter of Scotia, is investigating the crash in an attempt to fix responsibility. Insurance adjusters are also on the scene today.

The accident happened in Greeley county so Sheriff George Round and other Valley county officials were not summoned. Sheriff Murphy, of Greeley county, was in Omaha so Marshal Sautter acted for him in making the investigation.

Greeley county officials are debating at noon today whether to hold an inquest into the accident and it is said that an inquest probably will be held, though County Attorney T. J. Howard has made no official announcement yet.

The investigation of Marshal Sautter and Patrolman Ellingson is said to have disclosed that the Atkinson truck was past the center line of the paving when it hit the Hutchins car.

Latest News Flash.

At 1:15 today Dr. W. J. Hemphill, who all morning has been assisting Dr. C. W. Weekes in the care of Dean Adams and George Waller, said that both boys seem to be improving.

February 5, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A Low Outlook
If Hitler Wins
Should England Win
At Home

A Low Outlook.

Most any way we look at it, the coming year of 1941 appears dour, and for the main reason that a major part of the earth's civilized nations are in the grip of war. Although it has not touched our soil yet, it is saddening to us to even stand and watch that waste of life and property. It is alarming to us too, for fear it may come here.

The outlook is dour also, because it appears now this war is drifting into a stalemate. A quick victory would at least have the destruction over. A stalemate might last for years, and the longer the war lasts, the more exhausted will be the people and the nations in the end.

Few of us believe Hitler's bragging, that he will invade, conquer and destroy Great Britain. It is possible he is bragging to bolster his people's spirit. It is possible too, that he may do just what he says he will do. He bragged he would take France and he did it. He made good most of his boasts. We cannot dispute he is very powerful; that he has taken more people and nations under his rule than any other man ever did.

But he has not taken England yet. England is getting stronger each day. England has whipped Italy until it hardly counts any more. England has the money bags. English spirit has not been broken. England still has control (mostly) of the seas. English shipping is still in operation.

In spite of this, England has no way to attack Germany or no landing port on the continent any more than Germany has on England. It seems the remotest possibility for England to whip Germany on the land. If Germany is whipped, most people think it will be from some other cause than land fighting.

With all the countries Germany has annexed and conquered, her resources are much greater than in the other world war. Then the French border stopped them on the west and Russia on the east. Now Germany has the resources of all the continent and if a nation will not sell for Hitler's price he takes what he wants anyway.

None of us believe now Hitler can cross the channel and take England; we believe if he could have he would have done so before. And the most optimistic cannot figure how England can whip

Germany unless it is by blockade, or oil shortage, or revolution or some way other than gun fighting. This war might last for many years.

If Hitler Wins.

But if Hitler should win a quick victory, we quaver at the thought of what might happen next. In winning that victory Hitler might and probably would, take the English navy too. He would take Gibraltar and the Suez Canal and perhaps Singapore. Many people scoff at that, saying the navy would scatter to the colonies or to America.

But when England surrenders, Churchill will be out. It will be the same as France and an appeaser like Petain or Lavalle will be in Churchill's place. Promises and contracts Churchill has made will be of no concern to the new bunch. In all probability the new bunch will not agree with Churchill's work at all and will do most anything they can different.

When England falls, our turn will be that much nearer. It may be next. It is doubtful if Hitler will try to conquer the United States by gun fighting. With the English navy he can run a blockade around us, sink our ships, cut us off from world trading, perhaps attack Panama or Alaska and all manner of things that would not be actual invasion. And do not think he would not do it either. He would do anything to accomplish his end.

Should England Win.

The great preponderance of opinion is in favor of Great Britain. We rejoice at any victory they get, no matter how small. They have been tremendously successful against the Italians and we delight in it. But whipping the Italians does not mean Germany is whipped. Many of us feel Lindbergh was too nearly right when he said both England and United States cannot whip Germany in actual fighting.

But if the miracle should happen and Germany should surrender soon, what sort of a peace would result? Would United States be consulted or would another spiteful Versailles treaty be inflicted that would bring on another war in twenty years.

At Home.

Here in the United States things will not be so rosy in 1941. Already in debt nearly fifty billions, we now are adding more billions and more billions for nothing in return. We are building an army and all that goes with it, at a frightful cost and all on earth it is designed for is destruction. Some one will have to pay for this sometime, some way or another; some one will have to pay for this debauch.

And we call ourselves civilized. For a fact, the one land that has had the least war of any on earth, is dark Africa.

February 12, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

For Those Away From Home
Better Than Dust
Better Frame of Mind

For Those Away From Home.

To my knowledge, there has been nothing said in any of the local papers about the mud in these parts the last few weeks. It has been nine years since we have had the roads as awful as they have been lately. Nine years ago, in the spring, there was a time when sections of the roads were impassable except for small cars with good clearance. During the last week, some spots have been impassable for any kind of a car.

We have had quite a little snow and rain this winter. This froze soon and we drove on top of the ice mud. Last week turned warm enough to take the frost out in many spots. The mud did not dry quickly nor did it freeze. In many places, especially east in Greeley county, the ditches at the sides of the road were full and the center was lower so the water stood in the middle. The boys over the line east in Greeley county have been talking of sending to the game commissioner and getting some fish to stock in the lakes that have formed in the highways there.

Many people can get home on the gravel or pavement but mire down in their own yard. One farmer said he had left his car at the edge of the road for a week now, some 30 rods from his house.

Wednesday afternoon and evening were the worst for heavy mud. In the section where I live most of the water runs in the center of the road and east of the bridge many cars were stuck on what is supposed to be an important road. One or more cars were dragged home with tractors but the mud packed under the fenders until the wheels would not turn. Thursday morning that mud was frozen until many cars were locked solid to the ground. The roads the next morning were rough as the rocky mountains.

All this is written for the folks away from home, not we sufferers left here. We know enough about it without telling it over.

Better Than Bust.

And too, for Merritt Fuson and other wanderers from the fold, I'd like to mention that it looks like our reward has at last come for staying put. Our ground is soaked down two or three feet now and in the best shape it has been for years, let us say those nine years I mentioned before when it was muddy. Everyone feels confident of a small grain crop and perhaps, with a little more rain, some corn besides.

And too, a little different than the times before that nine years ago, although it is troublesome, no one complains about the mud. One man said, "Well, that's just what we have been wanting for a long time. It is better than dust."

All Sockless Here.

And speaking of Merritt Fuson, I wish the editor would cease publishing his letters. He does so much better than I can that in the first place they make me feel foolish (natural perhaps) and second, it might be, if he wrote often enough, I would be crowded out entirely.

He says too something about going without socks, as if that was a new idea. He must live in a terribly backward country, to be sure. The school girls have ceased the stocking business several

years ago in North Loup and Scotia, both winter and summer. I saw a gal yesterday with no socks but wearing high overshoes. That's all right but I wondered why the ove rshoes.

And speaking of farmers and socks, well they just don't go together anymore. Three years ago we severed connection with the sock business in the good old summertime. Two years ago we gave up underwear. Last year many of us ceased wearing shirts only to church and we quit church too often too. This year we—well, we just won't carry this argument any further.

Your Frame of Mind.

An old friend of mine in California clipped a few columns from the papers there and mailed them to me, for comparison, perhaps, and to see how others are doing the job. I was glad to get them. I am sure he was not trying to embarrass me for he reads my bunk all the time.

One of these was interesting as well as striking home at this particular time. This man told of how he gets his inspirations, and the difficulties encountered in performing his daily (or with me, weekly) stint. His mood and temperament play a big part. Sometimes he has twice too much; sometimes he has to scratch to find anything of interest. How true, how true.

For the last three weeks I have been whipped for ideas. I know the reason why too. All the time, subconsciously, I am on the lookout for ideas or stories. I keep a little notebook at home where I sometimes jot down topics but usually my strip is all gathered in my mind before I dig out the old typewriter. I am ready Friday night to hammer if off and it usually takes but a few minutes.

But the last few weeks I have been terribly upset mentally. I was so disturbed over the tragedy we had down here I could think of nothing else. When Friday night came I had nothing to write. I sat around all evening trying to get started on something but I couldn't help it when my mind went back to the tragedy. I went to bed, nothing written, nothing to write, with the thought, perhaps I would have to pass this time up.

I woke frequently worrying over it and finally found myself awake, unable to get to sleep, unable to think of anything but the sorrow of my friends. Finally I arose and tried to read.

After a while I set to work. All I could think of was the Coxes and the Hutchins and the Adams. I wrote just what came to my mind, hurriedly for it was cold in the room. I did not want to write this for I thought perhaps it was an old subject by then. I finished however, my eyes full of tears and went to bed thinking the editors could cut it out if they wished. I could do no more, and that was all there was to it. Then I went to sleep.

I corrected it a little the next morning and sent it out. The boss printed it, I feared because he hated to offend me, but still I couldn't believe he would care about me that much.

Well, that's all there was to it. The paper came out Wednesday and I heard someone speak of my piece. By night there were several who spoke. I went to the drug store and the papers there were all gone. I have had three fan letters about it and a half a dozen requests for an extra copy. Part of these requests were for the obituaries, but in each instance they spoke of my piece.

The next week I was in somewhat the same frame of mind. I wrote a piece about the war, of which I could write every week. This week I am getting back to normal again, with a few more ideas coming along.

February 19, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Should Have
England a Defensive Fighter
Odds Still on Hitler

Should Have.

I was quite interested in the letter in the Quiz Forum two weeks ago by Barbara Lukes. It showed a good bit of thought and a good bit of knowledge of the European situation. But she writes in a little different trend than I try to. She tells largely what they should have done and I would rather tell or predict what is going to happen. For example, I should have gone to church last week, and because I didn't we can predict what will eventually happen.

For another example, a few weeks ago, I predicted that England was about whipped. It is interesting to see how far one can miss in such predictions. England seems to have jumped up the count and found an ally—United States.

But if we are talking of "should haves," we should go back further than the Munich conference. Let us not blame Chamberlain for all this ruckus. What should have been done, it seems to most of us now, was when the other war ceased, that the Allies march to Berlin and stay there with an army making sure Germany did not build up for another war, just the same as the Germans are doing now in Paris. You see, the Germans are a little smarter on that score, or at least, learned from the mistakes of the Allies from the other war.

It would not have mattered much whether the Munich conference was held or not. Hitler and his gang, we know now, were out to conquer the world, or at least the European world. First they tested the reaction with Austria. Then Czechoslovakia, then Poland. First a small bite, then larger. Had France and England declared war at first they might have been whipped worse than they were, for they were unprepared and Hitler was on the line ready to jump. One democracy selling out its smaller friend; if they had wanted to they couldn't have done any different. There might be a man on the other side of the river I think I can whip, but I can't swim the river. So you see, I am not much help to the poor fellow over there that is being abused.

England a Defensive Fighter.

Now that is off my chest, let us predict. It looks now like Hitler is stopped, temporarily at least. We do not quite know what he is up to in the Balkans. There is the advantage of the offensive fighter. He pulls all the surprises. He prepares thoroughly; then jumps. The defensive fighter seldom wins a war; is at a terrible disadvantage. More than that, Hitler seems to have no scruples about boundary lines or about neutral countries. Anything is all right with him if he wins his battle. England, as yet, apparently, is badly handicapped on that score; that is, trying to make war on the square. (Don't laugh at that.)

That is the reason Hitler whipped France, why England is whipping Italy. Even with the benefit of forts and on home territory, the defense has a big disadvantage. England, outside of Africa, is still fighting the defensive. She worries over Gibraltar, Suez, Singapore, the Balkans and the invasion across the channel. She must be prepared for any eventuality on all fronts, expect any kind of a surprise. She worries over bombing, gas and submarines. Hitler sits more or less secure, relatively. It is a wonder to many that England has lasted as long as she has.

That is one of the main reasons why the outlook for England is so dour. Even with Italy whipped, one streak of bad luck, at any of the above mentioned points, would be an awful blow to England. But happy is the thought that as yet, she is still holding fast.

Odds Still on Hitler.

Speaking of Hitler, for the nonce he seems stopped. He seemed stopped too, just before he invaded Belgium and Holland. Lately he has been unable to do anything with Petain and the Vichy government in France. Their navy and army in Africa are his fear there. He has not won the cooperation of Spain and Italy is whipped. Turkey is a worry in the east and might cause war on two fronts which he has tried desperately to avoid. We can't tell. There is always calm before the storm and he is still the offensive fighter; still pulling the surprises. And the Germans are masters at that surprise business too.

It is said too that Europe cannot stand a long stalemate. Even now, in many places there is a bad shortage of food. If this stalemate went on for a few years there would be, many think, all manner of revolutions. Experts think 1941 will settle it one way or another for Hitler knows he must win soon. In that event, anything might happen; any day.

Sitting in the Bleachers.

A fellow said to me the other day, "I don't listen to the war news any more. I am tired of it."

We are all tired of it; wish it was over. But it is an epoch in the world's history. War is the world's greatest game. We living now should get in on it; this event that will be studied second hand throughout the ages. We will get it first hand, that is pretty close first hand, with our radios.

The night of the invasion of Norway and Denmark, I went to bed early and I missed it. The next day in Scotia the first I knew of it, Boo Williams told me. He said he sat up until three o'clock listening to it. I am ashamed that here was one of the biggest events of the world's history and I had carelessly missed it. I resolved not to do that again.

Not long afterward I heard of the invasion of Holland and Belgium. It was late, and the children were in bed asleep. I went and kicked them out so they would hear it. They did not like it very well, but since then they were not sorry. They are about as well posted as their folks.

We listened about four times a day. It is the biggest game in the world, the biggest the world has ever known, involving the biggest stakes the world has ever known. We better not miss it for there is no gate charge. When Hitler invades England, I want to see it, see it as much as I can this far away, and that is quite a lot with our free radios and uncensored press.

February 26, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

One Way to Live
Goes Out to Get In
That Reminds Me
News From Afar

One Way to Live.

Within the last two weeks at least four men have sold their laying hens on the market at the cheese factory. The reason given was that feed was so high and eggs so cheap that in spite of the fact that hens were laying well, more than fifty per cent, the eggs would not pay the expenses.

One of these bunches of hens were the Leghorns with big red combs and white legs. A local man at the edge of town saw them and went home and culled his flock of heavy hens and then culled those in the C. F. coop and traded. He reported that before he got home the new hens had dropped four eggs. He got about two Leghorns for one heavy hen and he reasoned the Leghorns would lay as many eggs or more per hen and eat much less.

He is a poor duffer, working at his trade when he can. He has made a little side line of his chickens and says he makes them pay for his groceries. He has worked up a small business of supplying dressed hens or poultry about town. He has learned to cull his hens and as soon as one ceases laying he butchers her for his clients. He watches the hens at the cheese factory for those he can butcher and also likes to buy roosters for there are some people who want such poultry.

He also prefers to keep mostly Leghorns. He says Leghorn hens are much easier to sell to most people because they are so much cheaper. Buying a big six pound heavy hen runs into a little too much money for many people while they will buy a Leghorn.

Goes Out to Get In.

The men sold fine big laying hens because they were not paying for the feed when eggs now are only 12 cents a dozen. They reason that by spring and summer the egg price may be down to half that price. But the third man had another reason for selling his nice hens. He said that by selling these hens he could get money to buy some more baby chicks "Why don't you keep what you have?" I questioned. "They are laying and that's what most of us keep them for." He replied they were not paying for their feed and the baby chicks would be growing and he thought next fall, when the new chicks started to lay, eggs may be higher.

That Reminds Me.

One man who is one of the biggest chicken men in the county was getting his baby Leghorn chickens last week. Asked if this is not pretty early he replied that now days one has to get them early to get them to lay in the fall, and he says, in the fall, any more, is the time eggs are highest. He hopes to get his new pullets to laying in August and to keep them laying through October, November and December.

The price of eggs may next summer be a question. The government apparently buys cold storage eggs now and then, to help the price no doubt, and then gives them away as commodities. A poultry buyer representing a firm in a near section said that a week or two ago they discovered they had purchased from some source quite a lot of cold storage eggs.

News From Afar.

Mrs. Arthur Hutchins received a letter of sympathy from a school mate of Arthur that many of us had almost forgotten. It was Captain Walter Honeycutt who used to live south of town with his folks where Jim Bremer now lives.

He lives now in California and is captain of the fire department there. He lived here during his youth and many will be glad to hear from him.

Walter had a sister too, named Alice. She married Jack Moulton and they moved to Arkansas. They had two little girls the last we heard of them and then we heard that Jack died.

While Verd Manchester was in California last year, he and Kent were riding around and stopped at a restaurant for lunch. They had no more than sat down to eat than they discovered Mrs. Moulton and her two daughters were the owners.

Walter had heard of the accident over the radio. That too was the case of Charles Sayre who lives in California and of Mrs. Nola Vredenburgh who lives at Long Beach. It was rather coincidental too, on her part, for she seldom listens to the radio or the news broadcasts.

Short Shavings.

At the funeral of Mrs. Mary Clement week before last there were very few flowers. It had been her request before her death that if it became known any one was going to send flowers for them to be asked not to do so, and it was her wish that they use the money they might have spent to help get the missionaries home from China. The orders for several bouquets were cancelled on that account.

Roy Cox was quite insulted the other day. He stopped in a photograph studio and asked about having his and his wife's picture taken. The girl in charge solicited the business by saying, "I am sure we can do a good job for you. We have taken the pictures of quite a number of old folks lately." Roy never thought before he was old but, if he had just remembered, he has several grandchildren.

Rev. Ehret drove to Ord the other day, disembarked from his car and started to the courthouse. He soon found another person was walking with him and then this person was talking very friendly with him. Rev. Ehret never had seen the man before and finally, about as they were to go into the courthouse the man said, "you are the judge, aren't you." Rev. Ehret insisted he was not but he had difficulty making the other man believe him.

Ford Eyerly is leaving next week for a better land, he thinks, Illinois. He is moving to a fine farm there that his brother purchased last year. Although he is making all the plans to move he can hardly stand the thought of it. He is homesick already to stay in this land of his birth. He insists he will be back in a few years when he has made his stake.

March 5, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

News From Afar
We Are Old Folks Now
Short Shavings

News From Afar.

A letter from Paul Robinson at North Platte, with a cartoon picture of himself on the letterhead says that he has been elected one of the seven directors of the N. P. Chamber of Commerce with a membership of 287. Then he was named a chairman of the finance committee and on the executive

board. He wrote more too; that they were recovering nicely from an auto accident they had had, thankful it was not worse. Hurrah for Paul, if he wants to be hurrahed, for this election. I'll speak to the North Loup Community Club and I am sure if Paul needs any advice or help, they'll be glad to supply it.

A card from Mrs. Will Davis, at Union City, Mich., "fanned" me a little, all of which are sweet sounds to my ears. They have been to see Ralph Comstocks and Ned's and seem to like Michigan fine.

A letter from Jim Brannon at Star, Ida., says he has had the rheumatism so bad all winter that he has been unable to work.

A card from Leslie Green says their roads are icy and that their children are teaching in towns nearby.

A letter from Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, living now at Alfred, N. Y., says that he teaches a class in the college there and that he has a "small greenhouse where I play around in the spring. My hobby is dahlia seedlings."

A letter from Rev. Claud Hill had as a postscript, "Not for publication." I'll not copy a word of it but I will say that he seems to be getting along fine in Farina, Ill., maintaining the same popularity there that he did here a few years ago. He seemed to be swamped with his church work, funerals, weddings and banquets.

He sent a copy of a local paper, for which he seemed to be one of the main writers. In it was the report of a banquet given in honor of two men of that town who had been there in business for fifty years. It was a novel idea to me and the thought occurred that the same plan might be worked out in our own communities some time.

Of course I do not know how they decided on those two men but a similar celebration might be arranged and include all the men who had continuous service in the community for fifty years, whether farmers or businessmen.

I certainly hope Claud does not refrain from writing to me again because he said "Not for Publication," but there is hardly a man of the North Loup section any better known over the county than he, and surely a bit of news from him will be very welcome by many. A man as popular as he was must be told about if we can.

A letter from my mother in Long Beach, Calif., says, "It is low where Nola is and the streets are running water but has not got up to the house yet. There is one place that overflows and cars get in too deep and have to be pulled out. Men with old cars and ropes pull out the stalled cars for a dollar each. Sometimes they make \$50 or \$60 a day."

"Carpenters get \$7.00 or \$8.00 a day and nail pounders \$6.00 or \$7.00 now and there is plenty of work for everyone I guess."

Ira (Dutch) Manchester, back for a short stay from Parkdale, Wash., says he has a job there as watchman for a saw mill, but he does not like it there. The climate is not to his liking and it is a fruit and lumber country. I decided there was not so much wrong with the country; that he was just raised different was all; raised in a land of bright sunshine and long vistas and that he was a bit homesick.

He said Paul Gebauer lived there; that he was doing fine and that his asthma does not bother him at all any more.

He said the Chadwicks had mostly moved to California and that Elmo Harley had bought a grocery store in Southern California.

We Are Old Folks Now.

The temporary job in the cheese factory brought me in acquaintance with some pleasing and rather unusual traveling salesmen.

One sold butter and cheese coloring, his territory being every state west of the Mississippi. He tries to cover this twice a year and does for the most part, stopping at all creameries and cheese factories. He traveled over California twice last year.

Another young man from Wisconsin sold rennet and seemed to have a similar territory. Only a few days ago he was married and now he was making a combination wedding and business trip to

California. He introduced me to his bride and when he opened the car door, rice rattled out on the running board. She explained that she did not know if they would ever get the rice cleaned out of their things.

They were a happy couple, well dressed, good looking, and enthusiastic. I wished them a pleasant time and told them of my wedding trip some twenty years ago in an old open Dodge. We drove to Colorado, taking three days for the trip going out. We got a cabin in the mountains and tried to have a good time. But before the two weeks were up we became anxious to get home and get to work; and it was farm work too. We were in such a hurry we drove all night the last day so as to get here quicker.

Short Shavings.

Each day Earl Smith drives his team on an old top buggy (the top broken too) to town where he delivers milk and cream and does other errands. I spoke to him about it the other day, asking the why of it all and he replied, "well, I'll tell you George. I drive them down each day and let them stand around a while just so no one can say North Loup is a one-horse town."

March 12, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Worst Begins When It Is Over
A Rose For Him
Short Shavings

The Worst Begins When It Is Over.

In the various discussions during the last week I heard the following remarks: Roosevelt is trying to make himself a dictator. Hitler will never attack the United States. The sooner England is whipped the better, then there will be peace. We are in war right now. Why should we help England, they didn't even pay their war debt for the other war? I just as soon have Hitler rule us as to have England.

In a few instances, these remarks were made by partisan republicans who could not or would not see any good in any action by a democrat, were that democrat a special envoy from heaven. Those men surely are looking at it wrong. For the most part the members of one party are just as loyal as the other to the United States.

The odds still appear to be with Hitler winning the war. He seems to be still fighting the offensive on the continent; he still seems to be pulling the surprises. But on the other hand he is not progressing quite so fast as at one time when he was knocking down Poland, Holland, Belgium and France as fast as their turn came. His last speeches seemed to have a ring of apology or excuse, trying to explain why he has not done more. His former speeches merely boasted of what he had done and whom he had done it to. He was trying to blame England for continuing the war; for them not making themselves his slaves.

Most everything seems to fall pretty well for the vandal. The rest of the world seems like it is trying to help him along with his program of conquest. He reminds one of a street fight. For example, we have a bully, a cutthroat that can whip any one of a crowd easily. To make it handy for him each one of the crowd steps up in turn to try to whip him single-handed and each in their turn falls. There's a bulldog that grabs his leg and hangs on but still, one at a time each man is whipped easily.

Then each man jumps in and helps, perhaps unwillingly but he does, to whip the bulldog. Should all of them have made a rush for the bully at once, they could have whipped the big guy and put him in his place.

That is a little like we are today. Had all these nations declared war against Hitler at once they could have whipped him sooner or later. But the way they are doing, he may whip the whole crowd, United States included.

Just whether our turn will come next or third from next is a matter of how the cards drop, but who of us is there that thinks Hitler would stop from taking the prize of all the democracies. Should he take England, with all her ships and navy, and airplanes (some we have sent) even if he did not actually invade us, he could make life pretty miserable. And with another view, being in cahoots in this conquering and killing business, one attacking from one side and the other from the other, life for us might be more miserable yet.

It seems the height of selfishness that we stand back and not even loan a sister democracy our equipment whether they pay or not. They are not asking for our men and do not need them. And you know, if England and Greece gets Hitler stopped, we won't have to, looking at it in a more selfish attitude.

It seems funny that anyone living here under our system of free speech and universal vote, in our land of opportunity and education, would say it will be better if Hitler would whip England soon and get it over with. It was not over with in Holland, Norway, Belgium, France or Poland when the conquest was made. It only began then. And then is when it will begin for us.

A Rose For Him.

Now that Irvy Sheldon is moving away, perhaps a little bunch of roses tossed in his direction would be in order, although I'll bet you a nickel if he knew it he would not want them.

It has been years since there has been a man who has helped so many people as Irvy Sheldon. There has been hardly a person in the whole community who has not received credit at his oil station one time or another. He never failed to chip in if anyone was in distress; he has loaned his car and his money. Regardless of how well these people have him back, he can at least have the satisfaction of knowing he has done the Christian act anyway.

He has built up one of the biggest businesses of anyone who ever was on the street. Although he has much on his books in the form of accounts, he is leaving with a lot more money than he started with. It is surely with regret that he is going away.

Short Shavings.

It has been many years since we have had the winter moisture we have had this year. The roads off the gravel are yet a morass and almost impassable. Greeley county roads are the worst, is the opinion of everyone and Valley county people laugh and say it is because of the commissioner system. Greeley county people say it is the commissioner. Paul Jones was over the other day delivering oil. He drives as much as anyone in town and says the road east of the river bridge is the worst by big odds of anything he has seen.

Willard Ingerson has a purebred Black Cocker (water) Spaniel pup and it is a beauty too. It is coal black with tight curly hair and long crinkley ears. I used to have one like that years ago and there came a quaver in my heart beat the minute I saw it. Willard better keep it well locked up; my self control may falter someday and he'll have no more pup.

March 19, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

He Who Goes Borrowing Goes Sorrowing
More of the Same
News From Afar

He Who Goes Borrowing, Goes Sorrowing.

A rather interesting occurrence was told to me the other day by a young fellow who was attempting to finance his farm operations for the coming season. He had struggled along by some cryptic formula the last few years, and had not been closed out yet or taken relief. He seemed to still have the farm upon which he was living in his own name, and that was something.

In the first place the farm loan company had not foreclosed because of delinquent interest and in some manner waived those payments. But to do this they had extracted the promise of the young hero that he would give them a mortgage on his crops when he gets them planted. It seems, crop mortgages are more legal after they are planted than before.

Happy with the thought he could still stay put, he went to the banker where he proceeded to borrow on his cows, horses and junk to straighten past bills that had accumulated. The mortgage was written when our hero discovered that in that mortgage was all the crops he raised. He demurred here but the banker said he would make the mortgage no other way. He said if I did not do that someone else might take your crops and you would have nothing to feed your cattle.

To get that money, which was nearly necessary at that minute, he signed the chattel mortgage but he knew when he did so he should not because of the promise to the loan company.

More than that, he had planned to go to the federal feed and seed loan man and borrow a little so he could plant his crop. He had borrowed there before and he felt sure he could again. But they will not loan without a first mortgage on his crop. He hoped the farm loan company would allow that. He knew now he could not borrow there again without mortgaging his crop twice or three times. He could not buy seed or feed without more money.

The last word I had with him he planned not to plant his farm at all. He had some pasture that would keep his milk cows and horses during the summer, and he didn't know but he might scratch up enough money to plant a little corn and perhaps a few acres of sorghums. But he was still bewildered with the fact that every loan man stood firm upon having a mortgage on his crop when he had not raised one in nine years.

More of the Same.

There has been considerable comment among farmers about the ability to borrow of the man who has just about made it through the drouth. A person who was whipped, for a long time at least, (they say it is different now) could get financed in the Farm Security administration. But to get help here one had to be about to the end of his rope. By the appearances of some who are in that program, they had gone quite a way beyond the end.

To borrow of the bank, one has to give pretty good security, and who can blame the bankers. They require about three to one security and value good horses at \$25 and good cows a few dollars more. It takes a pretty well off fellow to borrow there.

So you see, there is an in between guy, who frequently cannot borrow anywhere. One man really stormed to me about it (as if I had anything to do with it). He said, "Here I've grubbed along until

now, without any mortgages. I have sold my stock until I haven't enough left to borrow at the bank. I never have had any relief (except Soil Conservation checks) but when I tried to get a "rehab" loan I was turned down because I was not bad enough off, and the banker said I did not have property enough left for him to make a loan worth while."

News From Afar.

The following sentences were taken from a letter from Howard Jones of Hood River, Ore. The letter was about the valley there and very interesting but a little too long for my allotted space. Here is a little of it.

"Just noticed your item in your column in this issue of The Quiz relative to Ira Manchester returning from Parkdale, Wash. This is the second time Parkdale has been referred to as being in the state of Washington. It is in Oregon, just 17 miles south of Hood River and located right at the foot of Mount Hood.

"A few months back I spotted a '47' Neb. Car and ran it down and the driver turned out to be the Manchester mentioned above. I did not know him back there but I do now."

Howard goes on at great length telling of the country there and the rain, crops, climate and says, "when it gets hot we go out in the middle of a mile-wide river with the boat to cool off. Fishing isn't exactly bad out here either."

They raise great quantities of fruit there, and before the war shipped much of it to Europe. "At one time we printed invoices and clearance papers in the French language, but no more." He tells of trying to sell the fruit in United States and says, "in fact, you find Hood River yellow Newtowns advertised in the Council Oak Store ad in the same issue of The Quiz I started to write about."

March 26, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Still Looks Bad
Short Shavings

Still Looks Bad.

I was asked the other day by a friend, just why I should keep stating in my war pieces that Germany has a good chance to win the war. This man was a little disgusted with me and my foolish reasoning. For a fact, if I wished, no one could wish harder than I, that England would win. But my wishing did little good in the war with France.

Since the fall of France, many have been trying not to do wishful thinking. Although the disappointment has been just as great as at the time of the fall of France, the shock since, when one nation after another has given in to Hitler and his vandals, was not so great. Today Yugoslavia has given in to Hitler, and we know, to compromise with Hitler is like a fireman compromising with a fire.

Going back a little, before this last war started, Germany was the largest nation in Europe, having some 80,000,000 people. She almost won the other world war, and might have had it not been for blunders of a general or two. She came so near winning it, we were all very worried. Now Hitler has many times more resources than before, considering France, most of the Balkans, Scandinavia and Italy. The blockade of England now is not very effective.

Hitler's air force is larger than England's and the latter has found no effective way to stop bombers. They seem to bomb at night at will. The English bomb back too, But there is so much more of Hitler's land than England that the British retaliation is like destroying one sandburr in an acre patch. At one time England claimed better flyers and planes, but this is not very true. England still has many less.

The sinking of English ships by Hitler's submarines is another thing that may turn the victory. In the last two weeks Hitler's subs have sunk 100,000 tons of England's boats. Even the most hopeful of England's shippers know that at this rate England will run out of ships eventually. If this sinking cannot be stopped, that alone will win the war for Hitler.

United States entering the war (I call it that) may help and may be too late. Even with our supplies, England faces the problem of getting them there. Although we have turned a lot of planes and material to Canada for England, it is said very little proportionally has been sent across on account of the lack of ships.

The invasion of England seems impossible but Hitler might be able to win even without that invasion, by his incessant bombing and sinking of ships. One by one he seems to lay flat the cities of England. The last was Plymouth and there seems to be no stopping him. He does not seem to worry; he seems to know that eventually England will have to give up.

Of course the resources of England are very great, but that does not help much when they are scattered over the earth's surface. I may have a thousand dollars worth of hay, but if it is across the river and the bridge is out, it is of little value to me.

There is yet the hope that something may turn up that we do not know now. If the British Isles fall, there is hope that her ships scatter to the possessions, which is very unlikely. There are hopes Johnie Bull can some way stop the ship sinking before it is too late. There are hopes too that we, the United States, can avoid the terrible war punishment that goes along with Hitler's and Japan's conquest, but that hope too is remote.

Short Shavings.

I have long wondered why bankers take so much pains and time to sort and turn over the paper currency placing every bill with the face up looking straight at them. Sometimes when I was in a hurry I was quite irked at this performance. I was told the other day that the reason was, it is much easier to tell one denomination from another by the face of the bill than the back and less likelihood of miscounting.

And speaking of the banker's time and their business hours— well I guess I won't say it. I have lately become a very good friend of a preacher and consequently tried to reform and cease swearing.

There is an agitation and movement on in the southwest corner of Greeley county to put pressure (with thumb screws) on the County Commissioner and force him to mend his ways or retire. There are many complaints but the main one heard is that he has given the poor so much money he has nothing left for the roads. Well, it's a cinch the roads are in a hellova shape over here, whether poor people are or not.

And for those far away, I will say our ground is so wet this spring there has not been a bit of farm work done yet. Men are repairing their machinery, (their discs and drills) but as yet no one has been in the field. Roads are just beginning to be passable, but in the fields, horses or tractors would sink in the mud.

It is said one farmer (I'll not tell his name here) was trying to haul a load with his tractor and became mired in the field. When he finally gave up to go after a team, only the top of the tractor could be seen, he had dug so low.

April 2, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Health As Well As Books
Town of Letters as Well as Popcorn

Health as well as Books.

Although I mentioned "The Know Your School Club" of the Scotia schools last year, there has been so much publicity in regard to its activities lately that it seems telling of it again would not be out of order.

It is a club very similar to a P. T. A. organization in most schools. Supt. Ebmier seems to have a penchant for good health of his pupils and along with the many other activities, this organization has taken on a health campaign that is quite remarkable; in fact so remarkable that pictures of the work were put in the Grand Island Independent along with a feature article, and from that article Supt. Ebmier has received dozens of inquiries.

To finance this health program there was some cooperation with the Red Cross and the cooperation of all the people. Carnivals, operettas, freak ball games, programs, plays and membership fees all helped along, with the cooperation of practically everyone in the community.

Drs. Cimfel and Hamsa deserve credit too in this program, taking their time as well as doing the work at a cheaper than regular price to help the cause.

And this is partly what they did. Ninety-nine per cent of the children at the school have been given the smallpox vaccination and the diphtheria inoculation. The physical and dental examinations were given to every student and this revealed that 60 had perfect health, 84 were underweight, 18 badly needed glasses, 27 had defective hearing, 83 defective nose and throat and there were 439 teeth cavities. With the glasses and the dental work, the student paid half and the organization half and by the end of the year all these corrections will be made, it is thought. Much of it has been done already. In a few instances where the parents were very poor, the county helped with the necessary expense.

This health program is now in its third year and a marked improvement in the health of the Scotia students has been found to exist. This is not a random statement but the actual figures from examinations reveal this. There has been about as much work done as before but Scotia has a great many students coming in from other districts and it has been found that the per cent of corrections needed for out of the district students is much greater than those who have been under this supervision for the last three years.

The tuberculin test was also given to every student. This proved to be quite revealing for several students who thought they were in good health were found to be reactors. Those reactors were further checked by X-ray examinations and then properly treated afterwards, some even having been sent to hospitals. This was very important, it was thought, for with tuberculosis, many cures can be made in the early stages that could not in the later. When reactor children were discovered, the family at home were urged to come and take the test, which many did, one family discovering they all had the malady.

Not only from the standpoint of local health is this program felt to be worth while but from a national standpoint too. The draftees and men who enlist are finding when they take the health examinations, that many are not in as good physical shape as they thought.

The one thing that makes this program so unusual is the fact that it is almost unheard of in such small schools. Large city schools like Omaha and Denver have done such things and found it worth while but not smaller schools. Most small communities shrink at the thought of such an undertaking and it is by the cooperation of the clubs and people of that section, including Fish Creek, that this was all made possible. It is good in another way too, for it shows, if the proper effort is put forth, our country schools can be put on the same good standards of the larger city ones.

Town of letters as well as Popcorn.

Mrs. C. Switzer, wife of the newly elected manager of the North Loup cheese factory, now living in York, is not only a graduate from (some) university with a master's degree in journalism, but was editor of the Norfolk News for a number of years. She does free lance writing now and is the writer of a column in the Grand Island Independent on child care and raising.

She will find herself not alone in this small town with her hobby—so called. Myra Thorngate Barber has written and had many poems published as well as Mrs. William Burgess. Both women are very interested in that work. There are others too, like Mrs. Jessie T. Babcock who has written historical squibs and biographies. I dare say she has written more biographies than any one in the community and she does a fine job too, I think Clyde Keown too, south of Scotia, likes to make rhymes as well as referee wrestling matches. Mrs. George Eberhart recently wrote and sold a song for publication and I'll bet there are others too, if I could only think of them.

Short Shavings.

Mrs. Delmer Van Horn has a friend who lives in England and they write letters back and forth occasionally. Recently she received a letter from over there and the envelope was the same one Mrs. Van Horn had sent her friend a while before. It had been carefully torn open and saved, and a small patch pasted over the address. All the reason Mrs. Van Horn could think was that there may be a shortage of paper over there besides other things.

A small incident, which wasn't much either, occurred to us the other night. It attended the meeting of the board of directors of the cheese factory and it was about midnight when we finished. Mrs. Gowen was visiting at Mrs. Vedehnal's so I drove that way to pick her up to go home. Mrs. Mills Hill (Ellamae) was there too so she rode along to her home, as Mills was playing at a dance that evening. The next morning Addie rubbered on the phone and heard that a baby girl (named Milliema) was born about three a. m. at the Mills Hill home.

Irvin Thelin gave me a little more light on why bankers always turn currency face up when they count it. He says in his schooling once he took a little training on how to tell bogus money and he says one of the best ways to detect it is by looking at the face of the bill, and especially at the eyes on the man printed there. A counterfeiter seldom can reprint the eyes perfectly, although other parts he can seemingly duplicate to perfection.

April 9, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Strawberry Shortcake

Strawberry Days

Water for the Elephant

Strawberry Shortcake.

Of course we accepted when we were invited to Westly Hutchins for dinner.

I didn't know before that he had a beautiful place. He has ceased his traveling on the road and spends his time now on his little farm west of town. He has bought a garden tractor and can go all over his two acres in about six hours. He doesn't keep a cow or a chicken or a horse, spending his time working on his house and in his strawberries. He said he had strawberries last summer on pancakes at breakfast time, strawberries and biscuits for dinner and strawberries and shortcake for supper.

On the west side of his orchard and strawberry patch he has planted a windbreak. First a row of trimmed Chinese Elm, then a row of Chinese Elm that are not trimmed and in front of that a row of chokecherries. All are growing fine.

To the east of that he has planted an orchard of cherries. These are spaced the proper distance and of different varieties. They are three years old now and he has lost but one and that one was, injured. He does not think the winter has killed any of the trees.

Between these rows of trees he has planted at least five different varieties of strawberries, all marked so he can decide which he likes best. He has Dunlap, Premier, Fairfax, Wazata and Neet. To buy the latter he had to sign a contract that he would not sell or give away or allow anyone to steal any of the plants.

Practically every bit of his land can be and is irrigated. Even his lawn has been leveled and seeded and is to be soaked from the ditch. The large trees on the north side of his place are showing signs of a newer life with their drinks from the ditch after the long thirst. His home is modern and recently redecorated; his car is new, his gun and fishing rod are in perfect order.

What more could a person want. I'd say, especially when you think of the strawberry shortcakes he'll have to live on next summer.

Strawberry Days.

Strawberries have been very profitable for those who had them and could irrigate them. Sterling Manchester, with a new patch, took in over \$1500 from one acre last year and there is one thing about strawberries, it seems like one can always sell them. When Sterling got too many for the local trade he took some to Grand Island and another load to Kearney where he sold them at once.

Another thing that makes the strawberry business attractive is that it gives the ladies of the community a chance to earn a little money for a few weeks. They have a good time picking berries (in spite of the backaches) and some of them make very good wages.

Years ago under the old ditch there were a number of large patches about North Loup and at that time the growers formed a cooperative selling organization and hired a man to act as salesman.

Water for the Elephant.

It seems to be a tremendous job to soak up our sub-soil after the long thirst. Several of the neighbors have been digging (John Kriewald and Claud Thomas were two of them) and they report

fourteen inches of moisture on the level, below which it is dry as powder and about eleven inches of moisture on a south slope. In a rye field south of the road Claud said there was four feet of moisture below which was dry.

It all seems rather peculiar when the roads have been so nearly impassable for so long, but much of the moisture ran from the fields to the roads and to the middle of the roads at that. However, in spite of the dry subsoil, the topsoil is very wet; so wet that no one has done any farming to speak of. Hopes are better than they have been here for many years, and when all is said and done, that is about all we get out of life, is hope.

Many people think this is a late spring and it seems that way to me too. Most good farmers plan to have their barley and oats sown by the first week in April and this year few of them even have their ground disced.

But Hub Thorngate, one of our old timers, says that he remembers several seasons when there was no field work done until later than this. One year he never did a stroke of work in the field until the fifteenth of April and he was one of the first ones in the neighborhood to start at that. Hub was always a good farmer.

Recently a salesman handed me a circular of a new cream separator he was trying to sell me. In it were nice glossy pictures of the separator in action separating cream from the milk of a half dozen cows, the woman (wife perhaps, perhaps not) neat and smiling at the young man standing near by in a spick and span uniform suit, as free from weariness as if he were just ready to go see his best gal—if he were not looking at her just then.

I told my wife we would buy one tomorrow if I could look that fresh and clean after juicing six cows, in the mud. I'd sooner think this young man pictured was a baker or implement dealer, happening out to look over his security or after the payments due on the machine in place of a dairyman. The photographer just got his subjects mixed a little.

April 16, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Sure Cure
Big Source of Income
Road Work

Sure Cure.

I met Claud Thomas on the street the other day and although we live only a short distance apart we had to talk a while. I noticed as we gassed he played with a small object in his hand that had been extracted from his pocket.

"It is a horse chestnut," he explained handing it to me to look at. It was round and smooth like highly polished furniture and I liked the feel of it too. "John Doe just gave it to me and he said if I carried it in my pocket I'd never get the piles."

Claud and I are pretty good at joking with each other and "hee hawing" and we really did laugh then at that fool idea of John Doe. "Yes sir, George," Claud said between laughs, "John really believes that for a fact and he brought that horse chestnut all the way from Greeley (that's not the town) to give me."

We agreed that John was a thoughtful and considerate man and meant well but surely was a little screwy to believe such. We then talked about how some folks carry a piece of potato to cure rheumatism. The rule is if the potato dries up in your pocket you'll have no rheumatism but if it rots, you will have the malady. Of course we agreed that in wet weather when one is apt to have rheumatism the tater would rot and in dry weather when one does not have the umatism anyway the spud would dry up.

Then we laughed a little about other things people carry like Fred East always wearing a horseshoe ring and another man always carrying a Chinese coin feeling as long as he had it he would never go broke and about some folks carrying a rabbit foot. Claud told of a man who said the rabbit foot proved lucky once, if not more times, for that once his wife reached in his pocket to snitch some money from his trousers and feeling that rabbit foot, thought it was a mouse and withdrew her hand quickly, leaving the money, mouse (she thought) and all.

I guess we could have talked such important things for another hour but it came a time I had to get going. I started off and Claud called, "Say, give me back that horse chestnut. I want to try carrying it for a while."

Reluctantly I dug down in my pocket and sorted it out from some other junk and handed it over.

"What the heck is that you have there?" Claude questioned eyeing the assortment.

"That?" I said sorting out a rabbit's foot, and then chucking it quickly out of sight. "You know well enough what that is."

Big Source of Income.

Among a few of the denizens of the village of North Loup it seems like there is a contest as to who can hold the most offices, and to date it is the general opinion that Dr. Hemphill is the first prizer. Bud Knapp and Cliff Hawkes are surely runners-up and Art Hutchins, before his recent death, had them all beat for popularity if getting elected to local offices is any test.

Dr. now is a director of the cooperative bank, the North Loup Building and Loan, the local telephone company, the co-operative cheese factory, was recently elected to the town board and was recently retired from the township board, and this defeat not being a popularity test so it is said, but a little slick politics at the caucus. He seems to win at what ever election he runs.

Cliff Hawkes was recently elected to the school board and the township board (both jobs are very profitable) and he seems to be undefeatable. Bud Knapp surely runs a close second to the doctor as to the number of boards he belongs to, being a member of the co-operative bank board, the Building and Loan, the Cheese factory, the school board and many others.

Adding the income from all these boards to what they already make, these men should do pretty well and pay a big income tax.

Road Work.

I am not sure whether I have mentioned it before or not, but in case I haven't, the roads over my way, in Greeley county are not good. In fact the ditches at the sides of the roads are filled to heaping and the water runs down the center, which makes traveling rather slow and precarious.

One of the many duck ponds is close to Walter Plake's bridges that he has made for crossings. These bridges are useless now as they are designed for the ditches at the edge which are filled up and the mud hole is in front of them in place of under. There is talk around the neighborhood to go there and move those bridges out to the center of the road where they will do some good.

At the guest day club event my wife and Laura Christensen attended and Myra Thorngate Barber took a guest from Scotia, who for some reason, was not introduced to Mrs. Christensen, in spite of the fact they sat at the same table to eat their lunch.

It was not long until someone asked Mrs. Christensen how the roads were over that way. She really need not have been asked for everyone knows they are like a haunt in the night, but I think people just like to hear us Greeley county people rave and tear our hair over the thoughts of them.

Well, so the story goes, Mrs. Christensen answered and really did justice to the occasion. Of course Mrs. C. is a perfect lady and any emphasis she would give her conversation would be more noticeable than even a tirade some might say (I for example). It all went well, the subject finally

changing and after the affair was over Mrs. C. found out the strange lady from Scotia was Mrs. Jake Everett, wife of the county commissioner.

Mrs. C. and my wife talked it over afterwards, and they wondered what they would have said had they known before hand who the strange lady was. Anyway they agreed she said nothing but the truth.

April 23, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

The Other Side

Farm Labor

News From Afar

The Other Side.

I hear much talk about the strikes in the country, all of them to date far removed from anything we have to do with. One person that I talked with goes into a tirade when even mention of the labor union is voiced. Another couple, farmers too and renters to boot, are almost insane over it.

I cannot understand why a farmer, one who may be closed out most any year, would be opposed to the labor unions, for when that time comes, if it does, he surely will not be an industrialist or an employer. The labor unions would do a lot more for him than any employer would, wicked as the labor leaders are.

We must bear in mind too that all the literature and propaganda, outside the labor union publications which we out here seldom see, is strongly against the labor unions and in favor of the employer, and do everything they can to throw a bad light on the labor unions.

We must bear in mind too that there are millions of members in these labor unions, who have fought in our wars and died for our country as bravely as the employers (with all their money) and when we say they are unpatriotic we are talking about (and to) a mighty big portion of our citizenry. It is strange that such a big crowd of people can all be wrong, and the others (a much smaller group) all be right. Bergdahl was not a laboring man.

We must remember that strikes always occur in good times and when there are no strikes, times are apt to be so tough the laborers do not dare to strike.

We must bear in mind too that the employers now are getting to be millionaires at the same time the laborer is asking for his cut in the luscious defense cake the government is passing out.

We must bear in mind too, even if the labor unions go too far sometimes, that before the unions became so powerful there were sweat shops, child labor, long hours, small pay and every abuse to the laboring man imaginable. If you don't believe it read some of Charles Dickens books or about Jean Valjean and the loaf of bread.

Comparing the laboring man with the soldier, and comparing their pay, saying the former should be drafted as well as the soldier, why not include the employer too? Why not pay the stockholder and vice-president \$30 a month? Don't make us laugh. Why not take their profits and dividends made from these defense contracts?

When we fuss about collective bargaining of the laboring men and their unions, let us bear in mind that there are a few others who do a little "getting their heads together." How about the banks, their rate of interest, their charges, their hours? I hear no complaint about them. Doctors, lawyers, dentists,

cream buyers, implement dealers and scores of others seem to have set rates, but when the laboring men get their heads together and try to have a word about what they earn along with the employer, it is a hellova note.

The soldier with his thirty dollars a month, in many instances, is not so bad off either. He has his clothes given him, also his food and shelter. He does not have to know very much; the officers do his thinking for him. In many cases he does better than before he entered the army with his insecure employment and all his expenses to pay.

We live in an immense land consisting of 48 countries, and for eighty years have not had a war. We have strikes and settlements around conference tables and have had a gradual improvement of our poor people until anyone can have an education, until our old can feel secure in their old age even if they have been employees all their life, and until we have the greatest people on earth. Is this not better than wars, industrial wars, social wars such as other, so called, civilized people are carrying on even today.

Farm Labor.

Suddenly there has become an acute labor shortage about here. Farmers are finding it very difficult to get help. One young man who works by the month on farms told me he had eight farmers come to him and beg him to work for them this summer. He apparently was quite a good hand and after a week's consideration he finally took his choice. He said to me he couldn't understand why a person had to work on W. P. A.

Another man, a large farmer, was complaining to me asking if the W. P. A. workers were not supposed to take work if they were offered it. I replied I did not know what they were supposed to do but I knew that any that I had asked would not leave that work to come out on my farm.

All the reasons for this I cannot say but here are a few. Most farmers do not or cannot pay as high a wage as the W. P. A. men get. The hours of farm labor are all the way from 10 (never less) to 18, while the hours of the W. P. A. workers are more humane with days off now and then. And, so I hear, once a W. P. A. worker gets off the rolls he finds it difficult to get back on again so, for that reason, he is a little chary about taking other work. And if I were a W. P. A. worker, which I may be soon, I believe I'd look at it just like he does.

Then usually the living quarters for farm laborers are very poor and small, and he is laid off in the winter or his wages cut to nearly nothing and there is no social security. One cannot blame him for not wanting to take that kind of work when he can do so much better in town on W. P. A.

Some of these days, some organizer will get after the farm laborer, there will be a union formed and there will be one more class of people lifted to their feet. Perhaps it might be better to lift them first, but you know, from past history, that has not been the record of employers, that is, looking out for their help only just as far as this help benefits him.

News From Afar.

Following are a few remarks of my mother, now visiting us from Long Beach, Calif.

"Although I have seen several booms at different places, I never saw one like now is in action in Long Beach. All over the city houses by the dozens are being built. I go to see my daughter every week or so. Between two of these visits, so many houses had been built that I became lost in trying to find her home.

"I was told by a man who I thought should know that carpenters earn \$16 a day and nail pounders \$6 to \$10.

"It is impossible for me to tell a Jap from a Chinaman, and I was told that few others can tell them apart either. But most of the Japs now claim they are Chinamen. There is a strong feeling against the Japs out there and many do not hesitate in saying they will not trade with a Jap under any circumstance.

"It rains a good deal out there: nice gentle rains with no thunder or lightning. For some reason there are apt to be floods but I love these rains and the foggy days; the blue color is so much easier on my eyes than the bright sun for one reason. But I hear more complaint out there about the weather than I do here.

April 30, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Salesmanship
Profiteering
War in North Loup
No Fancy Writing

Salesmanship.

Rather amusing are some of the sales I made in the little second hand joint I operated for a year or two. I have had a number of experiences like the one I will relate here.

I had a small sideboard around the joint for at least six months and in all that time there was not a buyer who seemed at all interested in it. To my surprise one evening a man, John Doe, was looking it over and asked the price. There were several people about. John, after a few minutes walked out.

He had no more than left than Dick Smith stepped up and asked the price, looking it over and said he would take it if he could pay for it next week. I said I would sell it to him and that was that.

In less than ten minutes Doe came back and said he guessed he would take that sideboard. I told him I was sorry but I had sold it. He replied, a little piqued, "you just priced it to me and I went and saw my wife and she said to buy it."

I explained that I had sold it since he left to Smith but I know he (Doe) hardly believed me. Smith stepped up then and said, "Oh, let him have it. I didn't know I was butting in on your deal." I was at a loss to know what to say.

"Naw, you keep it," Doe returned and then those men debated a few minutes who would take it, each wanting to let the other have it. Finally Doe left and the sale seemed to stand with Smith.

The next day Doe called me and then saw me too and said as long as Smith was willing to give the sideboard up, he guessed he would take it. His wife wanted it badly. I was rather pleased for this was a cash deal, so I answered, "All right, but I'll see Smith and tell him so you both won't be taking it."

I saw Smith in a few minutes and told him, "Doe has decided to take the sideboard, and I thought I better let you know."

"Oh gosh," he answered quickly, "I can't give it up now. I told my wife and she is all excited over it. I'll have to take it now."

And the funny part of it was I had that sideboard for six months without one person asking the price.

Profiteering.

By some hook or crook my mother, then in Long Beach, bought some two cent stamps thinking they were threes. She did not look at them closely and proceeded to mail her letters with them. One came through to me without a hitch but the second one was held up in the Long Beach post office.

I at once dropped a card telling her to do that no more and when she realized what she had done she knew she had sent a number of letters out with only a two cent stamp on them. She went to the post office there, wanting to put on the other stamp but the clerks there, rather indolently too, she thought, said they could do nothing about it. The sendees would have to mail back the other cent to get the letters. This embarrassed my mother considerably, but she could do nothing about it.

They wrote me a card for the second letter, telling me if I would send them another cent stamp they would then send my letter to me. I did not have a one cent stamp but I did have a 1½ cent one so I

put it in a 3 cent stamped letter and mailed it to them. Those folks in Long Beach must be a thrifty lot for they traded the 1½ cent stamp I sent for a one cent, pasted it on my letter and mailed it out. They made ½ cent on the deal anyway.

War in North Loup.

The other evening while Guilford Hutchins was playing the radio the lights went off. His thought was that he would just leave the radio turned on so he would know when the current returned; in fact he just turned on a little extra volume so he would be sure and hear it.

Well, they just sort of forgot about the lights and the radio too and after a little while went to bed and went to sleep. This they did in a conscientious and sincere manner, really doing justice to the sleep occasion, until suddenly the current came on again.

Mrs. Hutchins raised up in bed and Guilford was a close second to that position. They could hardly believe war had broke out at their home and so the only conclusion was that there was a cyclone. Mrs. Hutchins did not say she buried herself under the covers again, but she was scared enough to do it. Guilford pretended afterwards he was calm as a bottle of grape pop, but Mrs. Hutchins winked at me when he was telling it, not wanting of course to start an argument.

Anyway, they finally reasoned out, the terrible noise was only the radio, tuned to a silent station and the static playing the overture.

Bravely, but with trembling knees, Guilford walked out and turned the thing off.

No Fancy Writing Here,

How many of you noticed the color of the snow that fell so wet and thick a week ago Saturday? I was one of those people who was out in the storm. I thought when I got stuck about the tenth time that I was the biggest chump ever. I am not sure about that now looking back. I had been invited out to dinner; my errand was not simply some dinky business deal.

Well, the mud was bad under the snow; the water even ran if there was slope enough. And the snow would ball and pile up in great gobs in front of the car so that every little way I had to get out with scoop and throw it aside.

And there is where I saw the color of it. As I would break the snow apart to scoop it back I would see it was a beautiful light blue, like the sky on a bright day, or like rinse water after it is blued, or like the color of my wife's eyes when I used to look into them long ago.

I had never seen anything like it and called her out of the car to see it too. I did not know, but it was the heavy amount of water the snow contained. The sun had nothing to do with it for the sky was overcast.

Adelaide said she never had seen anything like it either, but she recalled of having read in a story of Alaska, about the blue snow there. At the time she thought it only fictitious, or some author trying to write pretty phrases.

I assured her writers never do that, and especially writers for the Quiz.

May 7, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

News From Afar
More of the Other Side
Short Shavings
More or Less Personal

News From Afar.

There has been a good bit of anxiety about Dr. Grace Crandall for some time until last week her sister, Mrs. G. L. Hutchins received a radiogram saying she (the Dr.) had arrived safely.

We will recall that Dr. Grace Crandall is the missionary who was in North Loup last summer from China, and who spoke several times in both Ord and North Loup.

Last fall she returned to Shanghai where her mission had been. She found the church used now as a garage and the hospital ransacked. She was not even allowed to look around at the ruins.

She decided then to go west into the interior of China where there were no Japanese to tear up her buildings and where she might carry on her life's work. It would take a good deal of fortitude for a 2/[sic] year old lady to undertake a new venture like this, but she is doing it anyway. She told her adopted Chinese daughter, We-ze (a girl whom Dr. Grace has educated to a doctor's degree) her plans. At first We-ze did not think she would go and Dr. Grace would not urge her to. But she went, when the time came, so these two women doctors are venturing off into the depths of China, where there are no other doctors, no medicine, no English speaking people and where the language is a dialect they do not know.

A letter from Foochow of three closely written pages reads like an adventure story, which it is, and I'll give you a few sentences from it.

"The trip over the mountains was marvelous but, oh, the steps to climb up and down those passes. There were three very high passes and all stairs from bottom to top and down again, centuries old. There were many steps where it was so steep that it seemed as if one would go down head over heels. But the views! The pass looked down upon Min Valley and the region about Foochow. It was a marvelous sight with the mountains all misty in the distance. We had little sunshine since we left Shanghai and I'll be glad to be getting on."

"They have much fine fruit here and vegetables. It is semi-tropical; flowers like iris, calla lilies, nasturtiums, roses and many different kinds are in bloom now; oranges and grapefruit are hanging on the trees. It is very lovely."

"From here we have 24 hours to go up the Min river by stream launch, then two days overland by truck and about 15 miles carry to the place where we shall live."

At another place she says, "We have 11 pieces of baggage with us and then 19 cases of medicines, supplies and M. D. books which are coming by freight. Where we are going it will be impossible to buy our supplies so we had to bring them." At another place she says much of this freighting is by coolies, that is carrying it on their backs.

"Mr. Lacy has a letter saying that a house has already been engaged for us where we shall be by ourselves and I hope to have a garden for I have garden seeds with me. I hope to live off the products of the land mostly. Maybe a goat for milk."

At another place she tells of trying to make the trip by boat but was unsuccessful and had to return to try again by overland. She said the boat was so crowded with people they lay all over the deck and she and her daughter, who had a cabin, when they came out had to step over people lying about. She said it was cold and rainy and these people suffered terribly.

At one place some Chinese soldiers came on board to look around for Japanese spies. They were not aboard long until a Japanese garrison stopped them and some of their soldiers came on board looking for Chinese soldiers. The latter were hustled down into the hole of the ship where they changed clothes and their uniforms hidden. They were undetected but for a few minutes there was a good deal of tension. This was on the Yangtze river.

More of the Other Side.

One of the nicest letters I ever received arrived today from Irvy Weed of Green River, Wyo. After some of the comments and jeers handed me about my squib on "The Other Side" of the labor question, this letter was like a plunge in the river on a hot day.

Here are a few lines from it: "My sister, Mrs. Doc Roby, sends us the Quiz. I just finished reading your piece and I sure hope it soaks into a few of those old hard heads back there. Some of the articles I read show that the author does not know the first thing about labor unions and after all, all the members are not a bunch of Nazi 5th columnists.

"People holler their head's off about the unions but I have been a union man for the last four years and hope I always remain one. Of course, like anything else, there are things that come up that I do not approve of, but on the whole, the unions are all right.

"I belong to the A. F. L. and naturally, have no use for John Lewis and the C. I. O. I think they want more than their share, but still I am for organized labor.

"Most everything in Wyoming is organized, especially skilled labor, and we don't have any trouble. I am a member of the local union 2025 Green river and am treasurer. We tell our contractor what the wage will be and he figures the construction job accordingly, so consequently there is no strike for higher wages, and he profits too. I have worked for the same lumber company for about three years and have had only one full week off.

Our wage scale is \$1.12 per hour or \$9.00 for an eight hour day, time and a half on Saturdays and double time for Sundays and holidays. I have made as high as \$22.50 in one day.

We like Wyoming fine."

Short Shavings.

For fear I have not mentioned it before, the roads east of the river bridge are not so good. It is four miles to my house from North Loup, two miles on the gravel in Valley county, two miles on dirt road from there on.

And just to illustrate how bad they are I will give Ed Knapp's version of it. He claims it is the worst road he travels over. Although there are no mud holes and the tracks were all hard, he claimed he burned two gallons of gasoline traveling to my place from North Loup and back, a distance of eight miles.

Now there is one of two things, either this two miles of road is pretty bad or his car is a gas burner of the first order and he should have it fixed.

The pennycrest weed is growing now, and it taints the milk something awful. The agriculture experts advocate mowing these weeds in the pastures to kill them out. One farmer said the terrain was too precipitous for the successful operation of a mowing machine so he was just turning his milk cows out in the pasture, and he had it figured they would eat the weed until they had them killed. This, he reasoned, was much the easiest way to eliminate the weed.

Almond Stiliman, visiting here from Southern California, says there is the biggest boom ever out there. There is a bad labor shortage and contractors are running want ads in the papers begging for help. Anyone can get from one to a dozen jobs every day if he wants it.

He says it is much different than for several years past when there has been so much labor surplus that one was lucky to get anything to do. He feels there will be a big let down when this boom is over.

More or Less Personal.

My mother, visiting us from California, 72 years young, can and does do more work than I can. (Perhaps I better say than I will.) I reprimanded her a little for it the other day and she replied she wanted to earn her board and room.

I replied, "That's a fine spirit. I wish you would for that's more than any of the rest of us have done for the last nine years."

May 14, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Pegged Farming

Strawberry Days

The Other Side

Short Shavings

Pegged Farming.

Prosperity seems to have arrived in this country. Although most people have had nothing to sell yet, things surely look brighter. Along with the rains, the government has pegged the price of butter, eggs and pork, and corn was pegged because of the loan feature the government established before.

Farm labor has become scarce and cattle prices are good. The ground is wet and everyone is of better spirits.

The ultimate results of this price pegging is difficult for an ordinary duffer like myself to predict. Never before in the history of the world has price pegging of farm products been successful. There was always hell to pay in the end. Whether these fellows in charge can do a better job or not, we'll find out before long.

Already there are repercussions and rumblings. For example butter has been pegged but the price of cheese has not. Both are made from milk and one is a competitor of the other. For the cheese factories to get milk they have to bid against the price of butterfat for butter or the producer will not sell to the cheese factory, and frequently the cheese market will not warrant the high price the butter men pay, all on account of the government peg.

Brood sows have become suddenly in demand on account of the peg and many people are keeping more than usual. Milk cows are selling higher too but it is a slower job to get into the milk cow business than into hogs and chickens. Butterfat is the highest for many years.

Some are yelping that the peg should be higher; some say other things should be pegged to keep them in line with the three or four commodities that are pegged. There are millions of bushels of corn in storage already from the government loan peg (so called) and the government is surely in a quandary to know what to do with it all. If it were dumped on the market now, even gradually, the price would slip to Hoover levels in these good Democratic times.

The government pegged eggs to 23 cents when they were 10 and 11 cents with too many eggs in the country. Before the peg there were plenty of baby chicks in the hatcheries for everyone, but suddenly, the hatcheries were all sold out, especially with Leghorn chicks, or of the egg laying breed. Surely there will be millions more hens raised and millions more eggs laid and put onto a market that was glutted already.

The excuse for this pegging was that eggs, pork and butter would be sent to England and also bought and fed to the relief people as commodities, thereby using up the surplus. This might hold the price up if England does not surrender too soon. Hitler says he will whip England this year and what ever he has said he would do, except to whip England, he has about done. There is quite a possibility that he might whip England anytime.

With all the extra hens we have on hand and all the extra hogs and brood sows, what will happen to the market should England fall? What would happen should England win soon? It is a little too deep a problem for me but it is nice as long as it lasts.

Strawberry Days.

The strawberry beds around North Loup are getting more numerous all the time. There must be at least ten acres by now. Merrill Anderson has just set out 3 acres and Cloyd Ingerson one. Sterling Manchester has one or more, W. T. Hutchins one, Gus Wetzel one or two besides some small patches. The money Sterling Manchester took in and made from his one acre last year started the ball rolling.

Some think the market in another year will surely be flooded; others think the more berries, the better. The people in this nearby territory cannot eat all these berries, that's a cinch. But so far there has been no trouble selling them if they were taken a short distance. Sterling sold berries in Kearney, Grand Island and Burwell at good prices last year when he could not move them in North Loup. He took an auto load to Broken Bow and sold them all to one man.

It is thought in another year some sort of a marketing arrangement will be made and with all these patches there would be enough berries to load a truck and make it worthwhile for the trucker to peddle the fruit to more distant places.

The Other Side.

There is an important "other side" to this hog buying question of which the Ord Chamber of Commerce so nobly sent a protest to Joe and the legislature. I am not trying to decide what is best but it is not, by any means, a one sided affair.

The local buyers, including Bert Cummins (I sold him five hogs the other day) buy hogs about forty cents under the Omaha top. My father used to buy hogs the same way, (so did Otto Hill) although they paid about 70 cents under the top and if the market did not break, they could then ship those hogs to Omaha and profit a few dollars. There the packers bid (pretended to at least) against each other and if the demand was good the price went up and if not went the other way.

But late years the packers make contract with the local buyers and the hogs are shipped direct to them, sometimes to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver and to Omaha. These hogs are never sold at competitive markets and are paid for always on the basis of the Omaha top, all of which they are kept away from and consequently where that top can be more easily hammered down.

The packers get most of the hogs because they cannot be shipped to Omaha for 40 cents. Of course the supposition is that the packers are doing a grand thing for the producers buying on a 40 cent basis, while actually, by doing this, they are more easily enabled to hold that Omaha top market down and make a good deal more than the difference between the 40 cents and the 70 cents.

There was a time in the country when every farmer raised a bunch of hogs and they were called the mortgage lifters. Hogs were a sign of prosperity and good management. Late years the price of hogs has been so poor they changed from mortgage lifters to mortgage makers and many farmers ceased to raise them at all.

Whether this direct buying of hogs was the cause of this decline of hog profits or whether it was only a coincidence, I do not know, but I do know both began about the same time.

I am not so sure I'd sign a petition to send to Joe about this hog buying affair. I believe he is smart enough to do what is best without my put in.

Short Shavings.

It has been told around that the lady at Tekamah whom Harry Johnson married is wealthy. Whether or not she is, they attended the Kentucky Derby while taking a wedding trip in the South, and for a fact, to do that, they would have to have more money than I have right at this minute.

Greeley county, or the commissioner, or someone with a big cat and grader, is grading the roads east and north of the river bridge. I do not know whether I have mentioned it before or not, but those roads were surely gosh awful.

May 28, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

A Longer View

School Notes

Duck Soup

A Longer View.

The winnings of Adolph Hitler and his gang are discouraging to us peace-loving and liberty-loving people. Lindbergh and Wheeler, we get to thinking, are too near right, but apparently our president and the most of us are taking a longer view of this war situation.

Hitler may take all of Europe, as he has most of it taken now. He might take Gibraltar and the Suez with possibly no more loss than when he took Greece. The British Isles may fall too and if they don't they may be annihilated. Russia may give in, for it looks like Stalin is more afraid of Hitler than anything else.

But even then, that is a long way from taking the Western Hemisphere. It is generally supposed if Britain falls, their navy will go to Canada and Australia or other British possessions. They have promised never to turn it to Germany and they usually keep their word. Canada and Mexico are cooing up to U. S., already and Australia will too, far in preference to chance of going it alone and having Japan conquer their continent. South American nations are showing a more friendly spirit toward the United States the last year.

Along this line it might be said that neither Hitler nor his gang are sailors. They never were or never will be. They can fight on land but are stopped by the sea. They are even stopped by twenty miles of the English channel. The British have long been the world's greatest seamen. Americans, too, who are sons of England, are sailors, the like that was never known or never whipped. They even whipped the English a few times and Paul Jones an American, when most men would have given up or scuttled their ship (like the Germans do), "had just begun to fight."

A combination of the U. S. navy and the British navy, along with an organization of the democracies of the Western Hemisphere would be a hard nut for even Hitler to crack. And more than that, much of the Europe he has taken and plans to keep, will have to be held, for those people of France, England, the low countries, Norway, Denmark, and others are not in the habit of being under totalitarian rule and it will take a long time to bring them willingly to it, if they ever are.

Hitler, too, will not live forever. It is doubtful if he can arrange a successor that will fill his place. Napoleon, Alexander or Caesar did not. Their organizations fell with them. Democracies, at least those of Great Britain and the United States have proved to be more perpetual than one-man governments ever were. By the time our turn comes in Hitler's line of march, something may happen to him. Surely he and his band of vandals, their hands smeared with blood, cannot go on forever.

It seems to be the opinion of Roosevelt and the most of the people that we better help the cause now—throw our weight in with those in distress—than to wait our turn and be stricken down so easily as France, Greece and the dozens of other small countries.

Yes Hitler has been very successful. He has taken all the little countries near him, whipped all the small fellows who did not have a chance in the first place. Hitler has taken France, too, a country that was divided among itself and consequently weak. But he has not taken the one or two prize packages, the one or two that he has to take before he will have his own way, the one or two that will forever be a thorn in his side—Oh yes, who are those one or two? They are Great Britain and the United States, of course.

School Notes.

Albert Babcock (Bab), who is the "validict" at the North Loup school this year, has received 30 A's out of the possible 32 in his four years. He not only earned those grades but he has been a star footballer, has worked after school and Sundays at the Farmers Store, and has taken his part in most other activities of the young folks in school and church.

Beckie Kriewald, who lives closer to N. L. than any other town, was the salutatorian at Scotia.

Ruth Cook, daughter of Will Cook living one mile east of N. L. is a high school student of the Scotia schools and has been all along. She is a sophomore.

Duck Soup.

Among the many other activities of Vern Robbins, he has now gone into the duck business. Somewhere he bought two ducks for 45c and turned them loose on his ranch east of town where the Mira Creek winds its way (gently).

Now these ducks swam up and down the creek and each morning planted two or more eggs on the hay pile back of the barn. Vein, of course, has consequently eaten duck eggs for breakfast ever since.

He has eaten one or two or more ducks and sold one or two for fifty cents apiece and when his profit and loss sheet was made for his duck department, it was very much in the black.

I told Vein that I lived on that place once and I also had ducks, but mine would swim off up or down the creek and forget to come back sometimes for several days.

"Oh," he replied, "Mine do too. Sometimes we do not see them for several days but they always come back after while, and the best part of it is, they always bring one or more new ducks along with them. One time they even brought four extra ducks home with them."

June 4, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Poultry Column
Short Shavings

Poultry Column.

Several people have inquired of me lately about raising their little chickens, as if I should know more or have any better luck than many others. However I was at a poultry meeting in Greeley county held by J. H. Claybaugh of the University extension department and here are a few things I learned.

He gave us a formula for mixing a mash for poultry called Nebraska Dry Mash Formula No. 8 which anyone can get from the county agent or the university, and which is pretty long to give here.

The University people have used this mash for nine years and they feed it to old laying hens, baby chicks and growing chicks. They feed it to turkeys, too, but Mr. C. said they found it better to increase the protein for the turks. One can start the chickens with this mash and it need not be ground.

fine. Chickens really prefer the coarser grinding and when a few months old can be fed whole grain very well.

Mr. C. advocated several neighbors go to the elevator and contract with the manager to grind and prepare a ton or more and the buyers then figure the cost for their own share. Also a person can buy his feed and in a wagon box mix one half ton easily. Scooped over a time or two in the wagon and again in the bin, it is mixed well enough, and the price of this feed is reasonable.

Mr. C. said one should build a cheap summer shelter and take the pullets off to some alfalfa patch or grove away from the old hens, until they are about six months old and ready for the laying house. He advocated feeding whole grain and growing feeds, not trying to make the pullets lay much before six months old for Leghorns and seven for heavier breeds. Pullets laying early usually lay small eggs and do not lay so long later in their life.

He said, too, one should start soon to culling his laying flock, selling a few every week, in place of all at once later. Watch for the hens with the yellow legs or any that seem to be in any way not well. Kill any sick hen for fear she might spread some disease and sell any hen that ceases laying early. He said trapnesting had proved that the hen that lays good in the summer also is a good winter layer and vice versa. Even with the price of eggs up, one cannot afford to feed hens that do not lay.

If you want to keep old hens over, one might stop culling when the hens have laid about ten months, keeping those that are left. All of them will molt sooner or later but it is the later molters only that are worth keeping over. He said usually, unless one is keeping hens for breeding purposes, it would not be wise to keep more than 25% of the old flock over.

Paint the roosts and coop with a wood preservative such as creosote for mites, and dope each hen with blue ointment for lice. A small pile of sand or gravel is good for grit, and shell maker, perhaps to produce better eggshells.

If one raises forty pullets from a hundred baby chicks that is very good, and the University has done better than that, feeding nothing but the mash formula No. 8.

Short Shavings.

Ruth Babcock was showing me a picture of Shirley Lane of Scottsbluff, who graduated this year and was valedictorian at that place, in a class of 200. Now that is something, I'd think. Miss Lane is the daughter of Earlo Lane, who lived here for a few years, and Mrs. Lane was Elsie Van Horn, who was raised here.

In Believe It or Not picture last week there was a drawing of a stingless bee developed by Dr. L. R. Watson of Alfred, N. Y. It happens Dr. Watson is a very close friend of Rev. Ehret and was deacon of the latter's church in New York.

He lived neighbor to Rev. Ehret and was known the country over for his bee knowledge. He had been called to Washington and different states about bees and had had men sent from Japan to consult him. He worked out a way of artificial insemination of bees so he could keep the strains pure. Rev. Ehret was with him when he found his experiment had worked and Rev. Ehret said that man, fifty years old, was as tickled over it as a child. When the Agricultural Department heard of his success they called him to Washington for consultation. He was treated royally there and would have been given a nice job had he not been two years too old.

Win. Schudel drove up in the sandhills somewhere to look for a milk cow he heard was for sale. When he arrived and looked the herd over he found the owner had 12 milk cows and not another head of livestock on the place.

Bill asked what he did with the skimmed milk and the owner said they fed it back to the milk cows after separating. Bill picked on one cow but the wife did not want to sell her very badly because that cow drank the skimmed milk the best of any in the herd. She said some of them objected to the milk lately because it tasted of weeds.

Now maybe this method of feeding cows is common practice, but I had not heard of it before.

Rev. Ehret never saw listed corn before he came here to Nebraska last year.

Many people have lost some of their Chinese elm trees this spring. Wes Hutchins had quite a few at his place but he says he will never set out another because he has lost so many. Another person who

has several large ones, and lost some too, showed me where some sort of borer has been working on them. A third person said the only reason why they should die that he could see was that there was too much moisture this year. They are supposed to be drouth resi stant.

There are three varieties of trees safe to plant in this country. The cottonwood for the lower and more wet locations; the hackberry and the cedar. All others just die too often for safe planting. It is no pleasure to plant and nurse a tree for a number of years just to have it die as it gets to a nice size.

June 11, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

From the Mail Bag

School Notes

More Letters

From the Mail Bag.

The following is a letter written by my mother to her grand children upon her departure to Long Beach, Calif., after visiting here a few weeks.

Thursday, May 10: 4:35 o'clock. We are going into a terrible storm and I can smell the dust. Do not know what is coming. It surely looks fierce. We are somewhere between Sidney and North Platte. It is so dark that the porter has turned on the lights and the train is slowing up.

Julesberg 5:10: It has commenced to rain hard and the train is just creeping along. It is hailing fine hail now. The car for mothers and children is just ahead of us. They are going through now to dinner. They are nice but no nicer than some others I know. All the mothers wear costume jewe lry, either pins or necklaces.

It is 6:30 and we are between Evanston and Ogden where I honeymooned 44 years ago. This country is vastly green—not rocky mountains—and small plateaus cultivated, with snow capped mountains in the distance.

The Salt Lake Valley is one of the finest I ever saw, commencing narrow with small patches of level land and widening at the Great Salt Lake and snow capped mountains on each side. Then at the west growing narrow again, makes it surely something to see and remember.

Stockton, U., 5002 feet. The grade was so steep they had to have another engine to push or pull. A beautiful valley but no nice home or farms. The conductor says the reason is there is no water. It is green and lovely now.

Tintic 1:10 in the desert. Wide valley but all sand and sage brush. Just returned from lunch. There are 25 cars on the train and I walked through 13 to the diner. We had fresh salmon with little tomato sauce mixed with onions, mashed potatoes, spinach, pie, 2 cups of coffee, bread and butter and all for 40c.

Milford 3:30. Desert only but mountains in the far distance. Not a living thing in sight for hours but a minute ago we passed a man standing by a sage bush. He could not have been lost for the railroad was near but the desert looks more lonesome than before and makes one think of stories I have read about being lost in the desert.

It is now 3:45. Just saw three calves and a small shack. Someone must live here. Four o'clock: Now I see a small oasis and two calves so I expect someone is near.

It is now 4:10. Stopped only a minute at Milford. The desert goes on, miles in every direction. Sand, sand, no sage even, but in the distance I see a shack. Just saw a tent pitched and an old auto nearby. Must be another oasis.

Caliente, 7:00 o'clock: The road is so crooked here that we often see both ends of the train and think we are coming back. Just creeping up the grade and all around great stone mountains. The highest stone mountains are so close that they shut off the light. Two tunnels in 20 minutes. Cannot see the top of the mountains.

Just passed two railroad houses built on the sides of the mountains. A young woman sat on the steps with 3 babies. Near the top of the mountain on a ledge stands a mountain goat as calm as need be, and how do they get there? Another tunnel. Now I can see both ends of the train. Another goat on a high cliff.

It is now 7:30 and the mountains are getting a little smaller. Another tunnel, and another. Now seeing both ends of the train.

Just getting out of Caliente and it is getting dark. Will try and sleep tonight and be in Los Angeles in the morning.

It is Saturday morning about 5:30. We are in the great mountains again; now out in a side valley. Now San Bernardino (5:40) where there is a very nice depot. The Santa Fe stands on the tracks. Seventy minutes to Long Beach.

Everyone is dressed up to get off this morning and most women wearing slacks and all of them costume jewelry. Many going to the diner now. We are thirty minutes late.

The City of Los Angeles (a train) is all low yellow cars. A young man out with a hook to catch the mail. A long train and very dirty. It must have rained along the route.

Riverside 6:16, where the Mission Inn is. Pomona, fruits and nuts.

About home now. And still it isn't home to me and I'm afraid it never will be. In fact I'm leaving home and am always counting the days until I'll be going back. Too many years living in Nebraska I guess; too many memories. Memories of covered wagons, prairie fires, grasshoppers, drouths, of Indian scares, dugouts, floods, sod houses and the throes of a new country. For some reason, after having lived 69 years in a place, watching and helping it grow from a great sea of waving grass four feet high to a modern civilization of fine gardens and irrigation canals, it is hard to get pulled away.

Love, Grandma.

School Notes.

Beckie Kriewald found out the Monday before she graduated from the Scotia high school this year that she was to be the Salutatorian of the class. She did not tell her folks a word of it and they had no idea she was an honor student until her name was read at the commencement exercises.

Someone said they sat near Si and his wife and he had nearly dozed off to the land of nod when suddenly he began to perk up and a smile came over his face that pricked his ears. Well, I'd think that would bring joyfulness to his soul, a surprise like that.

Two weeks ago I got things a little twisted when I said Ruth Cook is the high school student of Scotia. Now maybe that is right but it does not sound like I meant it. I meant she is the Scotia school's high student.

More Letters.

A fine letter was received from Ed Helbig the other day. Ed has been on the shelf lately and time to read and think perhaps more than before. At any rate he did not think quite like I do about the war business, and told me a few things. That's all right. I'm not sure but I agree with him today. I change my mind so often about this war business that I can't quarrel very long with anyone.

June 18, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

Believe It or Not
A Crop for Time Eternal
Short Shavings

Believe It or Not.

A Believe it or Not incident has been reported to me, happening as I took it to Hank Leggett the fisherman, and as far as I am concerned I believe it, every word of it, that is, every word of most of it.

It seems that Hank sort of got suspicious that some of the folks were not taking quite seriously enough the reports he gave of the size of the fish he was catching so he went and bought a nice small set of scales, something like the vegetable scales in the grocery stores, with a nice chain so he could hang them on a nearby branch and as he yanked out his fish, he immediately weighed them, writing the weight down in a small book something like Earnest Coats weighs the milk from each of his nice yellow cows, after he yanks the milk out, or like Ernest ought to weigh it.

Well, up in Minnesota there was an Indian guide and neighbor who took a strong fancy to those scales and one night he asked Hank if he couldn't borrow them that evening. Of course Hank said he could and in the morning when the Indian returned Hank asked him how much the fish weighed that Mr. Indian had caught.

The Indian grunted a few times and smiled and finally said that it was not a fish he was weighing, but that at his house, or tepee, the day before there had been a baby born and he took the scales to weigh it.

"Oh! that was it eh?" Hank returned. "Ha ha. A new little papoose eh. Fine. And how much did it weigh?"

Indians don't very often smile, but this one did, for he was proud of his little offspring, which was not so little either considering its age, and he replied that it weighed exactly 25 pounds. Now there is the Believe it or Not part, that new born baby weighing 25 pounds but the Indian insisted that was absolutely right according to this nice new set of scales of Hanks

A Crop for Time Eternal.

On the place one mile north of Main street at North Loup, belonging to Hillis Coleman and Hugh Adams, George Maxson, 13 years ago, set out a large windbreak on the west and north of Chinese elms and they all have died this winter. They are large trees now, some 30 feet high.

I was as guilty as George for swallowed the ballyhoo on the radio and in the seed catalogues that the Chinese elms were the only tree for this drouth country. We might have known better than to experiment with an unknown and untried article where there is so much involved as there is to setting out a tree or a windbreak. Setting out a tree is not a one year crop but a crop that runs into many years or, to time eternal perhaps, like the Redwoods.

We have trees that have been tried and proven and will stand the rigors of this climate, trees that are many years old and still alive; trees that have not disappointed us when some quirk of our weather turns. We must remember too that the better the article the more it costs and the longer it takes to get it, and trees are no exception. The slower growing trees are always better in the long run and stand the grief the best. And so we get down to two or three or a half dozen tried and proven

varieties like the hackberry, the cedar and the cottonwood in the low places. Of course these trees have their faults, but a live cottonwood with the cotton for a few days is better than a dead Chinese elm and very few hackberry, cottonwood or cedars can be found in the country that are dead. After all, these three varieties come as near being native to this country as any tree there is and perhaps that is one reason they stick. It is a cinch they didn't come from China.

Years ago, on the place belonging to Robbins now, I planted nearly every kind of tree I could find. For years I carried water in buckets to those trees, nurturing and struggling with them until when I left that place there were nice large trees all about the house.

Driving by there now, I notice nearly every tree has died that I set out except two hackberry trees that were south along the road and alfalfa patch where they were sadly neglected. But they were made of the right stuff in the first place; they were natives to this country; they were built to stand the grief this country dishes out, and without someone taking the axe to them, they will probably be there, alive too, a hundred years from now.

Short Shavings.

At the R. E. A. exhibit and fair held west of Grand Island last week, every conceivable electric machine one could think of for the farmer was on display there, including washing machines, refrigerators, stoves, mixers, pumps, yes, everything except one—the electric chair.

Max Klinginsmith has planted one field of corn three times and plans to plant it again, all on account of the cutworms.

There are many more birds here this year than for a long time. Clarence Bresley thinks tile dams built about help the bird population, because around them he says there are hundreds of birds where there used to be none.

And I say, that is one good thing to say for the dams for the more birds we have the less grasshoppers and cutworms there will be.

June 25, 1941

The Ord Quiz

A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Written by George Gowen

4-H Club Trouble
News From Afar
Short Shavings

4-H Club Trouble.

A rather interesting incident was told me the other day by the father of a calf club boy.

The boy decided to join the calf club and the family being not too rich looked over their own herd of Holsteins and the old man told the boy he would sell him, on time of course, a nice heifer calf from their best cow, for fifteen dollars. This price was not too much but of course, the old man would go more than half way with his own son.

The boy diligently kept track of the feed but the Dad became interested too in the calf and would toss in an extra ear of corn now and then and in feeding it milk he always gave it a big helping until the heifer bloomed into the best one on the farm, and probably as nice as was on many farms. The old man, one might infer, was caring for the calf as much as the boy.

In the dairy calf division, these projects carry for two or three years, until the calf becomes a mature cow or heifer and so did this boy carry on until a neighbor came along one day and offered

eighty-five dollars for it. The boy being more of a business man than he was a calf member decided to sell out, take his profit which was rather good by then, and buy a gun and a few other important articles so necessary to a boy's existence. He proceeded to go and tell his father of his decision.

"By Golly you aren't going to sell that heifer," his father answered hotly. "Why, that's the nicest cow on the place."

"But it's mine," the boy said. Then upon second thought he decided to be good to his father, like all boys should be. "I'll tell you, Dad. I'll just sell her to you for eighty-five."

The old man realized that was a magnificent gesture of his son, but the heck of it was, he didn't have the eight-five dollars or even as many dollars as the profit that had accumulated on the club project of the lad, who up to date had not invested a cent in the cow, unless setting down in a little book is an investment.

Finally the old man stalked off but before he did this stalking he explained in no uncertain tenor. "Son, I don't know how all this is coming out but I do know one thing for sure you are not going to sell that cow to go off the place."

And that was when I heard the story. As yet there has been no settlement. But the old man said it looked like he would have to give the boy a note for about forty dollars. He said too he hated to do that for no one else would take his note and he felt a little conscience stricken to force one on the kid. I gathered too, that as far as he was concerned there would be no more calf clubs for his son, until their finances improved somewhat. In fact he said. "Calf clubs are like most other things, that is, not for the poor and distressed."

News From Afar.

Asking Mrs. Richard Sporleder, visiting her from Reno, Nev., what made the town, she answered she did not know for sure only the movie folks and the divorce business, it is, otherwise only a desert town.

She said there is much gambling there and many nightclubs. One lady, only a few days before she left, so she heard, lost \$8000 in one evening. Mrs. Sporleder left on the train at 5 a. m. and across the street from the depot was a nightclub and gambling joint still going on.

She found it rather amusing whenever she told anyone that she was just from Reno. The people would invariably gasp a little, and raise their eyebrows, and then she would have to explain that her husband has a job there and that was their home.

Short Shavings.

The nicest and largest tree in these parts is near the creek east of August Kriewalds home. The second nicest tree is on the Wes Hutchins place, in the northwest corner, and it has a little park and picnic ground about it. Both trees are cottonwoods.

In surveying the ditch the first time, it would have run so that this tree would have been cut off from Wes' place. He went to the bigwigs and asked the ditch be put on the other side. "I would not take a hundred dollars for that tree," he said. They granted his request and consequently he made this picnic ground with a swimming pool included.

In getting a package ready to mail the ladies of Riverdale found upon their arrival at the post-office that they were late and it was very necessary that the package should go out that day and no later.

After the postmaster had cancelled the stamps the ladies rushed to the depot to put it on the train but before they got there they saw the train already pulling out. Not to be dismayed at a little accident like that, instead of turning to the depot they turned south, sped their car up to forty miles an hour, beat the train by several minutes to Scotia and put the package on it there. For some reason Lee Mihane thought that was a big joke.

Little Jon Sporleder, upon visiting our place and having been shown around, seeing the kittens, calves, pigeons, colts, little mules, dogs, lambs, chicks and poult, asked Dick if there wasn't some bears too: "I like to look at bears the best." she said.

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Written by
George G. Gowen
North Loup Neb.

About 4400 words
(4095)

COLLECTING DOUBLE

When Daddy Himes was found murdered, Winifred Black heard it over the telephone. She had excused the children early because a blizzard had been reported on its way, and blizzards in Nebraska Sand Hills are times of the season when people try to snuggle close around the home fires.

There is something about the way the telephone rings on the party lines that one knows, subconsciously, there has been tragedy in the neighborhood. People always listen at that time.

Winifred had tarried a few minutes after the children had left, to tidy up a bit. It was a beautiful day in winter. The snow was six inches deep, lying level, waiting for the wind to pile it up in the roads and canyons. One could hardly believe a storm was brewing, but there was a peculiar tang in the air, the smoke sank quickly to the ground and in the west there was a tiny black cloud.

Winifred was especially saddened when she heard of the murder. Daddy Himes had been a friend to everyone. He ran the little grocery and post-office at Rushtown, two miles north. He had various sidelines also, such as cashing checks for people, buying hides and furs and making himself generally accommodating. It was while she was sweeping she heard the phone ring. Her first impulse was that it might be Harold Morrison, but she was a little disappointed when she found it her father.

"Old Daddy Himes has been murdered," he said, "by a young feller named Morrison, who pretended to be the new game warden. He found Daddy kept money here and killed him and took it. Robbed the till and safe both. Now Morrison is gone and we don't know where."

"How do you know it was Morrison?" she asked.

"He was in the store chewing the rag with Daddy Himes about who was trapping beaver. John Rawls heard them and left. After a while Arnold Melee came to the store and found Daddy had been shot in the back. Morrison was the last man to be seen there. If you see his car, delay him if you can and give me a ring. We'll come and get him."

She hung up. She was horrified.

She knew this Harold Morrison in a way. He had stopped that very morning to ask the road to Rushtown. She was having recess and when he saw Winifred he came over to where she was standing. He wore khaki trousers, leather puttees, and a fleece lined jacket. She really liked his looks, he was so big and good natured. She shuddered at the thoughts of him being a murderer.

She recalled the whole incident of his stopping. He had joked with her and said, "Who'd ever think there'd be such a pretty schoolteacher out in these God-forsaken hills?"

She knew she was good enough looking. She was a little taller than average, straight and a bit reserved. She had on her brown skirt and knit waist, her eyes were dark and not small, her russet hair had been curled in Omaha and her shoes were from Chicago. She was not ashamed of her looks. But he was a little fresh to mention it.

She answered, still conscious of her dignity, "I like it here. My folks live four miles north."

"Which way is north?" he asked smiling again. "I'll be around quite a little. I might stop for a visit."

She remembered how it bothered her, but how she tried to maintain her aloofness. Still she must have blushed for he smiled again, not, taking his eyes from her. She knew he had, fallen hard and quick. She pointed up the road. "That's north. Better call before you come. I don't like too many boy friends at once."

He tipped his hat and left, still smiling, looking back frequently; and then his black roadster started swinging on north in the sand ruts. Yes, she was thrilled, although she pretended not to be. There were boys who came to her house, cowboys with wide belts and high-heeled boots, but not men like him.

She started sweeping again and then stopped suddenly. She remembered now, a short time before, she had seen a car turning east on the Goose Lake road. The road forked at the schoolhouse and the Goose Lake road was a dead end road. No one went there in the winter except Arnold Melee, and he to trap on the lake. She paid little attention to Arnold but she remembered now it was not Arnold's car. It was Harold Morrison's car.

She thought of calling her father but by the time the posse would arrive from four miles, Morrison might be gone. He would be coming back this way as soon as he discovered he had taken the wrong road. No doubt he was well armed. He would not be taken easily. Perhaps she could trick him into the school house.

She wondered how she could hold him once she got him there. She might let the air out of his tires, put water in his gasoline tank. As she wondered her eyes fell on a piece of rubber hose one of the little boys had made a whip of and she had taken away. She looked at it, thought a moment, found a knife and cut off the ends, put on her overshoes and coat and coiled the hose into her pocket. She then started to meet Mr. Morrison. As he came back he would pick her up for a ride. She would pretend to be going home.

She noticed as she started the wind had risen some and the snow was whipping into the tracks, but the air was yet warm. She hurried on east. The lake was three miles. He would be coming soon.

Suddenly she discovered she had walked a mile. She stopped to catch her breath. It was then she realized the wind had grown stronger and colder, and the tracks were nearly full. That black cloud, too, had covered the sky. She noticed her cheeks were stinging a little and her legs shivered. She looked east but a flurry of snow was in the air. She at once, decided she better return and let someone else catch the fugitive. She started back but this way was worse. The wind was a gale now. She could not even see the schoolhouse.

She struggled on, the snow blinding the tracks; she stumbling and falling. It was as she was tripping over a rut, her face and hands in the snow that she heard his car and saw his lights. He was coming, his car in low gear, floundering in the ditches, now crossways, now straight. She was nearly exhausted and to the point where even a murderer was a welcome guest.

"Where are you going?" he asked after he stopped his car and helped her up. He was strong and larger than she remembered, "I was going home," she replied brushing off the snow, "but I decided it was closer back to the schoolhouse."

"I would be glad to see you home," he offered with a tinge of humor. "I didn't expect to so soon. I really didn't know this morning whether you wanted me to or not." He

helped her in the car and then started to turn around. "I didn't know there were any houses on this road."

"Oh, no, no!" she stammered. "Let's go to the schoolhouse. It's too far home."

He stopped the car and started forward again. He found a light robe and tucked it around her. It did not seem right that a killer of Daddy Himes would be so thoughtful.

The snow was whipping harder now, coming like great walls of white water. As the engine sped the heater warmed up. She put her hands down to it but the wind, through the cracks, made the air cold.

He did not talk. Close ahead, between the gusts of fury, she could see the plum bushes in the fence on the north side. That was a quarter of a mile from the schoolhouse. They were grinding in low gear, racing the engine, the wheels grabbing, when suddenly they bumped and stopped. They had struck a drift.

"I'll have to shovel," he said. "If I can get to the corner, the north and south road will be blown clear." He opened his door and scrambled back for his scoop. Then he returned to the front to work. She realized if he got to the corner he might drive a hundred miles south. That would not do.

While he was cleaning under the axle she stepped out and to the rear. There she slipped off the gasoline cap, thrust; the hose to the bottom and sucked on the other end until she tasted gasoline. Then she chucked the out end down in the snow and scrambled back in the car.

It was some time before he scooped enough to start the car moving again. He cleared that drift, struggling slowly. Then, without warning, there was a chug and a spit and the engine died.

"What now?" he said looking at the gage. "That says we are out of gas but I just bought ten gallons at Rushville." He tried the starter again and again. Finally he said, "How far is it to the schoolhouse. We'll have to try walking."

They were soon out. "You hang to my coat and I'll break the path," he said.

She obeyed, her dignity quite subdued. They walked several minutes but her fingers grew cold again and she could not grip.

"I can't go for a minute," she gasped, the air so cold and strong she could hardly breath. "I must rest."

"We can't stop," he answered. "You'd freeze." He grabbed her in his arms without asking, swung her up and plodded on. The drift was knee deep. She felt ashamed of herself, draining his gasoline, trapping him. She would have frozen had it not been for him.

Then they were at the gate, and the steps, and he was swinging her dawn, and they were inside. She could not move her fingers.

Then he lit the coal oil lamp and pushed her into a chair. He grabbed her hands, pulled off her gloves and started rubbing. He soon had the blood circulating. she rather liked it all, he so big and she so weak from the exertion. She liked to the idea of him caring for her when she forgot him being a criminal.

They were suddenly startled by the telephone ringing. It was the schoolhouse ring. It would be her folks, wanting to know how she was. She should have called. but should she tell of her capture? The men might come in the storm and freeze. And more, should he hear, he might leave before the posse arrived and he would freeze. No, she couldn't tell now. She must call when he wasn't listening.

"Hello," she answered. "Yes. I'm all right. I won't leave until morning. No. No I haven't. Yes. I will."

She hung up and explained to him, "It was my folks. I didn't tell them of you. Some of the folks on the line might be shocked."

"I'd thought of that," he said. "I'm sorry I couldn't take you home. Perhaps I can sleep in the basement."

She found a few cookies left from her lunch and they had supper. Then he explored the book case. It was near mid-night when he said, "perhaps I better be going. Not polite to stay too late, especially the first time one calls."

He proceeded to make a bed for her in the corner out of coats, doubling his up for a pillow. Then he unbuckled his holster and laid it on the bench. It was strange he did not take it with him. The last she heard of him he was stoking the fires.

The sun was shining when she awoke and the wind had gone down. She heard him in the basement, again fixing the fire. Then he opened the door and called, "Time for school."

She realized now she must call for help. She felt at that moment, a pang of compassion for him. She would like to let him go but the folks would be sure to find it out. She must report.

"I am going back and see what's wrong with the car," he said. "See if I can shovel it out."

He turned for the door and at the same instant she moved to the telephone and rang. Her father answered and she said, "I'm at the schoolhouse. Your man is here and can't get away. His car won't go."

She hung up and turned around. Harold had only gone to the hall and returned. "I Heard the phone," he said. "I wondered what it was?---if it could be for me."

She leaned back against the desk and assumed her dignity again. "Mr. Morrison," she said, "I'm sorry, but I have done all this to catch you. Your car will not go. I syphoned the gas."

"What's the idea," he asked. "Miss Black?"

"You know as well as I," she answered calmly. "Daddy Himes was killed yesterday and you were the one that did it. If you go a foot away from here you'll be shot like a rabbit."

"Daddy Himes killed! When! I saw him yesterday. He and I have long been friends. Why would I kill him?"

"For the money in the safe and the till."

Harold sank onto the bench. He reached around and drew a wallet from his pocket. "Yes there's his money. He gave it to me to deposit, but I didn't kill him."

She was calm and austere now. She saw his smile had left. He had weakened but still, he sounded sincere. She wished she could believe him. She really felt sorry for him.

"You can hardly make that story hold," she said. "Our folks are honest people and they are tired of this killing business. Last Mrs. Anderson was robbed and killed. She was a nature lover, a queer lady but good. We found the man but he hired a shyster lawyer and he got out of it, proving his gun did not do the shooting. You will not get off so easy this time. One bad move and they'll shoot you. Maybe they will anyway."

"In that case I'll fight too," he said defiantly.

He picked up his gun, opened the handle and started loading it. I can get a few of them before they plug me, anyway."

Strange, she thought, he carried his gun without being loaded. And he had nerve. Too much to shoot a man in the back. She glanced through the north window, and far up the road, a mile, she saw some cars, coming slowly, the snow flying.

He spoke, "I'll tell you Miss Black. I didn't do this. You'll find out someday."

"I'm sorry," she said. "You with the money in your pocket and the last man seen there. They will never look further." She looked into his eyes and was aware someone was going to get hurt. It might be her father and Harold would surely be killed in the end. "I would like to believe you," she continued, "but it will take a better story than you have."

He hesitated, a moment then spoke, "I'm a new man on the job here and of course anxious to make good. Someone has been trapping beaver without permit and I'm supposed to stop it. I talked with a few men but I couldn't get any proof. Then I went to Daddy Himes store and we argued a little over it but not seriously. I bought a couple of candy bars and then after a fellow left Daddy wanted me to deposit his money in the bank at Ord. I took it and drove east to Goose Lake to see if I could see any beaver sets. On the way back I met you."

"Did he take the money from the till to deposit too?" Winifred asked.

"No I didn't," he answered quickly. "And I paid for those bars with a ten dollar bill drawn on a bank in Sherman Texas. And more, I gave Daddy Himes a receipt for the four hundred and he put it in the till with the bill. The other man was in the store when I bought the bars and we remarked about how far the bill had jumped."

She studied a moment, then glanced out the window. The cars were stopping, the men climbing out, each carrying a rifle. There must be a dozen of them. She saw her father, Arnold Melee, John Rawls.

"Look here," she said trying to be calm, "You stay here 'til I come back. There is a chance, a slim one I'll admit, of finding that bill or receipt if you stay here. There is none if you go out." "Another trick of yours," he said, "to take me."

She reached up and clutched his arm. "No it's not. It's paying you for helping me last night." She reached up quickly and kissed him. "There's a chance yet. Promise. I haven't time to wait. Promise you'll stay here." She jerked his coat.

Then she grabbed her wrap and ran out. She met the posse assembling back of the cars. Her father, a tall thin man with creases on his face took her arm. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"Yes. Yes," she answered. "He's in the schoolhouse. He has guns and ammunition. He'll not be taken alive unless, unless----"

"What do you have to do with it?" Arnold Melee asked, who seemed to be taking leadership. "Are you his moll?" He was short, dirty and wore a week's beard.

"I'll tell you," she cried. "I've made a bargain with him. He's not to shoot until I go back and tell him unless you start something. He says he did not kill Daddy Himes, and if everyone will empty their pockets to prove their innocence, he'll give up too. Otherwise there'll be more than one man killed."

"Ah to hell with that idea," Arnold spoke up. "I'm a deputized sheriff and I'm going to do my duty." He started to get his rifle ready. "We'll shoot the schoolhouse full of holes."

Elmer Black grabbed his arm. "Look here fool! You may want your head shot off but the rest of us want to save ours. Here's my wad." He started emptying his pockets.

"No. No. This is not enough," she exclaimed. "Everyone must be searched. Daddy, you search John. John, you Daddy. Then you two search the others."

Her father smiled, "All right daughter, if it will make you happier."

The men all consented jokingly, except Arnold, who was last. Most that was found was gadgets, nails, knives and small change. In Arnold's watch pocket they found a ten dollar bill.

"Where'd you get that?" Winifred demanded.

Arnold replied with defiance, "Of Daddy Himes, yesterday, when I cashed my W.P.A. check."

There was a silence. That was a valid excuse. Then the side pockets were searched and the hip pockets, out of which came a tobacco pouch. John joshed, "Give me a chew, Arnold."

"Chaw yer own tabaccer," he growled grabbing the pouch and returning it to his pocket.

The men laughed. That was like Arnold, Too tight to give a man a chew of tobacco. She remembered him when she used to visit his home as a little girl. He would never trust his wife with any money or any receipts even. He always kept them for fear he would have to pay a bill twice.

The men searched further, but finding nothing, Winifred was disheartened. In Arnold was her only hope. She knew he wanted to buy out Daddy Himes for a long time. She knew he had been trapping beaver, and she knew Daddy Himes knew it. There was a motive, but no proof.

When the men were through searching Arnold sneered at her, "I hope you're satisfied now, trying to incriminate one of your neighbors." Then he addressed the men, "We'll drive the car right to the door, all of us standing on the outside and then rush. If he starts anything, plunk him."

The men began to move. Winifred sensed she would have to move quickly. "I'll go after him," she screamed. "You wait."

She ran to the schoolhouse but she noticed they were not waiting. "They're coming after you," She exclaimed to Harold. "Don't shoot. Please don't fight them."

He seemed to be paying little attention to her. His eyes were on the door. She grabbed his arm. "Don't. Don't. Maybe we can prove the bullet hole again or something. I thought I could find something. Arnold had the bill but he said Daddy Himes gave it to him when he cashed the W.P.A. check. Please don't fight. I promised them you wouldn't."

She heard the engine start and heard the roar of the car. She felt him straighten and then he looked down at her and relaxed, "You promised?" he repeated, "And you say Arnold has that bill?"

He dropped his gun to the floor, his hands still raised, as she heard the men on the step. Then the inside door flung open and the men came storming in.

Arnold was in the entrance, his rifle raised, that terrible barrel pointing straight at Harold's heart. Arnold smiled cynically, "Ah, you're not so tough. Shooting Daddy Himes in the back and then trying to lay it on to us. Put on the handcuffs, John."

John moved to the cuffs, Harold dropped his hands. No one else moved or made a sound. The tension seemed to be over. Then Arnold smiled and spoke again, "Keep yer eyes on him boys while I take a chaw o' tabbaccer. There'll be a nice reward fer this, he killin' a postmaster." He lowered his gun.

Everyone was watching John and Harold. They were having a little trouble fitting the cuffs. Harold seemed to be paying little attention, his eyes on Arnold. Then he spoke, quickly.

"He's taking something into his mouth besides tabacco boys. A piece of paper.

Elmer turned toward Arnold, then stammered and blurred, "What is it, Arnold. Better spit it out so there'll be no suspicion."

Si Williams reached and took Arnold's gun and set it back. "Yes, spit it out, Arnold."

The sweat was forming on Arnolds head. He started cursing, coughing, and then the whole gob was spewed on the floor. John reached over and picked up the receipt signed by Harold.

Winifred had snatched the pouch from him and Si started digging into it. Arnold's the guilty man," she cried. "He found Daddy Himes had given Harold the money and deposit claim and the only bill you have is the 10."

"He could hardly cash the check if I killed him."

"Yes, that's right as hell," John piped up. "I was in the store when Morrison paid It. I'd about forgot."

Arnold was struggling, cursing now. A couple of men grabbed his arms. Elmer got the handcuffs and clamped them on his wrists. Si was still working with the tabacco pouch. Suddenly he exploded, laughing, "Here's his W.P.A. check. Going to cash it the second time."

"Proof enough," Elmer assured. Then he turned to Arnold, "You'll have a fair trial."

After Morrison had shaken hands around, the men started to leave. John, who was chairman of the board said to Winifred, "There'll be no school today. Not until the roads clear up."

She was glad. Few children would attend anyway.

"Coming home now?" her father asked.

"In a little while," she answered. "I want to wait until Harold gets some gas in his car. Tell Mother I'm bringing him to breakfast."

The men were soon gone, Elmer promising to send gasoline very soon. Harold turned to her and took her hand. He was smiling again, and he said, "If I just dared, I'd ask you something else, to take effect, say, about the time school is out."

She stepped closer and looked up into his face. Then she took hold his lapels. She need not be dignified now, with him at least. "You are not afraid of other things, Dear," she answered.

End.

George G. Gown
North Loup, Neb

Written by
 George G. Gowen
 North Loup, Neb

Don't Tell Mother

By George Gowen

In spite of the small grain in the shock, times were hard In Cedar County. After seven years of drought, it takes more than one crop to make men whistle at their work. Arlie Holt, was deeply tanned from the sun. His Straw hat was badly frayed and his overalls spotted with grease. He picked the two items of mail from the box, carried them to the house and grudgingly tossed on the table. One roll, a mail order catalogue, was of no interest to him. The other, a window envelope, also he need not open for he knew well enough its contents.

Sarah, a tight-clothed fleshy woman, with a spick and span apron, tore open the Catalogue and started to read it. Arlie sat on the chair and watched her solemnly. Finally he said, "No use to look at that, Mother. Better look at the other'n."

The other was a past-due notice from the loan company. She Picked it up and held it to the light. It could be read without opening.

She too dropped the missive as if it burnt her fingers. "I tell you Arlie," she said placing her hands on her hips. "We gotta have some things even if we can't pay the interest. If you had your way we'd go naked." Just look at that boy's shoes."

The nine year old son, Jimmie, was waiting for his father. His clothing consisted of a patched pair of overalls and shoes.

Arlie reached over and pulled up the lad's foot and noticed the bottom of it showing through the sole. "My gosh lad," he said, "You haven't had these shoes three months. You need soles made of cast iron."

"And Mary has to have a school dress and the wall hasn't been papered for five years, and,----."

"I suppose we gotta have 'em," Arlie said rising and walking across the room. "I gotta have my teeth fixed too, and you some new glasses, and the car's gotta have some new tires and the grain gotta be thrashed, and the two hundred dollars interest gotta be paid." He took out his purse and glanced into it. "And this five dollars is all there is to do it with."

He sat down on the chair again. She folded the catalogue. Jimmie found an old truck tube, out of which he proceeded to cut an inner sole for his shoes. Finally Arlie spoke again. "I believe I'll go over and see Jake Blutcher and see if I can't do his thrashing. I might make a little that way."

"It'd be the first time you ever made anything thrashing," Sarah said straightening up. "I thought you said last year you'd never thrash again?"

"I did say that," Arlie replied, "But Jake has five hundred acres and it's pretty good. I need money so bad I thought I might thrash his and mine and quit. I'm not afraid of Jake."

Sarah looked at him with doubt. She, apparently was not so sure of her husband's collection ability. "He'd pay some folks," she said, "but I'm not so sure about you."

"Ah he'll pay," Arlie assured her.

"Yes," she mocked him. "That's what you said of everyone last year, but when you got through and your bills paid you were in the hole."

I'll get it sometime," he answered. "I couldn't get hard with those poor fellows. There wasn't a one that had food enough as it was, say nothing of paying a thrash bill."

"That's what you say," she retorted. "And then you went and paid Ikie Spudesick's no fund check to keep him from going to the pen."

"I know Mother," Arlie argued, "but I couldn't bare to think of him going to the pen. I'd not given it to the oil station if I'd a known they wouldn't file a complaint."

"You," she answered. "Anything to keep from going to jail, I'll bet if you had your way you'd tear down all the jails in the land."

"I believe I would, at that." he mused.

Sarah arose indignantly, "I'll tell you, Arlie," She said, "If you go thrashing again this year and don't get the pay for it I'm going to leave. It isn't fair. You Give your time and tractor fuel to every Tom Dick and Harry and let your family go without. We need . . ."

He interrupted trying to pacify her "Listen Mother," he said patting her on the shoulder. "Jake Blutcher'll pay. Marvin Johnson's backing him. He knows the grain gotta be thrashed. That's why I thought of getting the job."

"Marvin Johnson!" she answered scornfully starting for the kitchen. "I wouldn't trust that banker as far as I could throw a bull by the tail." She stopped at the door. The children were laughing at the "bull" expression, their mother usually spoke very conventional before them. Arlie too, was tempted to smile but she foiled that with her final challenge. "You heard what I said, Arlie Holt. "I and the kids are leaving if you thrash any more without pay."

Jimmie had his shoe patched by now. He arose, took his father's hand and said, "Come on Dad. Let's go."

He hopped into the drivers seat, proceeding to start and drive the car, the only time he could do it was when he and his father were alone. They only drove a little ways until he looked up and said, "Daddy, if Mama leaves, I'm going to stay with you."

"Ah, she won't leave," Arlie assured him. "We'll collect this time."

It was two miles to Jake Blucher's place. Jake was a deep-wrinkled, white-haired man, small in statue but quick in eye, and he walked with a heavy and tired step. He had once been considered wealthy but the continued Nebraska droughts had worn his holdings down until it was said he was now only hanging on hoping for a break. This was the first crop of consequence in seven years.

Arlie and his son drove into the field where Blutcher was driving a binder. "Hello, Jake," Arlie said, "I came over to see if I couldn't do your thrashing."

"Sure you can, Arlie," Jake answered quickly. "If your price is right. There has been two men here a'ready tryin' to get it but I put them off wantin' to see you first."

Arlie felt pleased that Jake would favor him, but he knew too that Jake was a close dealer and that if he did the thrashing, there would be a reason for it. "You won't thrash by the bushel?" Arlie asked.

"Don't believe so, Arlie," Jake answered. "It seems to me to be more fair by the job. You look over the fields and make me an offer. I'll give you a break if you are anywhere near right."

Arlie and Jimmie drove about looking at the five hundred acres, guessing the yield. Every acre of Blutcher's farm land was into small grain. Arlie knew the land, having thrashed there before. Finally he came back where Blutcher was at work, talked a few minutes with him rechecking his figures, trying also to get his estimates. Finally Holt said, "I'll thrash your grain for five hundred dollars, Jake. How does that sound?"

"Not far off, Arlie," Blutcher said. "Not far off." Holt knew Blutcher would be fair with him. "Close enough so that I'll let you have the job if you'll come next week so I'll not have to shock it."

Arlie was delighted. It was the biggest job in the county. He would thrash that and his own and quit. With no bad luck, he could pay his interest and have a little money left for Sarah. "Yes, he answered turning to Jimmie who was standing close by. "We'll be here, won't we son?"

Blutcher went back to his tractor again and Holt and his boy started for their car. He had hardly turned around when Jimmie reached over and asked, "do you suppose he'll pay, Pop, or will Mama have to leave?"

At the thought of it leaned back and stepped on the clutch. He hated above all things to mention the subject to Blutcher. That man had always paid his bills although the last year or so he had become a little slow.

As he sat there taut, wondering how to say it if he said anything, when Blutcher stepped up. "I forgot to mention it," he said, "but I may not be able to pay you for a few days. I want to hold the grain a week of two at least. I was sure it would be all right, but I just thought perhaps I better tell you."

Holt wondered what to do now. The reason Blutcher knew it would be all right was because Holt had made a business of waiting on everyone. He realized now that was the reason he was getting the job. Still, he wanted the work, almost had to have it, and he was confident Blutcher would pay sooner or later.

He hesitated only a brief moment before he said, that'll be all right, Jake. I'm not worrying but what you'll pay."

He had said that and drove on and still things were not quite as they should be. Without doubt the reason Blutcher's whole farm was into small grain was that he was losing it soon, that is before he could harvest a corn crop.

They drove toward town silently, Jimmie climbing over his father to take the wheel. They had gone a mile when Holt said to his son, "Don't tell Mama when he's going to pay. She don't need to know everything, you know." He had found from experience she was happier and the household was more peaceable when she did not know too much.

Jimmie glanced off the road and to his father and smiled, "I won't tell her, Dad."

On the way, Holt studied how he would appease Sarah without any money. Finally he decided upon a scheme.

The first place he stopped was at the first National Bank. Charles Rawles was the President. Holt went to this bank because he had an unconscious feeling that Marvin Johnson was a twin brother to Shylock.

With tripping heart Holt and Jimmie entered the private sanctum of Rawles back room. Rawles weighed three hundred pounds, moved carefully, dribbled cigar ashes on his wide vest and met everyone with condescension. "What is it, Arlie?" He asked without taking his eyes from the paper in his hand.

"I would like to do a job of thrashing," Arlie said, "and I'll need a little money before I'm through. I was wondering . . ."

"How much will you need?" Rawles interrupted.

"A couple a hundred, at least."

"What security can you give?" Rawles questioned.

"Do I have to give security on that amount?" Holt asked. It had been a long time since he had borrowed from a bank. "This should run only a short time."

"Yes, Arlie," Rawles answered, "Times are different now." He reached into his desk and extracted a chattel mortgage. "How many cattle you got?" he asked.

Arlie told him. "Six milk cows, three heifers, a bull and five calves. There are five steers too."

Rawles apparently was writing them off. Finally he said, "I'll loan you the money with those cattle as security."

Arlie demurred here. The cattle, especially the six milk cows, had always been considered to belong to Sarah. She had some money saved when they were married, ten years ago, and that money had gone into the cows. It was the mute understanding they were hers, that It would be something to fall back on in the case of emergency.

"I'd hate to lose those cattle," Arlie said.

Rawles laughed. "You won't lose them," he said. "This mortgage will make no difference for you'll have it paid very soon anyway." He was taking the sheet out of the machine now. "I would like to loan the money to you like we used to without security, but I can't do it. Banking Department won't allow it."

That was true enough, Holt reasoned. He would have the money back in a few weeks and Sarah would never know the difference. It seemed as if it was no time before the chattel lay before him on the desk. He took the pen and scrawled his name.

"Cash or deposit?" Rawles asked.

"Cash if you please," Holt answered.

The bills, new and crisp, were counted out and soon he and Jimmie were on their way. He stopped at the filling station ordering a supply of tractor fuel, oil and grease, paying him fifty dollars in advance. He stopped at the implement shop and bought a few repairs besides a new belt.

It was dinner time when he stepped into the house. Sarah spoke first. "Well, did you get the job," she answered.

"Yup," he answered gayly. "Got some money in advance too." He took out his wallet and flashed the bills.

Sarah gazed at him in astonishment. The stern despondent look, that had been so prevalent most of the last year, changed suddenly to that of happiness. Smiling widely, she put her arm about him and kissed him. Jimmie too grabbed on, and Mary, seeing the fun, came dancing and took hold.

"Daddy," Sarah exclaimed. "You're a grand old fellow after all. I knew if I kept after you, you'd learn to collect. I should have started last year."

He was surprised and also chagrined at their palaver but it was so nice he dared not tell them the truth. After a minute of embrace she loosened her hold and said, "now I can send my order, can't I? I just finished it up and with four new tires, a new coat, shoes for Jimmie, wall paper for the front room, a dress for Mary, it comes to---lets see--- \$73.28."

"Couldn't we do without the tires for a while?" he asked.

"No, Arlie," she said loosening her hold entirely. "We cannot. I don't dare to drive the car anywhere on those old tires."

He didn't think that was such a bad idea, at that, but he dared not mention it. He took out his purse and started to count out the bills.

"And fifteen more for some new glasses," she informed him picking up and smoothing out the bills.

He tossed out three more fives.

"And now you better go right away and get your teeth taken care of," she instructed, "before the money is spent for something else."

Holt noticed he had given her close to ninety dollars and he had less than forty left. He chucked the billfold back into his hip pocket. "Ah, let it be." he said, lamenting this chat, he stepped around the corner and picking up the wash basin, "I'll just let the darned teeth ache."

The thrashing was completed in fine shape. Jimmie watched the tractor while Arlie watched the separator. They were nine days at Blutcher's and one at his own place. The barley at both farms yielded very good, the quality too, turning out excellent from the rolling land.

A week went by and then two and then the third. Blutcher made no mention of paying. On the street, Arlie heard some of the wheat had been sold, all of the oats, and Tom Lannigan, a cattle feeder was bartering for the barley. Arlie felt sure his money would come, and still he was uneasy. His note would soon be due at the bank and also he knew the representative of the Loan Company might be coming any day. One morning, after he lay awake most of the previous night, he made the excuse he was going to town and instead, stopped at Blutcher's.

He knocked and was surprised to see packed boxes sitting on the porch. Blutcher came to the door, saw Arlie, took his hat from a hook and came out. He sat down on the step and lit his pipe.

"Arlie," he said finally. "I suppose you have come after your thrash bill."

"Well," Arlie replied wondering just how to reply. "I don't want to act like I was worried, but, but my interest is due and . . ."

"You should have your money," Blutcher interrupted. "should have had it before this. I planned to come and see you today. I was in hopes I could get this straightened out some way but I haven't been able to do it. Marvin Johnson has a mortgage on every bushel. I asked him for money to pay you and he suggested you wait until we sell some grain. Then he would not let me pay you."

Arlie was a little surprised to hear that Blutcher was so involved, but on the other hand, everyone that tried to operate in these parts the last few years was in debt if the truth be known. "Do you have to sell the grain to pay me?" Arlie asked.

"Yes, Arlie," Blutcher answered. "This crop is cleaning me up. I plan to leave for California next week to work in my son's filling station. As long as I couldn't pay, Marvin carried me. Now that this crop will pay me off, he's selling me out."

"Will you get squared now?" Arlie asked.

"In a way I will," Blutcher said. "This crop and my personal property will pay all my notes at the bank, but Marvin has a second mortgage on the land. I was deeding it to him but he thinks I should pay him more because, he says, the land is not worth the mortgages. I really do not expect anything for myself but I would like to get you paid off."

The men sat for several minutes without speaking. Jimmie arose and went to throwing stones at a fence post. Finally Arlie said, "If I'd a lien within ten days I'd a been all right. As it is I'm out."

"Arlie," Blutcher said, "I'm sorry as the devil. You should have done that and I should have told you but I thought Marvin would shoot square with us. It is really him that's selling the grain, that is he deals and tells me to sell."

They sat another few minutes. Arlie picked up a stick and began whittling. Blutcher lit his pipe again. Then he said, "I'll tell you, Arlie, what to do. There is five thousand bushels of barley in that south bin in the elevator. Barley's worth thirty cents. Sixteen hundred bushels would square you up. Now I'll not sell it or have anything to do with it, but if you can get sixteen hundred bushels over to your place, I won't know it either."

This kind of conversation moves slowly. "I have about two hundred bushels of my own," Arlie said, partly talking to himself. "I could just about store that much more. Five truck loads would move it."

He rose to his feet now. "Better get it this afternoon," Blutcher advised. "Marvin might sell it any time. I told him there was between four and five thousand bushels hoping I could snitch some out for you."

"Come on, Jimmie," Arlie called without answering Blutcher. "We've got work to do."

He drove immediately to town and hired a large truck. Blutcher kept on packing in the house. By night there was sixteen hundred bushels of barley in Holt's bins besides his own.

As he and the boy came into supper, Sarah asked sternly, "What are you doing, Arlie, buying grain?"

"Yes, Dear," he said. "It looked cheap and I thought I'd speculate a little." He was aware she did not believe him. He never speculated if he could help it and she knew it.

"Where did you get the money?" she asked.

"Thrash money," he excused.

She looked at her husband with one eye squinted. "Arlie," she said. "There is something rotten here. Jake Blutcher is broke I hear, and moving away. Don't you get mixed up in any of his skullduggery and get yourself in trouble." She pointed her finger at his nose. "What's this all about, anyway?"

"Well, Mother," he said slowly. "Marvin Johnson is a crook. You said so yesterday. Jake wanted to store some grain here a while."

She placed her hands on her hips, still eyeing him severely. "I tell you Arlie Holt," she said, "if you go to the pen for this I'll not get you out."

Arlie tried to smile at her as he walked off to the parlor. He suddenly realized this might be made into grand larceny. He might be made a thief for taking the grain without Blutcher's consent, and if he said it was Blutcher's grain, he might be in trouble for removing mortgaged property.

Of course there was a matter of proof and evidence, but it worried Holt. All his life he had been hounded with the idea that he might be prosecuted for something he had no intention of doing. His bad dreams were almost invariably along that strain. It was a phobia with him and his wife knew it.

He sat in the rocking chair analyzing the ceiling when someone touched his arm. He looked around quickly. It was Jimmie. He was taking his father's hand, and then there were some coins dropping there, three or four dollars, at least. It was the boy's saving account. He was slipping away now to the kitchen.

That night was not a peaceful one. What sleeping Arlie did, he had wild dreams of lock-step and iron bars. The next day wore away slowly too. Twice he looked into his bins of barley and the heavy lump in his throat subsided temporarily at the thoughts of the plump fat berries of the grain.

The second night passed better for he was more sleepy. The second morning he discovered he was out of hog feed. He should grind some more barley but he dared not touch a bushel of it. In place of the regular diet, he dumped out a bushel of seed corn, left over from spring's planting.

Even yet his mind would not operate along the usual channels. He moved from one small job to another, frequently sitting down and looking far into the corn field that was burning up. Jimmie asked questions and his chatter was distressing to one who wants to think.

About ten o'clock, a car drove into the yard. Arlie walked toward the car and found the driver to be Marvin Johnson. He was a thin, white, little man, with a very bald head and a light grey suit.

"Has Jake Blutcher some grain stored here?" he asked without adieu.

Holt could not think what to say. Finally he stammered, "No. Jake hasn't."

"Did you get some barley of Jake?"

I got enough to pay the thrash bill," Holt answered, knowing well whatever he said would be wrong.

"Did you get a lien on the grain within ten days after you thrashed?" Johnson asked.

"No, I didn't," Holt said. "I didn't think it was necessary to get one against Jake."

"Well, it was necessary," Johnson informed him. "If you are that careless you should lose." He stepped out of the car. "Now look here Arlie," Johnson stormed, "someone stole that grain. It was mortgaged and someone going to the pen for it too. Did Jake give you permission to move that grain? I want to know."

Holt was suddenly suspicious Johnson was trying to bluff him. He always attempted to keep calm regardless of the provocation. But this was going a little bit too far. The flaunt

of sending either he or Blutcher to the penitentiary, when both were attempting to do only what was fair, burnt deep into his self-control.

He stepped quickly up to Johnson and glowered down at him. "You're low-livered crook," he shouted and was surprised at himself for even saying that. Johnson looked surprised too so Holt spoke again. "There has been nothing stolen, I tell you, and if there was I stole it. I was entitled to that grain and I took it from none of Jake's say so, and if I hadn't been so darned good I'd a gotten it anyway. Now if you are low-bellied enough to insist on that grain and that I thrash nine days for nothing, come and get it. It's in the bin there."

Holt noticed when he finished he had stepped closer to Johnson and was shaking his fist at him. He backed up an inch and Johnson spoke.

"All right," he fired back. "I'll do it. I'll come this afternoon. You fellows can't pull funny stuff with me. How much grain did you get over there?"

Arlie was about to tell, and then caught himself. He had the weights in his pocket. Even his scoopers did not know what they were. After a second, which seemed an hour, Holt said, "find out if you can, Marvin, and remember, that barley was dumped in with some of my own raising, and if you take a kernel too much, I'll put you in jail just as sure as the sun sets. You'll find there's more than one man in this country who can put people in jail."

Johnson had no answer for that. He meditated a minute, returned to his car and drove off.

It was less than an hour after Marvin Johnson left before Tom J. Howard of the Safety Insurance Company drove into the yard, stopping close to the house within ear shout of Sarah's sharp ears. He was a large man with big jowls, leather leggings and army trousers. He had long been a friend of Arlie, having made the loan in the first place and calling at regular intervals since.

He would come now, Arlie thought, of all times, and of course, Sarah will have to listen. He was already keyed up from talking with Johnson. He would tell Howard a thing or two.

"I came to see about the interest," Howard said much more pleasantly than the past-due letter would indicate.

Holt stepped to the car. "I tell you Tom," he said, "I thought I would be able to pay but I can't do it now. I've a bin of barley, but I'll not sell it on this market. You can just do as you please. Put me in jail, or take the place, or go to hell."

"Ah, psaw," Howard replied smiling and picking some papers from his portfolio. "Now listen. You don't have to sell that barley or pay today. If you just have something you can put on a chattel mortgage and give me a note for a while, we would be glad to carry you. Then you can sell your barley when and where you please."

Arlie shook his head. "Nope," he said. "I haven't a thing. I'm broke today."

Then he heard the screen door slam and he turned and Sarah coming out. Then she was stepping up to Howard and speaking, "Yes, we have too something. The cows belong to me and I'll sign a note and give them as security."

"Fine, Mrs. Holt," Howard said laughing and talking a blank chattel mortgage. "I knew well enough we could fix it up with you folks."

Suddenly Holt remembered how those cows were already mortgaged. The second mortgage would be a penitentiary offense. Never in his life had he done such a thing, intentionally, as to mortgage something twice. He was in enough trouble. He would not get into any more.

"No you won't," he ordered with all the vengeance he could speak. "You go back in the house and tend your own knitting and I'll tend to mine." He swung his fist. He tried to act hard.

Sarah stood back with astonishment and then threw her hands up and cried "oh." As she turned for the house a slight tremor of guilt touched him for talking to her so before company. But he couldn't take it back now. He explained, Those cows would dry up over night if they were plastered."

Then he noticed Howard was turning quite red. There was a sense of satisfaction that for once he had talked her down, but still he felt he better explain a little more. "She furnished the money for those cows in the first place, I'll sell the farm before I'll mortgage them."

"Don't blame you a bit," he said smiling again and putting his papers away. "I wouldn't either if I were you." He was opening the door now, stepping out, lighting a cigarette. "You don't care if I loaf here a few minutes do you? I'd like to look at your barley."

Arlie couldn't understand why he wanted to see the barley, but he didn't care if he looked. More than that, Holt discovered Howard wasn't getting mad. He couldn't quarrel with a man who wouldn't answer back.

They walked a few paces toward the barn before Howard spoke again. I heard at the bank about this grain. Johnson told me the whole story. It amused me. If you sell, he'll have you pinched and if he sells, you'll have him jailed."

"That's about it," Holt agreed. "That's the reason I can't pay my interest now."

They stopped at the bin. Howard reached deep in the grain for a handful and took it to the light.

"That's fine grain," he said. "I was suspicious it would be when I heard the land it was from. I think I can sell this grain for you for sixty cents."

Holt looked at Howard still in distrust. "How do you know you can get that much?" he asked.

"Because I use to work for the Stywartz Brewing Company before prohibition days and Old Man Stywartz has asked me repeatedly to be on the lookout for malt barley for him. I have sent him two loads this season. Good brewing barley is hard to find and usually grows on rolling semi-arid land. Good barley shouldn't ever get its feet wet you know."

Holt did not answer immediately. He squatted down beside the granary, picked up a match and started whittling it. Sixty cents was double the price of ordinary barley. It was too bad they did not know about brewing barley before the rest of it was sold to a cattle feeder. That would be close to one thousand dollars for the barley left."

He looked up at Howard and said, "you call the brewery and if you can get me a sight draft for a thousand dollars for sixteen hundred bushels, I'll sell it." He whittled another match and then added. "But listen. Don't tell anyone. I'll load it tomorrow night."

The next day Holt was quite busy with errands. He went to see the depot agent and ordered a car spotted. He made arrangements with the local elevator to load the car. Then

he employed three truckers with three large trucks, and all of these men had the instructions of secrecy.

That night at ten the three trucks drove into the yard and loaded the barley, driving to the elevator where the grain was dumped and elevated direct to the car. It was no more than loaded and sealed until the train came and it was gone. Then the trucks whirled around back to the elevator and reloaded with more barley.

The next morning bright and early, Arlie Holt arose and drove to see Jake Blutcher. Jake came staggering out of the house stuffing his pipe, his hair ruffled. "Why are you calling so early?" Jake asked stretching.

Three heavy trucks were coming up the road, the exhausts pounding melodiously in the crisp morning air. "Do you see those trucks coming?" Holt asked.

Blutcher looked. "Yes," he answered. "What are they?"

"Returning your grain," Holt said. "Marvin had us cornered. I was afraid he might make one of us trouble. You can tell him its here, good feed barley, worth thirty cents."

"Blutcher smiled. "You need not bring it back," he said. "I'm settled with Marvin. There was a little more grain than we thought and I gave him my last dollar for a paid in full receipt. He wouldn't have done it but he was a little afraid of you. You must have talked pretty mean to him the other day."

Holt suddenly felt quite proud. There was one more person now, he found, that was afraid of him, who gave him respect. He took a long breath, straightened his shoulders. The trucks were slowing down at the corner, the drivers were changing gears.

"Well, Jake," Holt said, "you're lucky. Here's your barley anyway. It isn't mine for sure. I have my thrash money, that's all I'm entitled to. Harry Oleson in the elevator will take it back for twenty-eight cents and that'll give you some money to leave on."

He explained the sale to the brewery and then went home to breakfast. It was less than an hour before Tom Howard drove in for the sight-draft and his interest. As he started to turn around to leave Jimmie pulled at his father's coattail and whispered into his ear. Holt waved at Howard and stepped to the car and said;

"Don't tell Sarah where I sold this barley. She's a prohibitionist you know, and she would object something awful if she found out."

End.

Written by
George G. Gowen
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About 4500 words
(4137)

FORGET IT

By George G. Gowen

Kate realized there had always been something about the farm that Harry would not tell. She had heard that every man had his eccentricities. Be that true or not, Harry sure enough had his. He seemed to delight to tell her his business deals if she would just let him tell it. If she would just listen and say yes and no. Usually it happened on the way to town or after supper when the children had gone to bed. But she had learned she must let him tell it. If she quizzed him he might grunt and tell nothing at all. She had learned she would find out most everything in the end anyway so why quarrel over it.

Yes. She loved her home, her two children and her husband. He was straight and gruff and always in a hurry but that was alright. She would not want a man too perfect. He was good to her, always bringing her presents, expensive presents, and he was a money maker. At least that was his reputation and she was proud of that too.

The farm they owned was his one great mystery. One day he told her he had traded for it. They began to make preparations to move and they did move. At first she didn't like it as well as the rented farm, but it was theirs, and home and as time wore on she became attached to it like one of the children. She planted some flowers and some trees and although Harry was reluctant to fix up much, he did paint the kitchen. Of course there was the mortgage. She remembered going into the bank and signing a paper, but Harry never told her about it and she presumed it was well taken care of.

Yes, it was all like so much Heaven to her until she found that letter one day in the wood box. She never burned a letter without first looking. She might burn something important. It was merely a slip of paper from the Central Insurance Company in Omaha and across the top in big red type was printed, THIRD PAST DUE NOTICE. INTEREST \$330.00

All day she worried over it and at night after the children were asleep she broached the subject. She knew she shouldn't but she felt she had a right to know. He was sitting in the big chair, his heels on the stove and the paper held high. She admired him even that way, his informality, his independence, his pretended lack of refinement.

"Are you having trouble with your loan on the place, Dear?" she questioned as meekly as she could while she darned.

He dropped his paper quickly and looked at her with a feeling of resentment. His attitude seemed to be she was a competitor prying into trade secrets. "No," he answered shortly starting to read again. "What made you think it?"

"I saw a notice in the woodbox," she answered softly. She tried never to raise her voice. It helped to keep him calm.

She did not dare to say more. She would not quarrel with him. They were so happy together. But as she sat there trying to accumulate courage to undress for bed she couldn't help but wonder if he might be spending his money on her in place of paying his mortgage.

But the question seemed to disturb him too. She knew she could hardly have read another paragraph when he pushed back his chair, tossed the paper on the table in a heap and walked off to the bedroom. He did not even return to undress by the fire. She sat a while resenting her question, then put in the night log, undressed and went to bed. He never moved when she crawled in beside him although she knew by his breathing he was not asleep. She reached over and kissed him but even then he did not move. It was a long time she lay awake, but even at that, she knew the next morning, she fell asleep before he did.

She was awakened by hearing him thumping around in the kitchen. She sensed he must be feeling better for he was starting the fire and putting the water over that she might sleep a little longer, and then, a few minutes later, when she went to the porch for butter, she heard him whistling at his chores. It was all so peculiar. She would know better than to ask him outright again. But she must find out somehow. It was her deal as well as his. She was a co-signer to the mortgage.

It was a couple of days later at breakfast he said, "I've a notion to go to Grand Island today to the cattle sale. Better go along."

She was delighted. It was always fun to go with him. He was a good sport and those shopping trips to Grand Island were about the only times, it seemed anymore, with the hired men and the children, that they were alone. It was like going back to their courting days, that fifty miles, that two hours ride, and then home again in the evening. Of course their courtship was not long, just a few months, but it was a short space in her life that always thrilled her when she thought of it. She liked to think of it as love at first sight. We had graduated from college and come back to the farm. Her father was an engineer, always moving from one place to another. She was surprised when he asked her to go with him the first time, he just home from college where the town was full of pretty girls. She thought it a joke at, first, a lark, but it was a lot of fun, those car rides, those country parties, those farm dinners. She was surprised and also delighted when he proposed that night. Yes, she was delighted. She could settle down and become acquainted with some people for once. She was weary of moving about.

As they started home that night after the sale and their supper, driving leisurely, he began his usual lingo, rambling from one subject to another, a monologue of his work, his losses, his gains.

"Cattle up a quarter today," he went on. "Those heifers will make a little and the steers will make more. Corn's up today though. Had to buy another car. Say, Dear," he glanced at her, "I saw a parlour suite today and we'll get it for Christmas if the market holds up."

"Where'd you get the corn?" she asked quietly, merely to let him know she was listening.

"At Osceola. Saw the elevator man today."

Of course she was interested but her mind ran back continually to that farm mortgage. It must be bothering him too, she reasoned. She was frugal enough to know how foolish to buy an over stuffed suite with the interest unpaid. Finally she said;

"Harry, Dear. Why don't you take my money and pay it on your mortgage. There's five thousand of it. I only get two per cent and you are paying six. I as well loan it to you as the government."

She waited a minute for him to answer but he was not answering. He swung to the side of the road and passed a stock truck altogether too closely. She was a little impatient with him acting that way. She spoke again insisting slightly but her voice still moderate;

"Harry. Do you hear? Why don't you?"

"Yes, Kate. I hear you." His words cut short. "But I don't have to have my wife stake me. That's your money and you keep it. Then if you want to quit you can. That mortgage is all right. Forget it."

She said no more. She had said too much now. She knew the mortgage and interest was past due but it was a touchy subject with him. Ashamed that he could not pay perhaps. Mortified no doubt. She noticed he was not talking any more. The car was speeding up toward sixty. He was surely peeved or he wouldn't drive so. They were home in a few minutes.

Again, in the morning he was gay. She was careful to say no more about the mortgage, not to ask him point blank about things. It was not necessary for he kept no secrets from her in the end. No. No secrets unless it was of this farm. She felt he would tell that sooner or later if she would only be patient.

A week went by and another but he revealed nothing. She tried to forget it as he had said but it seemed she couldn't. It was home to her. It was the only home she had ever had. As she studied it she thought of many ways she might fix the house, but Harry's idea, it seemed, did not run toward fixing. His thoughts ran more to furniture or clothes for her. She finally decided Harry must have sent the interest without telling her until one day there was another letter from the same Central Insurance Company in Omaha.

She had gone to the mail box, eighty rods distant, for the mail, Harry was in Atkinson and would not be back until noon. She studied the envelope all the way home. Holding it to the light she could see that it was more than a past due slip. By the time she had arrived at the house her curiosity had gained a fast momentum. "Why shouldn't I know about it?" she reasoned. "He can't sell without my signature. We are partners. I will know," she said determinedly.

She took the letter directly to the teakettle and steamed the glue. It was not stuck hard. Avidly she unfolded the letter and read :

Omaha, Neb
Nov, 25, 1937

Central Insurance Company

Dear Mr. Johnson:

I am advised to inform you we shall be forced to start foreclosure on your farm if payment is not made in thirty days.

Sincerely,

John H. Albers Secretary.

Her heart was beating swiftly when she finished reading those words. She was more than bewildered at Harry for telling her to forget it and even thinking of buying her a parlour

suite. But she knew she dared not say anything. She carefully glued the letter shut and placed it on the desk.

He was home at noon and walked directly to his mail. She watched him while she made the salad, wondering his reaction. He sorted his mail in three ways, one pile of important letters to be read at once, one of papers and one of advertising to be burned. The Insurance Company letter was on the bottom. He picked it up, read the return and tossed it on the letters to be burned. Then he hesitated. She saw him glance her way so she went on with her salad. His eyes oscillated from her to the desk a time or two, then he picked up the advertising circulars, insurance company letter and all, walked to the stove and tossed them in the fire.

She was alone that afternoon before the children came home from school. The idea of that mortgage still bothered her. She could not bear the thoughts of a foreclosure, the advertising, the sale, the secret whisperings about the neighborhood. Harry was considered a good bargainer, she knew. It was strange he would lose the place the second year. It was strange he would buy her presents with the interest past due.

Her mind ran back to her own money. It was her father's life insurance but it was no good to her. She was piqued at his remark of her quitting him. That was her remotest idea. What was hers was his. She must help him with it. There was no better place than to buy a home, But how? Finally she decided. She would go to Omaha. She would take her money and pay it on the mortgage. It would be his Christmas present.

She felt easier now at that decision. At supper she suggested, "Harry, you know I've been thinking how it would be nice to go to Omaha for a week. I could visit Lora for a few days and do some Christmas shopping."

"Fine," he said, "I'll take care of the kids. Be a good vacation for you. And you can just buy your Christmas present---your parlour suite." He smiled at junior. "That'll be fine won't it, son?"

"But Harry," she remonstrated, "That's too much this year. We can get along."

His face lost its smile. "No it isn't." He clipped his words. "I told you you could have it. You better pick it out or I might get you one you don't like."

She immediately changed the subject and soon the children were laughing again and happy their father had won the argument and their mother would have her present.

She made part of the preparations for her trip in secret. When Harry was in Greeley for a day she went to the post office and called for her money. When it came she hid the draft in the bottom of her bag. When she was ready she kissed her family goodbye and left, Harry taking her to the bus.

She could hardly wait until morning after her arrival at her cousins before she called at the Central Insurance office. She was surprised to find it a small concern with a one room office in the top of a bank building. She called for Mr. Albers and after a few minutes wait she was ushered to a private office behind a small row of stenographers.

Mr. Albers rose from a mahogany desk laying down his glasses. He was medium height, slightly fleshy, slightly bawled, dressed very well and about her same age. His eyes glanced up and down as she entered. She hoped her clothes were all right. Her coat was a dark plush, her hat was becoming and she knew she was quite good looking. Why should he look at her like that? But she soon forgot the question for his smile took her attention. With precisionness and, she thought, a bit of insolence he spoke first, "Mrs. Redlan, I believe."

"Yes. Mr. Albers?"

He smiled again. He handed her a chair.

She stuttered slightly, "My husband's mortgage. I believe you hold it?"

"Yes. It's due you know."

"I know." Her heart was beating hard. "What is the amount by now?"

"It is for eleven thousand, Mrs. Redlan, and back interest."

"Yes. That's right." She really did not know the amount. She was surprised it was so much. It was too much. Her faith in Harry's judgment subsided a trifle and then she thought she must apologize for Harry's not being here himself. She was a little ashamed to have to do his work. "Harry is not well," she mentioned easily. "He wanted me to stop and see you. See if you would renew if he paid five thousand." She drew the draft from her bag.

Albers brightened up materially and a different feeling prevailed at once. He smiled and a bit of deviltry appeared in his eyes. "Yes, Mrs. Redlan. That would straighten it up in fine shape." He moved quickly to a file and brought forth a sheath or papers.

"I'll give you a receipt and send the papers to him tomorrow."

"Oh no," she exclaimed and she nearly spoke too loudly. "Not now. I wish Mr. Albers you'd wait. Wait a while, this is a present you see. I want to tell him."

And then she thought how it looked for her to pay his mortgage. That was a disgrace to him. She explained again, "This is money he made a few years ago and gave it to me to keep for reserve. For such occasions."

He looked at her in bewilderment and then a smile crept into his eyes, even more than before. She did not like that smile but he soon was talking again. "Certainly, Mrs. Redlan. We'll do as you wish." He proceeded to write.

Finally he looked up. "You say Harry is sick?"

He called him Harry. She explained quickly, "Nothing serious. Just influenza. Do you know him?"

"Oh yes. Harry and I were in college together. I haven't seen him since we graduated. I went into the insurance business and he went up there. Strange how folks will get split up isn't it, Mrs. Redlan?"

She was again a little bewildered that she had not heard Harry tell of Mr. Albers and still there were so many in college. "I know he'll be glad to hear of you," she replied arising and pulling on her glove.

Noticing her he stopped his writing, his pencil in mid-air, "By the way, Mrs. Redlan. Would you not take lunch with us? I am expecting Mrs. Albers any minute now. She will be glad to have you."

"Did she know Harry too?"

"Just slightly, Mrs. Redlan. Met him once I think."

"I'd hate to intrude," Kate offered although she knew she might be deserving of the dinner for the payment she made.

He offered her the chair again. He was one of those people whom you cannot refuse. He took up the telephone and called Fontenelle for a reservation.

He handed her a paper to read. It was near noon. Through the door she could see the clerks preparing to leave for lunch and then through the outer door she saw a lady enter. She was older than the clerks but still strikingly beautiful. Her fur coat was luxuriant although it might have been several years old, her once jet, black hair showed streaks of silver, her eyes snapped, her face under the coat of rouge, made one suspicious of southern blood, and her

earrings, a little too large, dangled conspicuously. She walked straight to the office. Albers was back by the time she arrived.

"Meet Mrs. Redlan, Leto," he said courteously. "She has just made a payment on Harry's loan,--- money he had made and given to her. I asked her to lunch with us."

"Glad to meet you," Mrs. Albers responded. She put out her hand but the shake was limp. There was a coldness to her response, Kate felt, although everything was proper enough. Perhaps a feeling of superiority of city people over country folks. She was beginning to feel sorry she accepted the invitation, but it was too late now. She would excuse herself early.

Albers took his hat and coat and the three left, he offering the way with the ease of culture and long practice. She couldn't help but like the man, his suave way in contrast with the sharp countenance of his wife.

Even at the meal he did most the talking, asking about Harry, about his business, telling of his school pranks, or Harry's shrudeness in business ventures. "We all knew he would be rich some day. He is one man in the state perhaps, who pays nearly half his loan in this drouth year."

"It just proves my theory out," he continued, "It's born in a man to make money like it's born in a bird dog to hunt. Harry went into farming, a down and out profession and gets rich. I go into insurance, one of the best lines, and with moratoriums, foreclosures, thieving tenants, I struggle along and hardly hold together."

But as he rambled on Kate noticed Mrs. Albers was still aloft, talking only when spoken to. Her gaze was across the room or into the lobby and when the meal was over she calmly smoked her cigarettes and was the only one of the three that smoked. Kate thought it all strange, wondered if she were jealous, but Kate knew nothing had been done or said that would cause reason for it.

At the first opportunity Kate begged to go. "I was to meet my cousin in front of Brandise at one." She arose.

"We'll take you there," he said helping her on with her coat and looking at his watch. "We have five minutes." When she alighted from his car he said, "Be sure and tell Harry to stop when he comes down. Seems like old times."

The remaining days in the city flew swiftly but none too swiftly. She arranged to have a parlour suite sent, buying a cheap one with the privilege of canceling the order. She had had her visit and she wanted to be home. She wanted to tell Harry of his (Christmas) present. Of course he might pout for a few minutes but he couldn't help but be glad. A mortgage, she felt, was like the old man of the sea on Sindad's neck. She would give Harry all she had. Show him she had faith in him, that she would never leave him. Yes she still loved him even if her estimate of his business judgment had dropped materially in spite of Mr. Albers deductions.

It was near evening when she arrived. The children were jubilant and Junior danced. Mary had got supper and insisted her mother did not help. It was home to Kate, a home they could keep now without doubt, home that she had helped to buy, home with her kiddies and Harry. Yes, even Harry, unemotional as he tried to be, was radiant. He joked with junior and helped Mary set the table.

It was nine before the children were asleep. When things were quiet he dropped his paper and said, "Have a good time Sweetheart?"

"Yes Harry, but I'm glad to get home. And I've been wanting to tell you. I saw a friend of yours, a school friend named Albers. Did you know he was there?"

"Jack?" Harry sat up straight and nearly shouted. "How'd you happen to see him?"

"It was this way Dear." She stepped over to the edge of his chair and put her arm over him. "I went and paid your mortgage, or part of it. I couldn't think of losing the place with my money in the post office." He was sitting straighter now. She could see there was war in his eyes. She must calm him. She kept talking in a low voice, "Yes, I met him. He and his wife took me to lunch. I was sorry you were not there. He told a lot of things about you and some of the tricks he played, ---"

"He's still up to his tricks?" Harry stormed. "You saw Leto too? How did she look?"

"Yes Dear. I saw her. She's very pretty, dark you know, but pretty. She was not so friendly as he. Said she had met you once."

"Once!" he expostulated. "And you paid the five thousand?" He seemed not to hear her at all.

"Yes Dear." Her arms were over his shoulders yet but he was still sitting up, and then he relaxed and sank back. "Kate," he gasped. "Why did you do it? I'm beat again. The place wasn't worth near the eleven thousand. I just gave two hundred for possession."

He sat for a moment slunk down and as he arose and started for the bedroom he said, "I had him sweating for a while though."

She watched him in a daze and then he was going to bed the same as he had the other night. She couldn't bare to have him do that again. She called, "Harry. Harry. I'm sorry. I didn't understand." Tears filled her eyes.

Instead of going on he stopped half way and turned, his hands clinched as if to fight. She looked up at him through the mist of the tears. "Harry. Harry," she wept.

He started back. She didn't know what would happen. He might beat her, kill her, she didn't care. She had blundered. He was the shrewd one, sure enough. He stopped short in front of her like Ceasar might issuing a death warrant, then he put his arms out slowly, around her and drew her close. She lay her head on his heart and could hear it beat. "Dear," he said much lower this time, "You're prettier than she ever thought of being. Yes, and ten times nicer."

Then he started off again but she held on, "I'm sorry, but, but, ---"

"It's all right," he blurted defiantly. "Forget it." He stroked her hair. "Forget it I tell you. And by the way. Did you get that parlour suite? You didn't say. Did you get a good one?"

End.

George G. Gowen
North Loup, Neb

Written by
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About 5000 words
(3941)

GOOD TIMBER

George G. Gowen

Looking up from her coffee Vera Simmons spoke with censure, "You say you wrote the loan company to come and get the farm?"

She had just settled down to breakfast after getting the children bundled and off to school. She was a pretty woman with dark red hair, pink cheeks and very blue eyes.

Tom Simmons poured some more cream on his cereal without looking up at her. He was slightly bald, thin and tall. He did not know what to say; whether to defend or excuse his letter. He dreaded her reaction whichever it might be, in temper or in weeping. He really believed her temper was the preferable of the two evils for then he could usually joke with her and make her laugh eventually. When she wept there was no cure.

"Yes dear," he finally answered. "I wrote 'em just that. The interest is past due and the taxes are unpaid and I haven't any money to pay them with. More than that these big loan companies are heartless. Nothing personal about 'em. You are just a number on their files. If you make your payments you are all right---if you don't you are out of luck. And please sweetheart, don't fuss. We're whipped and that is all there is to it. We'll try again, something else, and perhaps be better off in the end."

"You aren't going to give them the farm outright, are you?" she stammered.

"No, of course not. We'll either get a year's stay for nothing or perhaps they'll pay us the cost of the foreclosure for a quick claim deed. Either way is better than trying to fight a ten million dollar insurance company."

"Are you going to lose the thousand dollars you paid on the note too? The thousand you made off those western colts that year?"

"Yes dear, of course we'll lose that too. But I can't help it now. I gambled with 'em I could make it and I lost. They won. That's all there is to it."

"Shouldn't ever have paid the thousand." She spoke in a sad tone. "But one might know anything you do would turn out wrong."

He shoved back from the table a bit defiantly, taking his coat from the hook. "Right you are," he answered. "For a fact, it seems, what ever I do is wrong. I shouldn't have paid the thousand. That would have saved our necks now. I shouldn't have farmed at all the last five years. I know that now too. I shouldn't have bought the farm in the first place just ahead of the drouth. I shouldn't have mortgaged my stuff last year to pay the interest. I shouldn't have got married when I can't even grow a garden, and more than that you're as big a chump as I for marrying a man that can't earn a decent living for you."

He opened the door and stepped out. She was answering but he did not catch it. At first he didn't care what she said. It was nothing good, he knew that, but still he wondered what it was. Did she admit she was a chump for marrying him or was she defending herself saying he had money once and she thought he had sense enough to keep it.

He finished his morning chores. He had nothing important to do that day. It was cold, and he would like to loaf around the house part of the time and read the new book they

got for Christmas, but he would not do it and listen to Vera. She would whine because she could not have more clothes, because the car was getting old, because they had dropped out of the eleté party crowd in town, because they needed new wall paper, because nothing but weeds would grow in the lawn last summer, because they had no hog to butcher, because of the dust storms, because it wouldn't rain, because they were losing the place and the thousand dollars, and because the country in general had gone to the dogs.

But he couldn't help it. He had done the best he knew, which wasn't good enough apparently. He had taken the chance and lost. It was water over the dam. He felt like trying to get away from it all whenever he thought of it, but he tried not to think of it. He put his hand in his pocket and felt a fifty cent piece there. That was his pile and still it wasn't. There was a milk check coming, and some eggs to sell. Enough to live another week without asking for a government grant.

He had an errand to the house. He did not see Vera at first. The breakfast dishes were still on the table, dirty. He stepped to the front room and she was lying on the couch crying, her lithe and rounded form stretched crosswise, her hair ruffled, uncombed.

"Ah Vera dear," he plead, "worse things could happen. None of us has died or even got sick. Everyone else is broke too." He laid his hand over her shoulders.

"That doesn't help us any because others are broke too," she stormed raising up. "Others may be broke but they have things. Johnson's have a new car. Coleman's had their house redecorated. Lindstrums are going to Florida. Maxson's are having a big party."

"I don't know how they do it," he pondered. "Grant money, perhaps, but I'd rather go without than to ask for a grant."

"You don't go without. You have things yourself," she challenged. "You could borrow money to buy those fancy colts, You paid seventy dollars for that chicken mash. Are they more important than I?"

"But Vera, dear. That's for business. That'll come back after while, don't you see, with a profit, perhaps."

"Profit to pay the loan company."

He could not answer. They were talking in circles. For a fact he had paid every cent he could toward the interest, but that wasn't enough. He looked at Vera, his hands on his hips, his dark brown eyes in bewilderment. She was right in a way but he couldn't help it now. And he couldn't stand the wails. He turned to the door, walked out to the garage, backed out the car and drove to town.

It was better in town. All the fellows who loafed around the oil station were as hard up as Tom or worse. They joked about the drouth, about their old shoes, about their charge accounts, and assured the oil station man he would get no pay this year.

Yes, it was better here than at home. He wished Vera were like the men at town. But if she enjoyed wailing, it was all right with him. He'd loaf up town.

By eleven o'clock he had found out who was having his car repaired in the garage, had interviewed the cheese-maker, the barber, the druggist and was putting in a second session at the oil station. He felt guilty to waste his time so, but there was not much to do at home. As he sat on the little box by an oil barrel, a man came in the door. He was middle-aged, smooth shaven, had a friendly smile and he wore leather leggings.

He addressed the crowd. "Is T.M. Simmons here?"

"Present," Tom answered rising, and the two stepped outside.

"My name is Renals. I'm with the Acme Insurance Company. You wrote about your loan."

"Yes, yes," Tom answered. His heart was performing a clog dance. He had not expected the representative so soon. "Would you like to get a deed to-day, or make settlement---?"

"I'd like to go and see the place first," Renals spoke. "Could you go out now?"

"Yes," Tom answered. "In about five minutes I can go."

"That's all right, I'll wait that long, I'm in a little hurry however for I want to go to Broken Bow to-night."

Tom hesitated, then stammered, "You will stop to dinner then?"

"Well," Renals demurred, "If you don't mind. Don't go to any trouble. A lunch will be fine."

"Sure, sure," Tom urged. "Take pot luck with us. I'll be ready in a few minutes and you can follow me out."

Tom ran into the bakery and called home. He knew Vera would be furious but he couldn't help it. He just had to invite the man to eat. It might mean a favor in return sometime, a job, or a recommendation or something.

"Hello, Vera," he cried into the transmitter, "I'm bringing a man home to dinner. We won't eat until about one, You'll have time."

"Take him to the restaurant," she called back,

"I can't Vera. I can't." He did not want to tell her over the phone that he didn't have money enough. "Shall I bring something?"

He heard her complain again so he hung up and ran out. She could get the meal all right, he knew, and Renals could eat it too. Vera's food was always cooked well and there'd be enough for one more. He knew she could if she would just sweeten her disposition a little.

It was only a few minutes before the two cars arrived in the yard. "I shall be out in a jiffy," Tom told Renals running into the house. When he was inside he saw Vera standing in the dining room door. Her breakfast dishes were not done. She did not speak. Her eyes were red and her apron dirty, her hair yet uncombed.

"Just a lunch dear," he begged. "You have time. It's the loan man. We must treat him nice. He might help me get a job."

"Seems like we're giving him enough in the farm without the meal. Why didn't you take him to the café?"

"I couldn't sweetheart. He's in a hurry and he wanted to stay. They get tired of restaurant stuff. We'll look at the farm first. It'll be one o'clock anyway."

He was still begging when he backed out of the door but she had not moved. He ran to the woodpile and took her an armful of sticks. Cobs would be better for a quick fire but it had been three years since he had raised corn enough to shell. Back into the house he noticed she was indolently picking up the dirty dishes. "And dear," he pleaded, "put on a better looking dress and slick your hair a little."

"I haven't any better dress," she retorted sharply as he closed the door.

He hurried to Renals car. It was a new machine, dark green, and Tom could hardly hear the engine. He had no idea why Renals was so anxious to see the farm. It was just that and no more and no less. But Tom would show it to him if he wished. Then he would know better where the lines were.

"Lets drive out in the field to the highest point if we can," Renals spoke shifting the gears.

Tom opened the gate and they turned east. "This was corn," Tom explained as they drove along the turn-row, the feeble stalks having burned white and broken over early in the season from the heat and drouth. "Not an ear from this field in three years."

"I know. I know," Renals answered heading Tom off.

"And this was alfalfa but it killed out. Thistles now."

"Very evident," Renals answered again.

They were on top of the hill now. Renals took some papers from his portfolio and stepped out. "Can we see the corners here?" he asked.

Tom pointed. "See that fence on the further hill, Way over? Right over that windmill?" There were a thousand hills, grey with buffalo grass, specked with cat-steps, and on one peak, running high, a fence clung to a desolate corner post.

Renals drew a map. He marked the fields, turning as he drew. "This field of thirty acres, average about twenty bushels, the B. field, say forty bushels, and the alfalfa, say two tons."

"It averaged about zero the last five years," Tom interrupted.

"I know. I know." Renals kept on writing. Finally he looked up. "That timber is not on you?"

"Yes. About thirty acres of it."

"Let's drive over there," Renals spoke quickly and climbed into the car.

The grove was in a canyon, a small creek across the corner. Renals stopped at the top and feasted his eyes.

"Beautiful! Why aren't you cutting it?"

"I do cut some," Tom answered. "The crooked and dead trees. That's enough for our fuel. Hardly be right to cut any more. Spoil the security wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would, Mr. Simmons, but most men would cut it anyway."

They walked down into the canyon, the tall ash and cottonwoods towering fifty to a hundred feet. A few squirrels hopped from one branch to another.

"You know Mr. Renals, there's something sacred about these trees to me. The next fellow will cut them sure as fate, but I can't do it. Dad and I planted 'em when I was little, thirty years ago, and I remember when we hoed the weeds we had to be careful not to cut off a tree. Dad is gone now but these trees are here yet. I'm going away next year so I won't have to be around when the next fellow starts cutting."

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" Renals said again as they climbed the hill going out.

"Now listen," Tom interrupted at the brink of the hill. He gave a yell and it echoed a time or two. "Like in a big, empty cathedral."

"Yes. Yes. Beautiful! Say, Tom, I would like to live here! I'd have a picnic every night and build a cabin down here too."

"Well," Tom returned, "No one is stopping you."

Renals did not reply. They walked on to the barns. A team of roan colts fed at the rack. A big team of sorrel mares was at the tank.

"Nice team," Renals remarked stopping to look at one's teeth. "Why don't you sell them and pay your interest?"

"Couldn't do it. I mortgaged them last year to pay interest. And those colts are mortgaged too. Just speculating with them."

"Do you deal in horses?"

"A little now and then. But you know, to deal in horses you have to take advantage of the other fellow's ignorance. If you give a neighbor what the horse is worth you can't make anything. And if you buy his horse forty dollars too cheap, it is not fair to the neighbor after he has gone to all the trouble of raising it. I decided I'd make my money some other way, or go without."

"You'll not get rich if you feel like that," Renals added.

"Oh, I could make it if it would rain. That's all I need is rain."

They looked over the buildings and then moved on to the house, stepping each off and Renals making a note of each one. They were into the house then. It was one. Tom smelled the coffee and the dinner. The front room was straightened some. The breakfast dishes were out of sight. He saw Vera in the kitchen, her hair still ruffled, her apron still dirty. She might have changed and fixed up a little for the visitor even if he (Tom) wasn't worth it.

He called her from the kitchen. "Mr. Renals, this is my wife." Then he felt he must apologize for her looks. "Been pretty busy lately, canning meat. Hard to keep things straight with the children and all." He wondered if Renals would believe it.

"Don't worry about me," he laughed. "Running in this way I don't expect a banquet. Just a lunch is all I need. I have a family of five boys and I know what it is to have a caller come in unexpected."

She forced a smile and walked back to the kitchen. He followed her out and to the sink and washed. He talked continuously between blows. Then back into the dining room he looked at the books and furniture. "Nice old book-case you have there," he said, "and clock too."

"Hundred years old and still running," Tom explained. "My grandfather brought it from Wisconsin. Had a notion to sell it and pay the interest."

"Wouldn't do it," Renals said shortly. "If you have to sell the furniture to save the place you better let it go."

They were being seated at the table now. "You have a beautiful place here Mrs. Simmons. Wonderful timber. Most timber has been cut you know, the last five years. You should get your husband here to build some cabins down there."

"You can." Tom said. "I'll come and rent one of you."

"Would you care if I had another piece of cake?" Renals asked. "That's wonderful cake."

"All you want, Mr. Renals." This was the first she had spoken. The red was leaving her eyes. "Junior had a birthday yesterday. This was left over."

There was a pause in the conversation and Tom thought perhaps now was his time to speak. "Couldn't help me get a job as an appraiser could you? I always thought I could do it. I've had farm experience. I've been to college. I've tried time and again but never had a friend in that work to help me."

"I could not help you," Renals replied. "I'm in danger of losing my own job. The government is making so many loans now that our business has fallen off." He took a drink of coffee and continued. "But why would you leave here where you are at home with your wife and children, and good food, for a job on the road? For a week at a time I don't know where my boys are playing. The wife has almost all the work to do and they hardly know me when I get home. And this beautiful place. Trees, pasture, outdoors, and no one to boss you around or fire you. Man, I'd like to trade places with you if I could."

"I wouldn't leave if I could help it, either," Tom said. "But there comes an end to all good things I guess."

Renals looked across the table and smiled at Vera. She smiled a trifle too, Tom thought, the first for several days.

They sat for some time after the meal telling of college days. It happened Renals had graduated from the University the year before Tom entered. Finally Renals arose and went to the car for his typewriter and papers. "If I could sit at the table," he said, "for a few minutes, I'll make out my report and we'll straighten this thing up." Vera cleared the dishes, working swiftly.

"The loan," he spoke as he wrote, "was originally fifty-four hundred. You have paid a thousand. The pasture is worth, say, ten dollars an acre, the level land eighty, the hill field forty, the buildings total up to three thousand and that adds up to ten thousand. And then the timber. We'll call that another thousand."

"And your children," he continued half to himself, "there are two, and your wife's age is 34." He was reading partly from a previous report. "And your taxes are not paid for '36 and your interest of \$120.00 is only partly paid, And your character?" He stopped here and looked over at Vera smiling slightly. "What shall we call his character, Mrs. Simmons?"

She really smiled this time. "He's pretty tough," she answered. Tom didn't know what he wrote. It was a short word and then Renals figured some more with his pencil.

"Now Mr. Simmons," he said looking up at Tom as if the fatal moment had come. "Your loan is now \$4400.00 and adding fifty dollars for the balance of the interest unpaid, and a hundred and fifty for your taxes unpaid and one hundred ten for the interest that is due next month, the new loan will, be about \$4700. If that will be all right we shall send you the mortgage papers next week."

Renals was folding his typewriter now. "Nothing to pay for a year?" Tom exclaimed.

"No. Mr. Simmons. That 'll give you a chance to get a crop. You've nothing to pay with until then have you?"

"No," Tom answered feebly.

Renals was picking up his coat and hat now. He turned to Vera. "That was a fine dinner, Mrs. Simmons. You don't know how I appreciate it. Now I can go right on without stopping. And you have a pretty home here. I'll bring my wife and boys up sometime if I can find them all at once, and we shall have a picnic if you don't care. And your husband. Be careful of him. He's a tough customer."

He was outside now, preparing to leave. "Broken Bow tonight. Lexington tomorrow, Hemingford the next, and if I'm lucky, home Saturday."

He had been talking with Vera at the door and then he turned to Tom and said, "Must take one more look at the trees, Tom." He stepped to the edge of the house and looked over the canyon. "Fine timber, Tom. Fine timber. If I had a farm like this I'd never go to town."

"And you folks aren't going to take it?" Tom asked still not quite understanding.

"No. Why would we take your farm when you're doing as well or better than we could." Then he became more serious. "Now get that out of your head about our taking your farm. You do your part and we'll do ours, and if it never rains again we'll all lose."

Then he turned to Vera and said, "I don't know whether you realize it or not but there are very few of our borrowers in this section who have done better than your husband has."

He was opening his car door now, he was in, he was starting the engine, he was turning around, he was leaving, one hand on the wheel, one waving. There was a cloud of dust. Tom watched him. In a minute he was a mile down the road turning west. Vera had gone back into the house. The colts wanted to go out into the field. Tom moved toward the barn.

It was a couple of hours before he was back to the house. He tended the colts, he ground a little corn for the chickens, (sixty cent corn that had been trucked in from Iowa) and he took a saunter into the timber again.

He heard Vera singing as he stepped onto the porch. As he moved into the house he saw her washing dishes. Her hair had been combed, tight like he liked it, she had a clean apron, the stove was singing with a cake in the oven.

"Sweetheart," he said, "Let's see if we can't cut a few logs and build a summer cabin in the grove. I'll borrow a little money if I have to and perhaps we can rent the cabins in the summer and that will help pay the interest."

She was beaming. "That would be fun, wouldn't it?" She came nearer, put her hands up and he kissed her. "Tom," she whispered, "Do you love me yet?"

"How could I help it," he answered. He held her tight. She was pretty and nice too with her clean apron and her shining, copper-colored hair.

End.

George G. Gowen
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About 3000 words
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"THEM THAT HELP OTHERS"

By George Gowen

Around the neighborhood of Jimmie Martin's heart, there was a tingle of nostalgia. He pressed his foot on the accelerator a little harder as he passed through Westerville and the speedometer swirled toward sixty. Forty miles from that corner by the church and he would be home. He loved that little town of North Loup. He wanted to live there, marry, make his home there, be an integral part of that tiny beautiful village. In his rear view mirror he could see the red Nebraska sun, big and round, sinking as he dipped into the swales, popping out again as he sailed over the hills, silhouetting trees, elevators, farmsteads, and making amethyst castles with silver borders in the straggling clouds.

Yes, he had a good job, as jobs go. This month he had been in Colorado buying cucumber seed, next month to Montana for alfalfa seed, then south to Kansas for canes and sorghums, then Mexico and Washington. As far as jobs were concerned he had been lucky. His father had been a well to do grain man and had helped him. After college he had worked in the bank for two years. Then he got wind of this job as seed buyer. He knew seeds. He had learned it in the elevator. It was fun at first, but after a few years the thrill disappeared. He would give his job up for one of half the pay if he could be at home again each night, if he didn't have to eat fried potatoes at restaurants and if he might see Ann more often.

He flipped on his lights. A half an hour more and he would pull up to the curb by Ma Allan's cafe. He always parked there if he could. It was Saturday and there would be a crowd on the streets. He wondered if Ann would be looking for him, wondered if she were home from Normal school. He had dropped her a letter and asked her to have supper with him. He might get better acquainted with her if he were home more often. He wondered if she was going to teach again. It was almost useless for her to try to write him, so difficult was it to forward letters all the time.

He wondered about Harvey Prien. Jimmie and Harvey had gone to school together. Jimmie owned the building where Harvey's Grocery was. Harvey just couldn't make it, it seemed. He was a fine fellow in every way except for finance. He was on the School Board, Superintendent of the Sunday School, Boy Scout leader and President of the Community Club. Once in a while he paid his rent; more often he didn't. Jimmie supposed he should make him pay or move, but Harvey had a wife and three children. Jimmie had no family and he could stand the loss of the rent. When Harvey's money didn't come, Jimmie marked it paid anyway. He wouldn't have Harvey owing him.

Jimmie raised up over Peek-a-boo Hill and saw the lights. Ten miles more, ten minutes longer. He wondered then how Art Thomas was coming in the Building and Loan Association. Art was the secretary and was sick and had threatened to quit. Art was a

brother-in-law of Harvey. Jimmie had told them both, if Art resigned, to let him know as he would like the job. Surely they would help him out when the time came.

Jimmie's car sped across the wooden bridge three miles out. His mind wandered back to the association. The directors really did the hiring. At least four of them were obligated to Jimmie. Tom Hensey, Ike Larson, Dr. Hall and Art Thomas had all received favors. Old Karl Kocher was the fifth. He was independent and rich. Jimmie could not bank on him, but he could make it without his vote. Jimmie had spoken to all of them.

He pulled to the edge of town and saw the lights swinging, blinking. One more mile, one more minute. Then he turned into main street, his car rolling slowly along the pavement and to the curb by Ma Allen's. He had wanted to eat there. She knew what he liked, what agreed with his stomach. That had been his headquarters since his father died.

He stepped out of his car, stretched, adjusted his tie and moved to the walk. Everyone knew him. He waved this way and that, smiling, tipping his hat. He pushed on, so glad to be there, wondering if Ann would be there too. Yes, there she was, tucked back in the shadows, bashful, sedate, with hair the color of old bronze, eyes blue as the evening sky. "Hello, Ann," he said. "I was afraid you were not here."

She glanced up to his lean, hollow cheeks, his straight thin form. "You've been working too hard again," she said.

She took his arm and they went scurried into the restaurant. A plump, smiling lady, with white apron, jumped up from behind the counter. "Hello Jimmie Boy," she greeted. "Come right over to this booth. I'll have your supper in two jerks and no fried taters either."

"Two of them," he called. "A glass of milk for me."

He and Ann sat down. "How are you?" he asked. "It seems good to see you again."

She smiled but her blue eyes were serious, "Honest! I supposed you see lots of nice girls."

"Not like you," he interrupted reaching over and touching her hand. "They don't make 'em like you very often, Hon."

She smiled again, and blushed too, but Ma Allan was coming now. She placed the dishes down. "Glad t' see y' home ag'in, Jimmie Boy," she said. "Heard some news yesterday. I wished you were here."

"What is it?" he smiled, "Good news or bad?"

She leaned over and whispered. "Art Thomas has resigned. I heard him and the Banking inspector talking. No one knows it yet but me. You better get the job. You're qualified, y' know better 'en anyone I can think of."

Jimmie's heart leaped but he held back his enthusiasm. "It would be nice to be home with you all," he answered.

He could hardly talk for a moment. He knew he must work now, interview the board. They might elect a secretary any day at a special meeting.

Finally he turned to Ann. "If I could get that job, Ann, and could be at home--?"

She looked toward the table, embarrassed, then out, then back to him. "I always did love you, Jimmie Boy," she answered.

He wanted to kiss her right there but the door swung open and Harvey Prien stepped in. He was tall, smiling, buoyant, affable. He saw Jimmie and came straight to the booth.

Jimmie waved. "How's it go, Harry?" he asked.

"Not so good," Harvey answered. Jimmie thought he always answered that way, apologizing for not paying, the rent perhaps. "I'll have to give it up I guess," he continued. "I'm not opening up again Monday."

Jimmie was truly sorry. Harvey Prien, President of the Community Club, having to close out!

"What are you going to do then?" Jimmie asked.

"Don't know," Harvey replied. "Get a Federal job, I guess, on the W.P.A. "

Immediately Jimmie thought of his job. He wished he could let Harvey have it if he could get to be the Building and Loan secretary. But Harvey couldn't buy the seed. He would fail before he started. The Brannon Seed Company demanded results. Jimmie was their only buyer that had lasted more than five years. Suddenly a sense of pity took him. He thought of Harvey and his fine wife and three children living on W.P.A. pay. It would mortify her terribly, he knew. Jimmie concluded he better stay where he was and help Harvey get the Building and Loan job. Anyone would qualify for a co-operative position, if the directors liked him.

"Sit down," he said briskly. "Now listen. I just heard how Art Thomas has resigned. Why don't you get his job?"

Harvey looked at Jimmie in amusement, "Do you suppose I could?" he asked.

"Don't know why not," Jimmie replied. "I'll speak to the board if you wish."

"Do that, Jimmie. You're a depositor there and your recommendation would help." He got up to leave. "Be seeing you again Jimmie. Must go back to the store."

After he left Ann spoke, "You're giving it up?"

Jimmie was silent for a moment. Finally he said, "I know I am, but friendship goes deeper than jobs and dollars and cents, you know. I'm making more money anyway. Maybe something else will turn up and then Harvey will help me out, and we'll both be better off."

"You may be dead by then," she complained, wrinkling her forehead, "from an auto accident or eating fried potatoes. And jobs in small towns are hard to find."

He was getting up by then. "Come along with me, won't you Hon," he said, "and don't scold. I've a few errands to make. I like your company even when I'm busy."

He paid Mrs. Allan and they swung out onto the walk. He must look up the board. He would recommend Harvey as he promised, but he had a feeling Harvey was not up to it. He had had no experience in bookkeeping. He would have to learn it all. Perhaps, Jimmie thought, in his talk to the board, they would ask him to apply. He would see Art Thomas first and then the others, leaving Old Karl until the last.

They had only gone a few steps until they met Art leaning against a plate glass window. He was small, shallow chested, consumptive. Jimmie had helped him get his job six years ago when he was on the board. Art was surprised Jimmie had heard of the resignation.

"I hear Harvey is quitting," Jimmie said. "He's public spirited and everyone likes him. Do you suppose he'd do?"

Art tried to be non-committal. "Perhaps he would," he answered. "He would be pretty well guarded by the Banking Department and the board. I could help him get started."

"Give it consideration," Jimmie concluded, walking on.

Then Jimmie moved around to the garage and called Ike Larson up from a checker game. He was tall, strong and short spoken. Jimmie liked him and had bought four cars of him. He answered about like Art, neither for or against, concluding with the question asking if Jimmie wasn't about ready to trade cars again.

Jimmie drove then to the Co-operative Creamery. He felt Tom Hensey would surely give him attention. Jimmie owned fifty shares of creamery stock, the most anyone could vote. Tom needed the votes to hold his position.

"Not too strong for Harvey," Tom answered, "but we'll consider him. He's pleasant and a booster, at least. Too bad to see him go on relief." He was silent a minute and then he added, "That reminds me, I wish you would renew your proxy before you leave town again. Something might turn up, you know."

Doctor Hall, a white haired fleshy man, too, tried to evade the question. He finally said, "I believe Harvey would not be so bad, but how about changing those glasses. Better let me fit you up again."

When Jimmie got back to the car where Ann was waiting, he had become disgusted. Each man would hardly talk of the appointment, as if it was none of Jimmie's business. But it was Jimmie's business. He was a holder of Building and Loan stock, of Creamery stock, spent his money in his home town. Why did they act so indifferent?

"I've a notion not to go see Karl at all," he said to Ann. "It seems so hopeless. I don't believe Harvey has a chance."

"It seems funny he would," she answered. Then she thought a moment and said, "Better go see Karl and apply yourself. At least Karl will tell you what he thinks."

That might be an idea, Jimmie thought. He had done his part now for Harvey. If Harvey couldn't get it perhaps he could. He would see Karl next. Karl was a wealthy, retired cattle feeder, asking favors of no one, giving no favors.

It was a two minute drive until they stopped in front of Karl Kocher's door. Karl and his wife were on the porch and they stepped out to the car. He was a short, round. German, and waddled when he walked.

"Haw-de-do, Chimmie. Haw-de-do Annah," he greeted. "Glad ta see yours."

They visited a minute, then Jimmie said, "I hear Art Thomas has resigned."

"Yah, yah, Chimmie," he said quickly. "You ess too late, Shimmie. I'ess not supposed t' tell 'til Monday, but I wus disgust. I yest talks my head for you off, Chimmie, but I yest could talk not enough against dot Art und Harvey. You see, Chimmie, I tell dem you got experiment, und we knowed yer Pa und Ma, and you had money dare, but it wus a waste mit breaths. I jest could not talk it into dem."

Jimmie could hardly keep up with Karl but he caught the idea. Finally he asked, "You mean they had a meeting? They've already elected?"

"Yah, yah, Chimmie. Last week. Vendesday. You see, he's a brudder-in-law mit dot Art. An he's head of the Communistic Club an' he's got busted, und you has a good shob. Yah. Yah. He vas elected four t' von. Dey wanted t' elect all before you could found out about it." Karl caught his breath. "But not by my votes, Chimmie. I put in my votes for you. I tink I takes my moneys out mit dare anymore. Won't you folkes get out a minutes und sit on der porches?"

"No," Jimmie replied quickly. "I guess not. We were going to the second show." Jimmie put out his hand and took hold of Karl's. "Thanks for all your trouble, anyway. Perhaps I can do something for you sometime. If I can, don't fail to ask."

"No. No. Chimmy," Karl spoke up. "You don't needs to do nothings for me."

Jimmie's car was moving off again, silently. He drove slowly, a mile south on the highway. He could not talk. He felt like the world had dropped out from under him, like he had no friends left. He discovered Ann was leaning toward him, her arm over his shoulders.

"Are you going to take your money out too?" she asked.

"No," he answered. "I'll not be a sorehead, even if I haven't any friends left."

"I'm still your friend," she volunteered. "And then there is Karl, and Ma Allan."

After a minute he said, "Ann, I spoke too quickly in the restaurant. I thought sure I'd get that job. I'll have to go back on the road again. Montana next month, then Kansas and Mexico after that. I'm sorry. For a year I've hoped for that Building and Loan work, and you, and some home cooking once more without fried potatoes."

"Why can't I go to Montana and Kansas too?" she asked, her bashfulness leaving. "I'd love to try to cook for you. We could camp or stay in cabins, you know."

His mind was slow now. Finally he said, "I've a notion to keep right on driving. I don't feel like hanging around town any longer."

"But my things, my clothes!" she exclaimed.

"It's only a mile back for them," he urged. "We could stay with your sister in Grand Island to-night, and then get married to-morrow."

End.

George Gowen

North Loup,

Neb

Written by
George G. Gowen
North Loup, Neb

About 1600 words
(1543)

HE WAS A LIAR

By George G. Gowen

It was from no quick thought that Hank Jones decided to kill his father-in-law, John Goodwin. The task would not be difficult in that Hank was tall and slender and John was a short, chuffy little man with a waist measurement of forty-six. Hank had thought of it many times even before he was married, but two weeks ago the decision became final. Yes, there might be many ways as they worked at their well and windmill business, but Hank must be careful.

It was kind of the old man, Hank admitted to himself. He had stopped that evening when they came from work and told Sally and him that they could have his insurance if they would keep it up. "Mother is gone now and you. I may have t' quit one of these days. I hardly feel like paying on it any more. But it is a good investment."

And Hank answered with a touch of sympathy, "Sure Dad. We'll keep it up. Be glad to. No more than right we should."

Yes, Hank thought to himself. The old man is becoming reconciled. Hank remembered how John had objected to him before they were married. Told Sally the kid was nothing but a tough, and a gambler and would lie when the truth sounded better. Well, he did gamble some and if he had the old man's money as a starter he could make plenty more too. The old man was a tight wad if there ever was one. He had his well business, a saving's account of five or ten thousand and his life insurance. That would be a tidy sum altogether if the old man would die.

It was with a tinge of rebellion that he thought of the work he was doing now when he might do something better. The old man had taken him on as a helper but he always gave him the hard jobs like digging anker holes or cutting threads at only two dollars a day. On the other hand the old man still had nerve to climb on any windmill. Seemed to pride himself in being able to work in the air. He told Hank the other day, "There is no more sense of falling down up here than there would be on the ground."

Hank doped it out he would arrange to have the old man fall off the mill. It would kill him, almost without question. It would be nothing but an accident. Sally would inherit his business, his savings and his life insurance. There would be enough money to go to Grand Island and speculate on the board of trade. There would be no more digging anker holes with a long handled posthole digger or repairing sewers.

It all came about even before Hank expected. It was less than a week when they were called to a pasture to repair a mill wrecked by a tornado. John came around with his pick-up and tools for Hank even before he had breakfast eaten. As he climbed in beside his

father-in-law, the latter's wide hips taking two thirds the room and his vile cob pipe contaminating the atmosphere, Hank thought to himself, things will be different to-night.

They arrived at the mill far away from civilization by eight-thirty. Hank glanced around. Not a house or a public road in sight. Nothing but hills and more hills and now and then a few cattle. The men must climb on the tower to take the mill apart. John sorted out the tools. Hank took his belt. He buckled it tight around his waist. It had an extra strap that lashed him to the mill, the ends hooking to rings to the sides. It would not matter if his hands slipped and he fell back, the belt would catch him.

They climbed to the top. Hank fastened himself to the tower and they went to work. The platform was small but big enough and it was not long before the mill was apart and on the platform, the fan on end pointing upward. When the dismantling was finished, John leaned over to look at the broken parts.

Hank glanced off up the road front where they came. There was not a soul in sight. He swung his eyes in other directions, still seeing no one. As his father-in-law started to raise, to tie a rope to a part, Hank put his hand out and pushed him. It all happened so quickly, Hank could hardly remember it. He heard his father-in-law yell, a near squeal it was, saw his pipe fall, saw him grab, but his weight pulled him down.

Hank saw the look in John's face--the look of agony, the look of terror, saw his fingers grab but slip, saw him drop the thirty feet, saw his head hit a post, saw him tumble on to the ground. Hank heard a groan or two, noticed the old man twitch and his legs jerk and then stiffen out. The trick was done. No one could say it was not an accident.

Hank must move now before someone came--the owner of the pasture perhaps or a cowboy. Hank must get down. He must warn the authorities. He must say he was on the ground and he must not know why John fell. He took the little rope they pulled things up and down with and tied it to one end of the fan, dropping the other over the edge. That would look better. He must remember he was working on the ground, John on top. That would eliminate him from suspicion. Everyone knew that was the way they usually worked. Hank was a little afraid on a tower. John was not. Hank hurriedly unbuckled the belt and crawled down.

On the ground he looked over the hills again. He was safe now. No one was near. He glanced at John. The blood was spurting from a gash in his head, his eyes were glassy. Hank knew enough about such things to know his father-in-law was dead. He stepped into the pick-up and went for help.

At the first house he called the doctor. "Dad fell from a mill in Graham's pasture," he cried over the wire. "I think he's killed. Come quick."

It was only a few minutes before the doctor arrived. As usual in such cases he brought the sheriff along. Hank waited at the corner and they followed him into the pasture. The doctor was a short, straight, little fellow; the sheriff, Tom Long, heavy set, wearing a dusty, blue-serge suit and smoking a curled pipe. He spoke without opening his teeth and he spoke short when he was concentrating.

As they stopped Hank's face was drawn in pretended sorrow. "I don't know how it happened. He was on top and I was letting the parts down. All at once he fell."

The doctor felt the pulse. Then they all stood still for an instant. Then Tom looked at the top of the mill, and then at Hank. "Dammed funny he'd fall. He's worked at this kind of jobs for a long while."

"Just what I was thinking," Hank agreed. "I can't understand it for I was not up there. He was sort of foolish I thought not to use a belt, but he said it was in the way."

Hank ceased talking. Tom seemed not to be paying attention. He was walking around the mill. What was he looking at? He was moving toward the ladder. He was reaching for the step. He was climbing up. He was half way up. He was to the top. There was no reason for him to crawl up there. He was looking around the platform.

He was coming down now, his short pipe held tight in his teeth, as if it might fall. He was scowling. He was down. He was speaking to Hank, only his lips moving, his hands on his hips. "You say you were not on top at all?"

"No," Hank stammered.

"And the old man wouldn't use the belt?"

"No. It was too small for him."

Why should Tom ask that question? Hank wondered if he should have told it as it was, but he must stay by his story now.

Tom moved over by the body, his eyes still following Hank. Why was he watching so closely? Tom leaned and with one jerk turned the body over on its face. There was a grease spot where Hank's hand had pushed on John's clean shirt. But that was nothing. That might be there for many reasons. Now Hank could see Tom's lips moving again. He was talking. He was pulling a sack of tobacco from his pocket. No. It was handcuffs. Hank felt a weakness about his heart.

"If you'd a told the truth, Hank, you'd a been all right. But you forgot and left your belt hanging on the tower. It's under the fan out of sight but it's there. And it might be this is your hand mark where you pushed him off."

End.

George Gowen
Neth Loup, Neb

Written by
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About 2300 words
(2190)

LOVE IN THE SPRINGTIME

By
George Gowen

Stanley Whorl knew it was through no neglect of his that he ran out of gasoline. To run out of gasoline when you live thirty miles in the hills is serious. His car was of a '32 model and his gasoline gage worked only when his tank was empty. As a result Stanley watched the speedometer closely and refilled on every trip to town. When he concluded who had stolen the gasoline, the situation was even more serious.

The day before, Stanley had gone to town alone. He was six feet two, straight and walked with quick strides. He wore a faded white hat and bibless overalls. He was a serious, strong-minded fellow, assuming management of his affairs with pleasant but still undisputed authority. He stopped his car close by the kitchen gate, took an arm full of groceries and stepped briskly into the back door.

"Elva," he said sitting down the packages. "I've news for you. The government has made the grant for the irrigation project, and the engineers have opened offices in Mansville. As soon as I heard of it I went and applied for a job for you."

She placed the flat iron she was using on the stove from the board and picked up another. She was slender and neat and had an air of confidence.

"What did they say," she asked continuing to iron.

"They will want help all right. They have several applications for their office but none like your's will be. I told them you had graduated from the University and had taken post graduate work. That you had worked closely for Mead and Sorensen for seven years and had had charge of the office. I told them you could figure any of their problems,--- could read the blue prints, make the contracts, figure the grades and amount of dirt to be moved. You can can't you?"

"I can do that that you mentioned but you tell it so funny. You brag so."

"It's not bragging," he corrected. "It's true. I knew you could and you can get the job too. You are to meet the engineer and the board at ten tomorrow. They are going to hire someone then. I told them you'd sure be there, they could plan on it. The engineer said you are just what he wants, someone he could depend on. He leaves for Kansas City on the ten-thirty train and they will hire someone before he goes. I didn't tell him all your qualifications Dear. You can tell him tomorrow."

"But how about the chickens we planned to raise," she questioned?

"I can raise them like I use to or not raise any," he decided quickly. "No profit in chickens anyway. You know I always did feel ashamed to bring you out here in the hills."

"You didn't need to," she answered moving mechanically at the ironing. "Really, I kinda like it. Everything so big and still."

"I know," he replied with finality. "It's all right for me. I can't do anything else. But it's different with you. You can do other things. Be somebody. Not a country hick. There is no chance for you here." He poured some warm water to wash with. "Now don't argue with me Dear. Here is the chance we've been looking for."

They ate their supper and then he took the pail and started to the barn for the milking. He remembered how he had met her in Omaha in the contractor's office where he had gone to see about work building approaches to bridges. How in the waiting room she had visited with him. How she had helped him get the contract, and how then he had, jokingly, asked her to supper, and how she had accepted.

He remembered too, how he had dropped her a card thanking her for the good time and the favor and how she had answered it. How he had made more trips to Omaha and how he would drop in to see her each time, and too, how surprised he was when he realized he had proposed to her, as they sat in the car at the curb that evening, and how surprised he was that she accepted.

And then he recalled to, with a sense of pleasure, the wedding---a quiet one--- and how she had continued working in the office because they could find no one else who would quite do the work like she, and how she would come up to the ranch now and then and, she said, clean house for him, and how he would drive into Omaha to see her more often and stay longer.

He recalled all that, and then the depression came to the bridge business, Mead and Sorensen dissolved and she was out. That was last fall. She was offered another job but she said she did not like the outfit, and as a result, had come, he said, to hibernate in the hills for the winter. Yes, here in the hills with the cattle for traffic and coyotes for music. It was with a tinge of sarcasm that he thought of his place. A woman with her ability out here! It wasn't right.

The milking finished, he hung the pail high so as to finish his chores. Elva had come out, hand in hand, they started up the canyon to feed the steers.

She always walked out with him if the weather was nice, this being his last chore. They'd laugh and sing like school children, free from onlookers, chatting foolishness, watching the birds, look for the first wild flowers.

"I'll miss you, Hon," he said. "in the evenings. You know, no matter how bad a thing is, there are always a few bright spots."

She did not answer. They swung on, taking each other's arm, kissing each other, joking until they were sick. The house was dark now. He planned to help her pack, but Jimmy Harris, the neighbor boy had driven his new puddle jumper over and was waiting in the yard. He came for a visit.

They had to be courteous to him. He would be more than welcome any night after tonight. It was bed time before he left.

In the morning there was the usual commotion proceeding the ordeal of going to town. Stanley had his chores to do. She her packing.

"We should be started by nine-thirty," he said. "You will be ready won't you? We must not be late. If we are not at the meeting someone else will get the job."

"Oh!" she replied with rising inflection.

He looked at his watch. "It is eight-thirty now," he said. "I'll have to feed the steers in the north pasture and then ride over and see that the horses have water. I'll be back easy in an hour."

He left quickly for the barn where he saddled his horses and galloped off. He saw her watching him in the door, than pick up some bags and move toward the garage. He admired her. He would not have to wait for her. She was always ready.

He was gone a few minutes longer than he planned. Some of the steers had not come in and he hurried out to find them. As he came near the house he saw her running from the garage.

Her things were packed and in the car as he expected, but at that he had to wait a few minutes before she was ready. It was not like her but there was that last touch of powder, that last fluff to her hair. Even at that they had time. The sun was warm. Some geese were flying north, honking as they went. A robin was on the fence.

Stanley finally spoke, passing the time. "I'll see you often, Dear. It won't be like you were in Omaha. You can come out every week. It may be sometime I can quit farming and find something in town." He drove another mile in silence and then added, "I'm proud of you, Sweetheart. Not every woman can do a job like that, or man either."

"I'm not ashamed of you, Stanley," she answered and snuggled a little closer. "You done better than the average with your cattle and land."

He was glad to hear her say that. There was something repulsive to him about the whole ranch business. His ambition when young, was to be a professional man, but his father had kept him out in the hills. Section beyond section of grass, blowing sand, bawling white-faced cattle, fighting horses, flat shining lakes, and neighbors two miles away.

He was thrilled with the thoughts of her working in an office, out of the sun and dirt and where people used their heads in place of their backs. It was too late for him to be anything but a farmer. He had started wrong, but it was not too late for her. Her working there would partly compensate him for the things he felt his father had cheated him out of.

They drove from the valley along Turtle Creek and to the hills again. Eight miles of these and then to the river valley road. The car moved steadily at a moderate rate. "Better take it a little slowed," he said, "and be sure."

There was the Devil's Gap and then the Hog's Back. As they started up the grade they felt a miss in the exhaust, then a sputter. The car chugged a time or two and stopped.

It was a moment before he spoke. "Now what? Acts like it's out of gas. It can't be. I put in five gallons yesterday."

He climbed out impatiently. Elva was soon out too. Quickly he walked to the rear. He picked up a weed and thrust it into the tank.

"It's dryer than powder," he said. "How could that happen? Someone must have swiped it. That Harris kid I'll bet. He was there when we got back you know. Seems like he'd left enough to get to town with." They stood looking at each other.

"Perhaps I can walk," she offered.

"No. You haven't time. It's five miles back through the hills to our place but even then there is no gas. It is three miles to the first house. Not a chance, Dear, of making it now."

He paced up and down the road a few times, then stopped and sat on the running board, his hands on his chin, his eyes on the hills. There the yuccas were turning green and the cedars were changing color. There was a hawk and a rabbit too. Elva sat down beside

him and put her arm over his shoulder. She kissed him but he did not move. A few sprigs of grass were pushing through the dirt.

"See the grass, Sweetheart," she comforted. "There'll be rain soon and then there'll be more wild flowers. Fox-gloves and sweet peas."

He did not answer. They sat there for some time.

It was one o'clock when they finally drove back into their own yard. He had walked to the first house, borrowed some gasoline and walked back to the car again. As they finished a lunch he spoke for the first time;

I'll tell you Elva," he blurted in short sentences, "Someone will pay for this. I'm going over to see that Harris kid. No one else has been here who could have taken that gas. I'll make him admit it. I'll choke him 'til he does."

She picked up a bright colored catalogue that lay on the table and began turning the pages. There were pictures of flowers, trees, and baby chicks. She took a pencil and began writing. He arose, took his wide white hat, pulled it hard on his head and started for the barn, the screen door banging after him.

He saddled his horse, pulling the cinch a hole tighter than usual. He took the reins and lead his horse out. At the door Elva was waiting.

"Dear." She touched his arm. "You'll forgive me won't you if I tell you something. Won't you Sweetheart?" She put her arm around his waist---she could not reach his neck.

He glanced down at her and tried to smile. What could it be? Had she seen someone else take the gas.

"I drained the car, Dear. The gasoline is in some cans in the garage. I'm sorry you had to walk so far. I intended to take it all out so we could not go at all but you came back too quickly from feeding the cattle.

She looked up into his face, her expression fading into a smile, and then she buried her head into his chest. "I like it better out here Sweetheart," she said, "than any old office. That's the reason I married you, Hon. Because I loved you and wanted to make a home for you, with flowers, and chickens, and kiddies, all together."

End.

Geo. G. Gowen
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Written by
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About 4100 words
(3579)

ONE MUST BE CAREFUL

By George G. Gowen

"Ohh," Clara Robbins said softly with intaking breath. She was not faint or exactly surprised. It was more of a disappointment or an answer to a remark of her husband John. She moved on with the coffee pot to the different cups. "Do we have to have that row of hog houses so close to the front yard again this year?" She tried to ask without emotion.

"No other place for them," he answered buoyantly. He swung his big frame from the wash bowl to his seat at the breakfast table. "That worked pretty well last year. Close to the well you know."

"And the front yard," she said quietly. She was pert with dark, blue eyes, black hair and spoke always thoughtfully. "But I don't know as that matters. No one ever comes to our front door anyway."

"Naw," he laughed agreeing. "Not on a farm. The folks lived here forty years and never used the front door that I know of." He rocked back on his chair. "A front lawn is a luxury, Mother, a farmer is immune from." He flooded his oats with cream.

"More than that, farmers haven't time for flower gardens and front lawns. Right when the flowers need planting, so does the corn. Which, Mother, is more important, corn or flowers?" He looked at her with a twinkle in his big, round eyes. "Do you expect me to ride a tractor sixteen hours in a corn field and then come in after supper and mow the lawn? Mother, dear, don't make me laugh."

That was just like John, she thought. Anything that was practical. If it had been practical to plant those hog houses on the front porch, there he would sit them. It was handy to have the house built in the middle like the hub of a wheel, hog houses on one side, steers on the north, chickens in the back yard, sheep browsing off the front lawn and flowers too.

That was the way most farmers had their places. But how it looked! How mortified she was when club met at her house to have the women have to trail through the back yard, around pails and a couple of dogs, following a path into the back porch where John was sure to have his rubber boots and a cream can, on through the kitchen where the guests could see the lunch in the making, on to the dining room, the parlour and at last to the hall to hang their wraps and where they should have come first.

But John had been raised that way and it seemed foolish to him to change. More than that he was busy. They had had vile arguments when they were first married, John always winning by his inaction and ridicule. She still believed the place could be fixed but she disliked the scenes of arguments, and the last time, after weeping throughout the afternoon, she concluded she must give up. It was hard medicine but there was her family and John was a good provider and in almost every way she loved him very much.

"It would not look natural to Uncle Herb, when he comes next week, if, we had it too nice," John, supplemented, smiling to Jimmie, his four year old son.

"Ohh," Clara said the second time with rising inflection as she sat the coffee pot back on the stove. "Is he coming again so soon?"

A second shock! Two such blows to the chin presenting themselves in quick succession were enough to bring to the ordinary woman the "Ohh," in high C. But not with Clara. She had prepared herself to be calm under most any kind of situation.

Herb was her brother-in-law, the black ball, she called him of the Robbins family. He called these sojourns to his brother's farm his vacations, but they lasted from a week to months sometimes. He was a braggart of the more subtle sort. He was a single man, dressed neatly, walked with a swagger, told of his wonderful profits in the grain market, mentioned names like Butler, Curran and other commission men glibly. He was fine looking, tall, broad shoulders, a palaverer and because Clara knew her husband John, steady, hard working, was a man of far more affluence, it took only the highest type of self control on her part to live through such times.

On the other hand, John seemed to drink in Herb's gullibility like a calf drinks milk. He would sit evening after evening absorbing Herb's stories of selling short or cornering the market, John was of a cautious nature, a hard bargainer, but perhaps in defense and to promote Herb in the eyes of his wife, John would actually repeat and boast his brother's stories. It was all very sickening to Clara.

"How long will he stay?" she asked as calmly as possible.

"I don't know," John answered. "He didn't say. I hope quite a while. I got the card yesterday in the mail."

"Is that the reason for getting the hogs out here?"

"One reason," John muttered, "You see, Herb does lots of running around. He sees how other fellows do, more prosperous men in the east, and I hate to have him think I'm too much of a boob."

"You've made more money than he," she reasoned.

"Hardly that," John defended. "Herb has made hundreds of thousands of dollars. He'd be a millionaire today if the government hadn't stopped him. He is really a remarkable man and has a deductive mind of very unusual ability."

"Too bad the government has to do such things," Clara said with a touch of sarcasm as she took some toast.

It was two days before Herb arrived with his leather valise, his light grey suit, straw hat and octagon glasses. Clara might enjoy a day or two of his visiting. She might enjoy the extra preparation she put into the meals, the accompanying to town of a relative from the city. Yes, a few days would be nice, but a month would be too much. Here was a problem that had bothered her for several years. She knew she was regarded in her club as of more than average intelligence, in church work she was given a leading part, and still, her home life came near collapse every summer. She could not think of a divorce. John was fine, not quite perfect, but far above the average and there were her two small children. She must do something to stop that ever widening breach between them.

Those two days were spent in deep thought. Six years ago after their wedding, she would have argued the point, but that she found got her nowhere. Two years ago she would have wept, but that she found did little good. Weeping only made John disgusted and that

was worse than his stubbornness. Then she recalled her happy courtship. She was popular, pretty, chic, a sort of a flirt if she did say so. There were several beaux, but John won. She had never been sorry for he was nice then. He was nice now, but still it was different. He was busy. Their life had settled down to a matter of course. She thought of another possible solution if she only dared. But she must be careful. Yes, very careful.

The first evening after Herb's arrival Clara invited in some friends. She had an elaborate supper. Cut glass dishes, salad, ice cream and roast chicken. She knew Herb was fond of any kind of chicken. She also knew that John, having eaten chicken so often, fairly detested the smell of it. She made it a point to sit Herb in a good light and beside her. Looking at Him with sparkling eyes she carefully drew him out, from one experience to another, but this was not difficult for he was easily lead to such revelations.

"Did you get caught in the last break in wheat?" she asked coquettishly.

"I was in luck then," he explained smiling, "I had sold short. Saw it coming." He looked down at her. "Winds in Kansas, drought in Nebraska. All one has to do is to watch things closely. I have a direct wire to my apartment and to my office from the weather bureau."

"I'd hardly call it luck," she complimented turning to Mrs. Ashway. "More like good judgment I'd think. And you say you live in an apartment?"

"Yes. Yes." It was trifling for him to tell of it. "A very nice place I have. Rather new style apartment. It is really a large group of very small bungalows built around a court and a tiny park."

"Oh. Wouldn't that be lovely?" She expostulated.

"Yes. Yes. Very nice, Clara. Very nice. And a splendid group of people there. More or less prominent all of them."

"Wouldn't that be grand?" she swooned. "I'd love to see it. But I suppose such fine things will never come my way."

He went on with her encouragement, doing the most the talking, she most the urging.

After the guests had gone home and Herb put in the spare bed room she and John visited whisperingly by the fire a few minutes.

"Nice time we had John. Herb surely is interesting telling of his life. He must be very rich. His suit looks so nice and new. Wouldn't it be fine to live in an apartment like his? The little arcade he told about, the lily pool and flowers?"

"You didn't use to believe all he said," John answered picking up a paper.

"I know I didn't," she explained. "But I must have been wrong. A man doesn't look as nicely as he without money from someplace."

John started undressing now. She was getting the night lamp ready. As they started for bed he blurted, "Herb sure associates with nice people. He does, at least, when he's visiting us."

The next evening she arranged a theater party with a few friends. They were to meet in town. In place of sitting in the back seat by herself to be bounced around, she crowded into the front. There was none too much room for John to drive so it became necessary for her to lean forward and for Herb to throw his arm over the back.

She looked up at him coyly, "I suppose merely a movie will not be very interesting for you Herbert, but we love your company. I do so enjoy to hear you talk."

He smiled down condescendingly. "You enjoy me no more than I like to hear you. In fact, Clara, you are a very beautiful woman. That is one reason I stay as long as I do sometimes. Because you always make me so welcome. I have wished many times I had an attractive wife in my apartment."

"I would certainly like to come and visit you. That might help some. I'd love to see your place, the little court you tell about."

"It would be fine if you would. The neighbors have bridge parties in the winter and picnics in the little park all summer."

They were at the street now, meeting other guests, Clara introducing Herb with profuse smiles and curtsies. John was nearly left out. He tagged along, his walk a bit tired, his suit and hat without the glamour of the latest style. As they approached the window, Herb made a feeble effort toward his pocketbook.

"No. No. Herbert. John will pay." She put her hands on his arms and laughed in his face. "Of course that would be polite of you, but this is our party, You're the guest you know." Then turning to John she gave him a serious look and nodded toward the window. She hated it, felt sorry for John, but she had started the game, she must finish it.

He stepped forward grudgingly and paid the bill for the tickets, but she knew well enough there was no pleasure in it for his frugal disposition.

The next morning John planned to attend a big cattle sale in a distant town. "Will you go along, Herb? Acts like a nice day. Eight hundred head of white-faced steers to be sold."

Clara was frying cakes when she heard the question. She immediately turned from the stove. "Ohh," she gasped and then with magnanimity conceded, "Well, go ahead."

"What were you going to say, Clara?" Herb asked.

"Nothing," she hesitated. "I had thought Herbert might help me with the flowers this morning. John is so busy you know, and the men this time of year are planting corn."

Herb smiled politely to John. "I'd expect I better stay and help Clara if I can. She is to so much trouble for me. This may pay her back a little."

John did not brighten to the idea, "Do no good to plant flowers. Hogs will get out and root 'em all up."

"Oh no John. That's what I'm going to get Herbert to do. You're so busy you know I hate to bother you. And I am sure Herbert will know just how to do it. I had thought we might take that old cribbing and stake it along with your steel posts. You know flowers make the place look so much better, and Herbert will know about landscaping and exactly the place to arrange the beds."

"All right. All right," John answered curtly moving for his good hat and leather jacket. "Use anything on the place." There was scorn in his voice but she pretended not to notice.

"Oh thank you John." She smiled at him this time. "I knew you wouldn't care."

He was gone now, the door slamming, the car roaring and turning out into the highway.

They did not work long at the flowers. Herb's mind ran more to technical uses than to the menial labor of spading a flower bed. He happened to remember suddenly he must write a letter or two, a very important letter and to send a telegram. He would run into town

and mail them and be back early. But for a fact, he was delayed in town and was there most of the day, all of which Clara was quite pleased.

Supper was ready when John returned tired from the long hard day at the sale, after which Herb helped Clara with the dishes. Then returning to the front room where John was absorbed in a paper. Clara spoke first.

"Herbert, you have seen lots of nice places. What would you suggest for fixing up ours so that we could use our front door? More like city homes, so to speak."

"Yes. Yes Clara, I can tell you." He straightened his head placing his thumbs in his belt. "That would be very simple. I was thinking of it today. Of course those hog houses would have to be moved back. Then the garage moved near the house and that old fence in front taken out and a circular road made. Then the lawn could be made in the center and flowers in the corners."

John dropped his paper, then raised it again. Clara hardly knew how far she better carry her point, but finally she chirped in again, "Oh Herbert, You are so quick to grasp possibilities. Having to make important decisions every day in your work trains your mind I suppose. And seeing so many nice homes I just knew you could suggest something better for us." She looked seriously into his eyes.

"Yes. Yes. Of course. I have trained my mind deductively. Now in your case, Clara, Jim Butler's home is similar to this one, No prettier than yours could be, without the hogs, of course." He jerked his head with each syllable. "One could make this a show place of the country if they would mind my suggestions. You know, besides my continual training in my work, I have a natural bent for figuring out things. Never cared for farming much, but liked to plan and then to see my plans work out."

"I know you have a gift for such things," she urged plying her eyes in his direction. She saw John glance toward Herb and then back again. "I wish you would only stay all summer," she plead. "We'd have one of the prettiest places in the country if you were only to plan it."

"Yes. Yes. If I only could. Perhaps I can stay until we get it well under way. A week or so perhaps, or I might, if nothing important develops at the office, stay a little longer."

Clara groaned to herself but urged Herb, "Oh do. Stay until the wheat harvest in Kansas. It will only take a day to get back to Chicago. You could take a plane."

John's paper was down now. He was looking fiercely at the wall, then at Herb, then at the wall again.

"Oh Herbert," she said again earnestly. "I am so excited over it all. If you do have to leave before we finish I could write you and ask your advice. I know John would hardly dare go ahead without your consultation."

"It would not be wise if I begin the landscaping for me not to finish it in that I am making a hobby of doing that kind of work and someone else's plans might not pan out with mine."

John was arising now. He was stomping toward the kitchen. He was getting a drink and the clock. "Well," he blurted, "I guess it's time for bed."

Things were put in shape quickly, the lights turned off. In the bedroom Clara said, "I'm so glad Herbert came and is going to help us so much."

"Yes, it is fine," John replied defiantly. "He is in the habit of meeting such problems. We should get his advice before we ever do a thing. Before I buy cattle even."

"But John. You always brag him up so. Say he has done so well. Has a deductive mind."

"He's a bag of wind. That's all he is. What did he ever do? Just comes here to try to get money from me when he's broke."

"But John. You and the men are so busy. And Herbert can see to it so well. His education and all. I think it is so nice he came just now and has consented to help me."

"Yes. It is nice. It is nice for him to come just when I'm starting to fill up the feed lot."

Morning came none too quickly. It was some time before either of them fell asleep. At breakfast table John asked, "Is this not the day you go to Burwell to the Inter-County Club meet?"

"Yes dear. This is the day. But I am a mind not to go with Herbert here. So much I want to get done on the place."

"You better go," John informed her shortly. "I'll stay at home with the children and Herb. I want a little time with him myself."

She hardly dared to argue with John when he spoke with that inflection. She was suddenly aware that she had gone far enough. Her plan carried further might end in catastrophe of any nature. "Well," she consented, "I suppose there'll be time tomorrow for the work."

She left about eight, and with other women she drove forty miles north remaining the entire day. It was five-thirty when she returned home. Within a quarter of a mile of her house she found a transformation was in the making in her front yard. The hog houses had been slid back forty rods west. There was their tractor hooked on to the township grader and John was running it, turning up a horseshoe drive to the front door. The second and third hired men were moving the garage to a spot near the house. The children were running out and in the screen porch.

She stopped the car in an out of the way place and stepped beaming toward the tractor. It was halting now and John was climbing off. "I just got it doped out, he said, "a flower bed would be good there by the hydrant, and we'll fix a little better step into the door. I think we better make a fence around some of these trees or something will get out and kill 'em."

"Oh, that will be lovely, John," she exclaimed. "Looks just like a city home." She did not see Herb about anywhere. Finally she asked, "Where's Herbert."

"Ah. To thunder with him," John blurted. "He had a hurry call back to the city when I wouldn't loan him any money. And get this in your head, Clara. You don't need to write him. He don't know any more about landscaping than a goat. Now as I was saying, do you think you want a flower bed in that corner or shall we make it all into a drive? In the morning the boys are going to take the truck and get some gravel to scatter around. What do y' say?"

"Well," she took his arms and pulled herself to him tightly, "I think that corner would be a nice place for petunias."

End.

Geo. G. Gowen
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Written by George Gowen
North Loup, Neb

About 1500 words
(1936)

(The Shyster)

by George G. Gowen

I do not know as I can say I ever really liked Eric Stone hanging around the office or admired his methods of dealing in real estate, but I did like his abstracts he gave me to be made and the insurance he put me next to writing.

Eric was a short, wiry man with small slate-colored eyes and an ivory head and never cared much about church until he traded for the old house down by the river that old lady Prichard lived in for so long. Eric got possession of the property from the county, furniture and all (Mrs. Prichard having been an old age pension) and had left it as it was, hoping to find someone whom he could trade it to, bag and baggage, just as he had gotten it.

I think he had hopes of Reverend Goodard from the first, for he had heard that the minister wanted a cabin or retreat where he could go undisturbed to study, and perhaps take his class of boys for a nights outing now and then. This place was up on the first bench from the river, in the trees and the house was full of worn out furniture and broken dishes of old lady Prichard who had lived there for nearly sixty years.

Besides that, there was an old cellar or cave under the house, now nailed up, this running under the back kitchen, and it was infected with rattlesnakes. This fact Eric discovered someway and reveiled to me, under oath of strictest confidence, when I suggested buying the house. This also seemed to work out perfectly for Reverend Goodard, for he had mentioned in a sermon that he had a phobia of snakes that approached nearly an obsession.

"But why pick on him?" I inquired when Eric informed me the deal was about complete. "He'll turn it back to you the minute he finds that snake den."

"Just what I want," Eric whispered. "The old hypocrite has upset no less than two good deals of mine by telling the parties I was rooping them. I'll show him. I'll get his down payment, then he'll find the snake den and walk off and I'll be ahead."

It was only a few days until Reverend Goodard came to the office with his rattling car and the papers were signed. He was a slow moving white-haired man with big round eyes. As with most ministers of the gospel, he was poor, but from a savings account of

some nature he had gathered together the hundred dollars as down payment on the five hundred dollar deal.

The place was sold on contract, no deed given, but an agreement signed that Reverend Goodard was to pay ten dollars a month and half the principal was paid, Eric Stone was to give the warranty deed and abstract. Eric even looked to the abstract part, thinking he would not have to put up the money for it at the nounce.

As I was writing out the papers for them the thought occurred to me that there might be trouble over the furniture, so I suggested a list be made of that, and then if the deal fell through (which I was sure it would) each would know what should be left.

"We'll just make a list of the more important things," Eric said magnanimously, "and you can have the rest. Then if you have to turn the place back for some reason, be sure everything on the list is there and you'll be all right."

This seemed fair enough so an invoice along with the contract was signed. Then the Reverend paid his hundred dollars, took his copy and left.

I really felt a little sorry for the Reverend. He was a nice man as far as I ever knew trying to do good work in a community where no one wanted good work done. He was not a powerful speaker, his talents lying more in outside projects like camps and pastoral work. I knew he had upset a few of Stone's deals but he had really been right in doing it, for Stone was none too honest, and now as revenge, he was going to take the preacher's hundred dollars and laugh at him in the bargain.

The property also was too high by two hundred dollars. Mrs. Prichard had lived there a lifetime, a sort of a recluse, and no one knew exactly how she lived before she was put on pension. Some said she had rich relatives in the east, others said she received money in the mail now and then, but if she did she never displayed signs of it. She never had a bank account, or a new garment, or repaired her house and what she ate would have kept a sparrow. When she died Eric bought the property for just enough to pay the funeral expenses.

It was then the snakes were found under the house. He heard them there and pried up a board but he didn't have the nerve to kill them, nor did he have the inclination either. Holes, no doubt, by the dozens ran from the cave to the slough and it would take a stone wall no doubt to keep them out, and the cost of that was more than the place was worth.

Each night after that for the next week, as I was going home from the office I saw the preacher's old car sitting out by the little shack. I was tempted each time to stop and see how the good man was coming and also to tell him about the snake den under the house. It seemed a duty to me to tell him for I was afraid he might get bitten, but still if I told, that would show me up and the good man would wonder why I had not warned him before, and also Eric Stone would lose confidence in me, refusing to give me abstracts to make, and in times like these, every bit of business counts, even from a shyster.

I tarried more than a week, worrying what to do, when one day Reverend Goodard drove up to the office, in a new car, turned off the engine and came in. Neither Stone or I could understand the new car for we knew the parishioners were even less enthusiastic about tossing money in the platter than they were about the good work the minister was trying to do.

"Brother Stone," Reverend Goodard began in a somber manner. "I have come to return the contract to you. After going over the place I found a cave under the house full of snakes, and I am sure if I were able to clean them out, I never would feel at ease there. I believe it would be better to just give up the contract now than to go on worrying more over it."

Eric Stone tried to act surprised. "I'm sorry, Reverend Goodard," he said. "I didn't know. I never looked under the house. Perhaps we can fix that somehow." I noticed Stone made no mention of giving back the hundred dollars.

But Reverend Goodard interrupted. "No," he said. "It's all right. It was a fair and square bargain and I should have looked over the place before I bought it. You keep the hundred dollars as the contract called and I'll mark it up to experience. I should have looked."

The Reverend turned and left immediately. I had to admit he was a good sport and I liked him better for it. Eric was pleased over the whole affair, making the hundred dollars so easily. But I was not so happy. I had a feeling that I was partly responsible for the loss to our pastor, and his loss was while he was trying to save our boys from the wild and wicked world. Before quitting time I had fully resolved to go and compensate to Reverend Goodard and if he refused, to give him a hundred dollars toward the purchase of some other property that he and the church could use for a similar purpose.

It was dark when I started home and knocked at the parsonage. I was welcomed in and asked to take a seat, he expecting me to ask advice on some spiritual question, or to make confession, no doubt. In a way it was a confession, for I told him I knew all the time about the snakes and should have warned him, but the position I was in, it seemed impossible at the time, and as a penalty for my negligence, I was offering a hundred dollars toward another site.

"Brother Jones," he said thoughtfully. "This is blessed of you to make that offer but you need not do it. I know well how hard up you are and a hundred dollars would be difficult for you to raise. In fact I was planning on rewarding you for the help you gave me in the contract."

"What?" I asked. "I don't understand."

"For listing the personal property I was not to take away," he said. He thought a moment and then continued. "You see, I was sure there was money hidden somewhere's about the place. I had called on Mrs. Prichard when she was ill at last, and she gave me a two dollar bill, a big one of old denomination for some medicine. From that and a few other things I was positive she was a miser. That was what I bought the place for. When I found it there was enough money to buy a summer camp for the boys and girls, to pay my hundred dollars back, to buy me a new car which I needed badly, to redecorate the church, to pay you a few dollars for your trouble, and much more for whatever the church needs. And don't worry about the snakes. They helped me find the horde."

"But I don't understand about the snakes," I queried.

"Well," Reverend Goodard continued. "When I found the rattlesnakes under the house I knew they were not there without purpose. Mrs. Prichard was too smart for that. I deducted, without doubt, they were there as a guard to her treasure. I also knew she would not be going into the cave with them. There was some other way."

"By studying the house I found the old built-in cupboard in the back kitchen sat directly over the cave. It seemed to be fastened securely to the house, but after studying a

while I found by removing a few wooden pins, the cupboard, baseboard and section of the wall would move out. Under the cupboard was a mat and under that was a trap door, very cleverly concealed. Opening that, one could see directly into the den of snakes.

I found then a wire and with a hook on the end I worked it around in the snakes until I hooked into a handle of a metal box which ordinarily was used as a bed for the snakes. This I pulled up and in it found the money. That box was not mentioned in the list so I was at perfect liberty to take it along, was I not."

"Honestly, Brother Jones, I am thankful to you for making the list, and for a fact, I am not as afraid of snakes as some folks think, although I couldn't think of a better place under the circumstances."

End.

George G. Gowen
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About 4000 words
(3606)

HIS WIFE'S PEOPLE

By George G. Gowen

"Are you going to your folks for dinner again?" Joe Snyder inquired of his wife as he started to shave for church. He tried to speak in a casual off-hand manner.

She stopped mixing her Jello over the foolishness of the question. "Why do you ask?" she returned curtly. She was a serious woman, black eyes and black hair with a sprinkle of grey. She looked young for her age, appearing more like a sister to her daughter, Marie, than a mother. "Why do you ask that?" she demanded again.

Joe expected some such answer. Ever since their marriage, eighteen years ago, they had eaten Sunday dinner at his wife's folks, unless otherwise invited. It was a standing invitation, expected, planned, to go directly from church there for the meal before going on home. He should not have asked the question, he realized, but in that he had, he must now speak again. "Oh I just thought it would be nice to eat at home some Sunday, by ourselves, so to speak, and get acquainted."

Mrs. Snyder went on with her stirring. "I told them we were coming, if we don't the folks will feel badly and Harry and Jane will know you are mad." She was not a woman to dictate to her husband in a business way, but she did supervise her household and asked no assistance from anyone.

Joe sharpened his razor. "I'm not exactly mad. I'm just tired of Harry's actions is all. I think he and Jane know his didoes aggravate me and that is why he does it." This was the first instance for a long time he had spoken ill of his in-laws.

"Of course they know it," Mrs. Snyder answered scolding him slightly. "And you make it worse by acting like a ten year old about it. If you'd pay no attention he'd quit."

"It just occurs to me," Joe answered in a sore tone, "he might flirt with his wife in place of Marie. Last week when he took her to that wrestling match I felt like slapping his snoot."

"You'd better hold your temper, Joe." She glared at him. "If you get mad and blow off they never would get over it. You'd be, the laughing stock of the country."

"I might be, but Sarah, stranger things have happened than girls to fall for married men, and I don't want it in our family, or with our daughter. And the worst part of it is, your sister seems to egg Harry on. Thinks it's smart for him to bother Marie. I have wondered if she didn't think it smart because it bothers me. She likes me like she would a snake anyway."

"Ah, you're just imagining things," Mrs. Snyder concluded, stepping to the ice box with her jello and on to the bed-room.

She had no more than left than his daughter, Marie, came clipping into the kitchen to shine her shoes. She was a petite miss, with black curls, blue eyes, and features as if they had been sharply chiseled out of white marble. She was Joe's pride and delight. Nothing was too nice for such a fine daughter, he maintained, and he would ever make it his business to keep her fine.

His face was shaven now. He washed it off with a wet towel, put up his razor and turned to his daughter. He was careful about his orders to his children, trying never to be unreasonable, but still he expected to be obeyed. He stepped close and spoke low.

"Now listen, Marie. When we get to Gramp's to-day you stay away from Uncle Harry. If you want to flirt, pick some nice kid your age, but you stay away from these married men. Uncle Harry has a wife. Let him wrestle with her."

Marie turned to her father seriously, "Daddy, I don't like it either, when he picks on me but I don't want to cause a scene in Grandpa's house when we are invited to dinner."

Joe thought a second. Jane and Harry were a little older than Marie and much younger than him and Sarah. Jane had for some time disliked Joe. He had in a manner been successful. Harry had not yet found anything remunerative. Joe had no intention or desire to stir up anymore feeling in the family against him than already existed. He whispered to his daughter, "Hon. You stay away from Harry. Leave him alone. Do you hear? Now mind me."

He patted her shoulder and went on to the other room to finish dressing for church.

Sunday dinner at Grandpa Jenkins was as much a part of the day's worship for the family as the meeting at the church. There was Grandpa who put in most of his time sitting. He was white-haired and doddery and was hard of hearing, but still, sometimes heard too much, as is the way of deaf people. Grandma, with her white hair and long full skirts, was profoundly religious and was the final authority on all points of behavior. Harry and Jane made their home there when, not working on some job. Bob and his wife lived too far away to be present every time. Annabelle taught school and then there were the Snyders: Joe, Sarah, Marie and little John. They filled the big round table in the dining room nearly every Sunday.

Joe was the first to arrive from church and had just seated himself by the radio to chat with his father-in-law when the door swung open and Marie burst in running for the kitchen. The din had no more than settled when the door popped open again and Harry came bouncing across the dining room to the kitchen. He was after Marie, already, Joe deducted. He did not know whether the girl was obeying or not in the race through the house, but he would give her, the credit.

Joe arose and sauntered toward the kitchen. He must control his temper, he knew. Perhaps he'd better have remained seated. Harry was in the kitchen. He was a young man, twenty-two, with curly pompadour hair and a well tailored suit. Jane, whose eyes looked to Joe like cat's, was entering the back door and was laughing profusely. She too was young but not as young as Marie. The joke seemed to be now on Harry. Sarah and Johnnie were now following Jane, their hands full of church papers. "What's up?" Sarah asked. "What's so funny?" She was the older sister and spoke with authority.

"Harry's stopped now," Jane shrieked. "Marie ran in the bath-room and locked the door."

"I've got her cornered," Harry vowed, pacing across the room with his hands on his hips. "I'll get her when she comes out."

Joe was deeply disgusted. He turned and moved back to talk with Grandpa. But as he started off he heard Jane laugh again and speak to Harry. "Better be careful, Joe is getting mad again." Joe knew she said it purposely so he could hear, but he pretended not to.

"Ah. He'll get over it," Harry answered. "It's all a Joke, anyway."

Joe was resentful of these remarks. He wished now he had ordered his family home to dinner, but, ordering Sarah would only cause a family argument. And more, Grandpa and Grandma would have been hurt and that would take explanation. He would rather have someone else in the melee than him.

He felt a little cheap, too. He hired men for his farm work. Sometimes three or four with never any trouble, and always with the accepted idea that he was the boss. But here, in his own family, he was made a joke of, and by a pair of kids just out of their teens. He could not help but feel his wife was none too loyal either. The least mention of censure of his wife's folks by him would cause her to fly to their defense. And he knew from experience he had no business trying to argue with Sarah.

After returning from the kitchen there was a calm in the household for a few minutes. The women folks all put on their aprons and skurried to help Grandma set the dinner on. Bob, Joe and Grandpa fell to discussing the new state highway then under construction. Harry circulated about the house, joking the women, gathering chairs, his eyes on the bath-room door. Joe was amused at his daughter in the way she had side-tracked him.

"Dinner," Grandma called. "Jane. You set 'em."

Joe arose and stood ready. Rob and Grandpa followed suit. Then suddenly Joe saw Marie emerge from the bath-room, chic and pretty as ever. She had had plenty of time to fix her hair and it shone like satin with a row of curls across the back, and her blue eyes sparkled. Then Joe saw Harry move. He made a dive for Marie. He would muss up that beautiful coiffure. No telling what he would do. The girl was ducking, hoping for the best. Jane was starting to laugh.

"I'll get even with you." Harry announced.

He caught Marie and rubbed his face against hers. She shrieked and fought, but against Harry's strong arms she had no show. Jane was in near hysterics. Grandma protested, coming to the rescue, putting her arm around her granddaughter, smoothing her hair and ushering her to her place. Joe loved his mother-in-law more for it and then he noticed Marie's face was red and Harry had not shaved that day. Joe felt his hands clinch. The idea that his brother-in-law should be so slovenly as not to shave for church. But Grandma was speaking,

"Be seated folks. Be seated."

When they were settled and Grandma had asked the blessing Joe discovered something else. Marie and Harry were sitting side by side. That was Jane's arrangement. Harry was teasing the girl now.

"If that had been Stanley you would have liked it."

Marie did not answer. She was blushing, or was it from Harry's sharp whiskers. Joe was disgusted beyond speech. Stanley was a nice boy. Marie had gone with him a few times and Joe was rather glad he was paying attention to his daughter. Why ridicule the girl? And Joe was sure his daughter did not pet, at least to excess. She was not that kind.

Then Harry stole Marie's cake, salted her coffee, and poured cream in her water. Jane howled with laughter, Grandma was between a smile and a frown, not daring to say anything, Sarah acted amused, Bob was bored and Grandpa did not hear for the chicken. Joe realized there were wrinkles on his forehead and he was looking straight at Marie. She noticed him and started to arise, but Harry pulled her back in her chair and embraced her far more than was necessary.

Then Joe arose and said sternly, "Marie. Come here."

She struggled lose and obeyed. He took his keys for his car from his pocket and said to her, "I wish you would drive to the Ord elevator and ask what they'd take for a carload of yellow corn. Take some of your friends along if you wish. Be sure and get the price right; don't drive too fast, and get back by five."

Sarah interjected, "On Sunday, Joe!"

"Yes, on Sunday," he blurted. "If Johnson is not at the elevator, go to his house, and if he's not at home go, anyway."

Jane laughed again. She could laugh at anything. The whole room was smiling except Grandma, who was sad at the violation of the Sabbath, Grandpa, who did not hear, and Sarah who was glaring at Joe. He avoided her eyes and said, "Fine sermon I thought today, didn't you, Grandma?"

The days of the week passed slowly for Joe. His work took his time, his daughter his thoughts. The ladies club met on Thursday afternoon. That day Mrs. Snyder took the car, Joe stayed at home. When he saw his daughter coming home from school he went to the house to have a talk with her.

"Marie," he said leaning against the table. "I have been wanting a talk with you all week. Now don't be afraid, I am only trying to help you out of a bad situation,---yes bad for both of us."

She sat down and sighed, All children loath lectures,

"Marie. Tell me. Did you ever make love? Did you ever kiss a boy ---Stanley, for example?"

"Daddy!" She was shocked.

He started with another approach. "Pardon me, Hon, I shouldn't have asked you that. Marie. You're a fine girl. I couldn't expect a better one. But you can kiss me. You are a regular flirt with me sometimes."

She brightened up. "I'll kiss you now if you wish, Daddy."

"No. Not now dear." He held his palm out. He went on and explained his plan and upon conclusion he said, "Now remember, whatever you do, always get caught. You'll do it, won't you?"

She smiled at her father. "I'll think about it Daddy." She reached up and kissed him. "Anyway, if I don't, I'll know you are a schemer." Then she whispered coyly, "Stanley did kiss me one night. Of course I pretended I didn't like it." She held up her finger. "But don't you dare tell mother."

Joe smiled to himself but put his lower lip under his teeth. Then he reached in his pocket for his purse and slipped out a ten dollar bill. "If you do as I ask you can have this to buy you a new dress. But first, before you touch it, we must get results." He tucked the bill between the paper and the cupboard shelf and left for the barn.

Sunday morning came again and the usual preparation for church. Joe said nothing this morning about not going to Grandpa's. It was while he was tying his tie that Sarah reprimanded him slightly, "You hold your tongue to-day. Harry may get on your nerves but that's no reason for you to show off. That's no reason why you should send Marie off on Sunday on a business deal without her dinner."

Joe wanted to answer but he knew better. He could reason with Sarah on any subject except her folks. That subject he must take bag and baggage and no comments. "All right, mother. All right."

There was church again and Sunday School and the gathering at the house. Marie was detained on some committee and when she arrived she went straight to the bed-room to remove her wraps. Joe was especially good natured. He even tried to joke with Jane.

Grandpa was in the middle of telling of a blizzard in 1882. Joe had heard him tell the story many times but it was a good one at that. Grandpa had just reached the straw pile when Joe heard a shriek. It was a moment before he realized the shriek was from no one but Jane and she was coming from the bed-room. Harry was following, guffawing, and then Joe heard Marie say quietly to her mother, "There's no use to fight with him. He's so much stronger."

Then there was more calm. Harry circulated about getting chairs, trying to keep a smile back. Joe discovered Grandpa was still telling of the blizzard. It took more than a shriek from Jane to stop him in the middle of a story. He probably never heard her.

Again they were seated at the table. Again Harry stole Marie's cake. Joe wished he'd get a new joke for a change. And then suddenly Marie discovered the missing cake. She gasped, jumped up, flung her arms about Harry and buried her mouth in his neck. She pretended to bite but it only tickled. She hung on and hung on, he tipping over the chair, they falling on the floor but she not giving up.

"Children! Children!" Grandma exclaimed jumping from her seat. "Please. Please. Marie. Don't."

But Marie was not so "please." Sarah looked at her husband. "Go tend to your daughter, Joe."

"Tend to her yourself," he replied nonchalantly taking some more gravy. "Will you have some more meat, Grandpa?"

Marie was showing no signs of ceasing her onslaught. Harry was howling, half between pain and laughter. They were on the floor. His arms were about the girl; she was still biting his neck, Sarah and Jane were moving toward the couple. But Harry was not howling now.

"She kissed him!" Jane yelled. "The idea!"

Sarah was pulling her daughter off now, Jane was helping her husband up, brushing his clothes. "Things have gone about far enough," she sputtered.

"We'll just have Marie change places with me," Sarah pronounced. "I guess she won't pick on Grandpa."

"If he could make love like Harry, I would," Marie suggested, casting a sly glance at the elder and chucking him under the chin.

"Make love like Harry!" Jane exploded. "How do you know?"

Marie put her finger in her mouth and turned shyly, "Oh, I know."

"Marie, sit down," her mother ordered. "You should be ashamed."

Joe gathered that it was his turn to speak. "Fine sermon to-day, Grandma. Don't you think?"

Even changing the subject and a full review of the sermon did not allay the flirtations. Marie smiled frequently at Harry and he back when he dared, and once when Jane was looking at him with a scowl on her face, trying to censure him without speaking, Marie winked. She did not wink quick enough but what Jane saw it.

"You think you are smart, don't you Marie?"

"What's she done now?" Sarah retorted. "It's over. Now forget it Jane! I'll tend to my own daughter."

Jane hesitated a minute. "She knows what she did."

Marie confessed nothing ---kept constantly eating.

"What'd she do?" her mother demanded.

"She winked at Harry."

"Winked!" Grandpa exploded. He heard this time. "Winked!" He turned to his granddaughter. "You naughty child. Don't ever wink. Your grandmother winked at me once, and see how it turned out."

"And I winked at a land sale once," Joe added, "and it cost me five hundred dollars."

Silence reigned for a time then. Bob was laughing behind his hand. Joe wanted to but did not dare. Finally Marie arose and stepped over to her father. "Daddy. Could I take the car for a while? I'd like to drive out and see Nema Burke about a song for church next week."

Joe was equal to the occasion. "Yes Hon, but you really oughten t' go alone. That one tire is not good and might go flat any time. I'd fix it but my rheumatism has been bothering me in the arm and I want to stay where it is warm."

Marie smiled at Harry and twitted, "You'll go with me and drive, won't you, Uncle Harry?"

He started to arise. "Sure. I'll be glad to."

"No you won't, either," Jane spoke pulling him back in his chair by his coat-tail.

"You're not going out with that little hussy. You'd go hog-wild."

Sarah was on her feet. "Jane. How dare you talk like that about Marie."

"She is, isn't she? A regular little minx. Flirting with married men. You didn't see what I saw in the bed-room."

"Well! He started it," Sarah retorted, nodding to Harry. "Now take the consequences. You thought it was smart as long as it was pestering the girl and it seems like when you saw it worried Joe you would be courteous enough to stop. Rubbing his week old whiskers on her tender face! Things can go too far."

The women were across the table, their eyes snapping. Grandma arose then and took Marie by the arm and then Joe and started them toward the door. "Go son, and fix that tire. Your rheumatism is not that bad." Joe was amused. It really wasn't.

Then the old lady grabbed Sarah. "Let's you and I go for a walk. Mrs. Jones is sick. I'd like to take her some flowers." Then she hesitated. "Jane. You do the dishes."

Grandpa perked up at this point. "Mother," he interjected. "What are you saying? You're not going off? This seems like old times."

"Pa." She looked at him and shouted. "You go feed the hens."

When Grandma started giving orders everyone obeyed. She only took things in hand as a last resort.

The week whirled around again and back to Sunday morning. Joe was shaving, Sarah was in the buttery mixing up some fruit salad, Johnie was trying to find his socks, Marie was cleaning her nails.

"Going to the folks again for dinner?" Joe asked.

"No," Sarah snapped. "Going to eat at home to-day. Get acquainted with our own family for once."

Joe hardly dared to speak for fear of showing undue delight. Finally he said, "Make Grampa and Grandma feel badly won't it?"

"No. They're invited over to Aunt Eva's." She hesitated a minute, and then, "Harry and Jane carry their jokes a little too far sometimes. And I am ashamed of Marie. No telling what she would do if she were alone."

Joe glanced over to his daughter and she looked up. They smiled, ever so faintly. Then he motioned, without display, to the ten dollar bill in the cupboard.

Marie stopped her manicuring, picked out the bill, tucked it into the neck of her waist and sauntered into her bed-room.

End.

George G. Gowen

